



...THE...

“400”

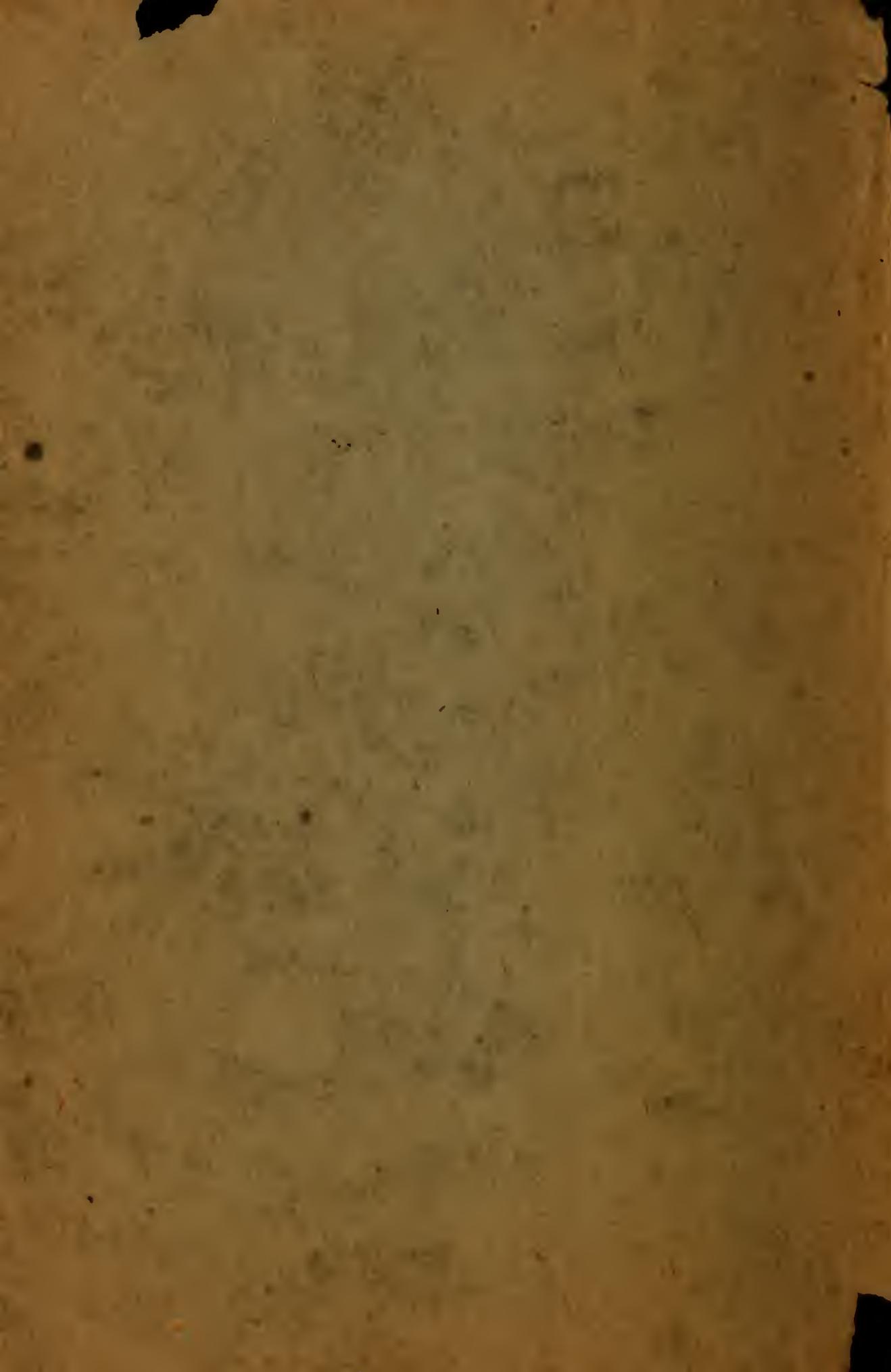
and

Other Poems.



BY

JOHN B. LONAS.



THE "400"

...BEING NOTES ON...

Topics of Interest

...FOR MANY...

Days in Every Year,

(400 LINES)

and Other Poems.

...BY...

JOHN B. LONAS.

(2nd Edition Revised.)

“United we stand,
Divided we fall;” and
Columbus the grand,
Discovered American land;
From way across the pond,
Indians he also found;
With ready savage bound;
Columbus returned, made his round.
Read Boone, the Hunter; Indian slayer;
And others will tell you more.

If you'd see what's beautiful.
Go in the Capitol;
If gain from studies,
See the men, statues, pictures.
Many colored people here,
Have good lunch, that isn't dear;
With five cents its an easy feat,
To buy all you want to eat.

Infanta Eulalia, Spain's Princess,
Her picture in a ball-dress;
In Washington, D. C.,
Where many it see;
Prince, the Photographer,
Took it of her.
I'm leaving Washington today.
Am now in Philadelphia;
It's large and nice.
The eyes will suffice;
Anything you want,
It is not vacant.
And deserves renown
As a good American town.

The Independence Hall,
Public building and all;
Many of great note.
Worthy here to quote.
Here the “bell” was rung,
And gave independence song.
Beside the hall we see,
Washington, who made us free;
Great is his name,
Now, and forever the same.
Phila's a city, every way,
And has come to stay.

People in country at harvest,
Working hard and little rest;
The healthful farmer's feats,
Man's sustenance and most he eats
Comes from him; and wealth.
The nation's benefactor; and health,
There they have it now;
From tree, from ground, from cow;
Fresh, anything that grows.
Without farmer, how live? No one knows.

Many people are dying,
The sun's rays are trying;
As its God protects life,
He also takes from earth.
Deaths are to be so,
The time, age to go.

Prince George and Princess May
Were married the other day;
Blessed, blessed, be their lot,
One great, another great—got.
Both have high office work,
Now Duke and Duchess of York.

I came to New York today,
All time will pass away;
This city as first-class,
Is truth and will pass.

N. Y., N. Y., the greatest city of all
In the U. S.,—how can it fall?
And with Brooklyn in view,
Jersey City—Hoboken, too;
Well, (in short order)

About the same as together.
The Brooklyn Bridge, great buildings,
Once, twice, three, and a going;
My opinion sold, for pleasure or work,
I'd cheer; hurrah, for New York.
Now a little about fruit,
And other things to suit;
This city with any will fare,
In quantity and quality anywhere;
That grows from tree or seed,
And anything you need,
To eat, drink or wear,
At prices fair and square.

Great preachers, editors, orators,
Publishers, writers and workers.
See the ferries, ships and boats,
That o'er rivers and the ocean floats.
Why! man, see the people N. Y. contains;
Streets almost crowded even when it rains.

Sometimes there's depression in business,
Employment scarce, makes some idleness;
But the city is awake, opens its door,
And gives much bread to the poor.
Thus, hunger appeased; lives saved by bread,
Isn't a rose for the living, worth a dozen for the dead?

The Theatrical Stars will play,
For the city's free bread fund today;
Forty pretty girls from Rice's "1492,"
Is a lot of beauty to see, too.

This, the glorious Sabbath day,
Like he who leaves his labor lay, (week work)
And when Monday morning's sun does come,
He's at his labor in walk or run.

Feeling bright all in his way,
Because he rested on the Sabbath day.

Not like he who kept going on,
Toiling, weary in body and limb;

Sunday as soul, to the body is best
At night, after labor, giving it rest.

Business doors open on the Sabbath day,
The next week less enter in their way;
This holds good ten out of eleven,
More is done in six days than in the seven.
So, ye who break the Sabbath day,
Remember, God made it and will have his way;
Greedy is he, who cannot rest,
(After six days labor) with plenty blest.

The weather is getting colder now,
The farmer's laid away his plow;
And for his cattle is cutting corn,
To feed in winter's cold and storm.
Next, picking apples and making cider,
Boiling butter and making vinegar;
Then husking corn, then getting wood,
Then by the fire, he's a livelihood.

Not much to do, but to feed,
Morning and even'g and to read;
The news that comes from the great, great press,
That he could read, if in a wilderness.
Meaning, this he can read, if not in town,
The editors get it from the world around;
All he needs, is a small sum pay,
And gets a paper every day.
Earth (the ground) to man was given,
If he works it, can make a living;
But so many want to live in town.
There it's crowded, overflowing,
Particularly cities like New York;
They cannot give the whole world work.
So, some must live next to starving;
For work to friends first is given.
The country has room, good water, pure air,
Young man, with spouse, why not go there.
With a wife, a pipe; on a farm you love,
You may be envied by many who cities rove.

The great "yacht" race, a short time ago,
World against world, do you know?
After races three, Valkyrie gave it up,
And Vigilant (a pride) retains America's Cup.
Long may she live, as America's pride,
The cup to save, the ocean to glide.
I expected to go to the World's Great Fair,
But by a misunderstanding, I did not get there;
So, now it is over, at a great expense,
For so little time people had to go hence.
Would it been unwise to have had it another sum-
mer?
By "moving" only what would "freeze" in the win-
ter.
To tear down those buildings, for so little time and
money,
Would be a little unwise and not show economy.
But the White City is vanishing, so let it go,
They made 1,000,000 dollars or so;
But might have doubled it in another year,
But they'd made a law to close it, I hear.
Now books and pictures will not be rare,
Of the great, now past, World's Fair.
Don't buy the first, they will be high,
Thereafter improved, more pleasing to the eye.

That notable chair in New York,
On which George Washington used to write;
Is indeed a sight and will please the eye,
Being old, yet new, from a man who couldn't tell
a lie.

Cold weather makes faster walkers,
And in the country, less riders;

They'd rather walk to keep warm,
Than ride in winter's storm.

I'm on my way from New York,

In the country I will work,

It's not as nice as a town,

But seems more like home.

I've seen three cities large and fine,

Well worth my expense and time.

I'm in the country, at home,

People are husking and hauling corn;

Now, in the country some sights I see,

That are natural and also free;

Go where you will, be in what city you may;

It is pleasant in the country, now and then a day.

Just see the "acres" of buildings bare,

Where poor might build and be happy there.

Yea, I'd rather live in a cave,

Than rove and beg or starve:

Or in a wigwam, good and warm,

On a 'mountain' top, far from any home.

N. B.—I love the city and country too,

I'm writing for the good of humanity.

"Help the Poor" is an old, old song.

Then why not "buy" of them as we go along;

On the streets are many that have much for sale,
Much that we need, that they'd gladly sell.

Buying of the poor is not giving for nothing.

It is merely aiding, helping along.

A meal in a hotel, with silver knife and fork,
Tastes no better than on the street, or where you
work;

And quite a difference in the "cost" there will be,
Think of "building, tax, insurance, rent," see.

Well, I'm now in the country; butchering is go-
ing on;
We've sausage, pudding, pork in every form.

Big meetings have begun, as is usually the case,
When such good things to eat on the table take
place.

Not like at times, when there's mush and milk,
As preachers are not often at such meals I think;

Though George Washington liked it now and then,
And preferred it to sweets, once at an Inn.

Christmas Day has come and gone;
Did you spend it abroad or at home?

Did you spend it as usual, right,
Or eat so much you couldn't sleep at night?

1894, the New Year, is now before thee,
Remember, joy, sorrow, marriage and death is
destiny;

There cannot be happiness without alloy,
And marriage is fate to every girl and boy.

It is merely waiting, going around,
Until some one, or no one is found.

Death at "one" age would not be right,
'Twould then be known when we'd take our flight.

So it's much better that we do not know,
When the time will come we must go.

Hard Times, the cause, if you must know,

I'll tell you several hints or so;
The population is increasing so fast,
That hard times must and will last.

No man on earth can contrive a way

To "change" it when thousands are born every
day;

When to one country spouse ten are born,

In how little pieces is a small farm torn.

The person that has no children to support,

Is generally contented and has more sport;

Don't need so much of this world's goods,

May enjoy it better and have good food.

So urge not marriage to the poor,

If you'd keep them from the alms-house door;

In fact there "must" be poor, it can't be helped,

"Nature" has it and Drink is gulped.

But there's needy poor, from north to south,

The world should feed their hungry mouth;

Hard times must and will last,

Machinery takes the place of men in the past.

Workers being plenty, everything is cheap,
As many will work for just enough to eat;
So the farmer gets along. does his work himself.
Laborers rush to the city, where there's not work
for half.

The farmer with his tools raises a large crop,
Everything in abundance and cheap that he's got;
So everything is plenty, no work for the poor,
Farms are mortgaged; city, sheriff closed the door.
Now, some poor need a place, governed by discipline,
Giving work to all, every being.
Giving no one more than clothes and board,
Medical attendance, no money to hoard;
No unnecessary drink to any one,
Thus, with temperance and labor, hard times is
gone.

That the population is increasing you may easily
know,
How was it 1893 years ago.

Love for one another gives the desire
To give the same food, rather than leave expire.
Without love for another, only for self,
The most miserable is he regardless of self;
He may have heaps of silver, heaps of gold,
He is not respected and always cold.
His money may give him his clothes and board,
And when he's gone others eat his hoard.
This is one way of living, to satisfy desire,
To get what does no good after we expire;
Generally, those who love others, love God, as well,
Get a home in heaven, not in hell.
That home is forever, not like here,
Probably only a day, maybe only a year.

Now is the time, we may speak of La Grippe,
That so many lives from earth does nip;
One thing necessary for you to do,
Begin on it when it begins on you.
Gargle well the throat, if sore, any way,
Keep bowels regular every day;
Grease nose and forehead with what it needs,
Take balsam for lungs if you've short winds.
For throat use water, salt and brandy,
In common, use licorice (its root), use hoarhound
candy.

On nose and forehead put warm tallow or lamp oil;
Exercise, bathe feet; keep warm, if you'd live awhile.

Avoid sour apples, if you've La Grippe;
They'll make you worse, every bite you eat.
And all fruit near like it, is not good.
Drink plenty of water, you'll eat less fruit;
But not at meal time, an hour or so before,
This gives time for digestion, and aids much more.

Another malady that is "old,"
Is taken easy, that is Cold.
This may seem simple, but just take care,
It may take you to bed and bring a doctor there.
Treat it much the same as you would La Grippe,
Paying most attention to where it does hit;
Keep warm, both day and in night time.

Remember, a stitch in time may save you nine.
For constipation use licorice root,
Drink freely, an hour before you eat.
Eat plenty of fruit, when for it you crave,
Eat nothing you don't want, from cradle to grave.
The palate will judge this for you.
You'll find it a good way to do.

In dress, look most to comfort and health,
For Pride may increase the doctor's wealth;
I've heard a man say, after winter was spent,
I wore plain, warm clothes and gave not a cent,
To any doctor, and have been well.
While fine clothes disease on many did tell.
One thing necessary for you to do,
Is study yourself, that disease, don't know you.
Many books and papers things do tell,
That may save you money and keep you well;
We've machinery to run to give us wealth,
And our own should know to give us health.
To labor, everyone must use a tool,
And this is machinery I've learned in school.

Biz—tell not another what you are going to do,
Just do the work intended by you;
When this is done, you are ahead,
If known by others, they might you mislead.

Many a work, from which others had light,
By them was knocked flat, or higher than a kite:
There are riches on earth, and poverty too,
Learning is necessary to bring success to you.

Dress—not wealth, but self esteem, is why people
dress fine,
Some would not dress nice, if half the world was
their'n;
From 17 to 40, some like to put on,
If manhood and money they do own;
And about this time, or sometime before,
"Some" of us, if we could wear it, might buy a whole
store.

Love—love is hard to restrain,
It seems to be man's greatest gain;
To wed the one he truly loves,
If he to her as favorable proves.
Both to sight and to ear,
She seems to him most dear;
Far better he'd live a wedded life,
If "this" way, than without a wife.

Fun—if you'd other people please,
Try to wear a cheerful face;
'Tis the merry, go around,
The voice that gives a pleasant sound;
And does not speak of others' ills,
That takes the cake on plains and hills.

Is marriage a failure? No 'tis not,
If love causes both to tie the knot; (wed)
But if for money or home, it is a "miss."
It is wedding misery, but not bliss.
There must be love; love, how could you your hand
give?
Without your heart; "pshaw!" you'd better single
live,
Her words and acts then are sweet, the sweetest of
them all,
We buy her clothes and things to eat, without any
pains at all.
And when night comes, the time to rest, we do not
care to roam,
For there is one we are happy with, and makes a
pleasant home;

If you think more of your wife than of any one
And never quarrel at any time;
Prize her above all others, no difference where you
are

You'll find marriage not a failure, no! not so by far.
The same with girls, that want a man,
Mutual love and esteem let be your aim.
Kind words and treatment do no one harm,
Will bring better returns than a mansion or farm,
With misery with them, if you marry for "home,"
No happiness there, or where you roam;
Like living in a pen; never in clover,
Ah! 400 is done, and two lines over.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

(A Song.)

I've traveled hills and mountains, I've traveled vales
and sand;
But found no place I love as well as my own native
land.

It seems when we're at home awhile, we want to go
abroad;
But when away a month or so, we love the home-
ward road.

Then we love the house, we love the barn, and every-
thing around;
Because us it seems as well to know and gives a wel-
come bound.

('Tis supposed the bound is felt and enjoyed.)

AN ARMY BATTLE.

(Dedicated to G. A. R. encampments.)

The muskets crack, the cannons roar,
Then men left dying, or else sore.

The bayonets pierce, the swords do cut,
This's how a battle is made up.

It's not pugilistic, not so by far;
It's oft 4 to 1 in a war.

Terrible, terrific must it be,
Such a terrible sight to see;
Worse yet, yes, a good deal,
Must it be, such a thing to feel.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY.
(Plea of a little girl)

Down in the valley hear me cry,
Oh, where I live;
Between the hills that are so high,
And little for toil do give.

Down in the valley hear me cry,
Give me daily bread;
Protect me when there's danger nigh,
In daylight or in bed.

Thieves and tramps this country roam,
They love a wilderness;
They break into many a home,
And take all they possess.

BE CAREFUL WHO YOU WED.
(Young man.)

If it's a wife you would get,
Be sure she is the one
You can love and protect;
Then leave all others alone.

For women much hate to know
They are wedded for a home;
If with others you would go,
Give love that they should own.

You'd better by far single remain,
Than such a life to live,
If you'd expect proper gain,
For 'twould much misery give.

THERE SHALL BE WARS.

We have a war now and then,
To satisfy wills of some men
Who are born to be famous there,
As the bible says, there shall be war.

We have a war now and then
All for a worldly gain;
Bullets and bayonets people thin,
Leaving more for those who remain.

We have a war now and then,
The cause, though some may scoff,
We know its destiny, when
We think of the many it takes off.

One man is destined to become
One thing; another, another;
No one man can this world run;
It takes them all together.

HOW IS IT?

I struck the city just about noon,
Though it didn't shake a bit;
It was full of dust, yet there was room
For the little bit of a poet.

I told them if they'd give me a chance,
Some little work for pay,
I might know some things, that came by chance,
All in the way of poetry.

That might, in time, help build the town,
And put it in a way,
That long after this it woud own
That a poet came here to-day.

He gave great cheer; he loved the town;
He boomed it in his way;
The people came, like in a swarm,
And settled every day.

But, my friends, time of the above,
I had not yet been over the town;
And as I afterward didn't it love,
I did not settle down.

So, Neobust Nackberth, how it is,
I've never since inquired;
Whether it is so low that people it hiss,
Or high, that as heaven admired.

HELP THE RICH HOARDING.

(Not uncommon sayings made poetical.)

O, help the poor as you go along,
The sick and those who are not strong.

What will your property do you good when you are
dead and gone?

You leave it all behind you; you take nothing along.

There is a dog, he is fat because he is well fed;
He's buried enough that might have kept many that
are *dead.

So with some rich now-a-days; they eat and hoard alone,
While many are starving every day, they wouldn't give a bone. (soup bone.)

No, wouldn't give a bone, wouldn't give a bone;
While many are starving every day, they wouldn't give a bone.

*Starved.

A FOOT TRAVELER.

(BESEECH.)

(The following is supposed to be a Traveler, without money, in the mountains, who would rather do favors for the poor than ask nourishment of them for nothing.)

Give, O, give to the poor,
Rather than take away,
As you go along,
Every day.

If you want a place;
To stay over night;
See the rich;
Those places that look bright.

Give, give to the poor,
Rather than take away,
Wherever you roam,
Wherever you stay.

LIFE—DEATH—LIFE.

I saw a cloud the color of gold, like a mountain in the sky.

It made me think of the heaven beyond, for those who on God rely.

Then slowly it sank behind another, another one of blue.

Like the face of one in life will change to a deathly hue.

Then behold, up rose the moon, behind this cloud of blue.

Just as if it must be seen, and I was to tell you.

(We suppose the gold color cloud to be a person. Its sinking behind the blue the person's death. The rising of the moon, life again to the person in heaven.)

THE DUTIFUL HORSE.

Like the horse that's been well fed
Willingly walks to the field
At command of his rider, Ned,
And does what he is told.

So we should all improve the time,
That we are clothed and fed;
That hills and vales we need not climb,
In olden times to beg our bread.

THE DISBELIEVER.

Hell will be open, ready to receive
All those who disbelieve;
They'll now be slow to open their eyes,
But they'll never enter the heavenly skies.
This is an old song, they may say,
But they'll find it all new, surely, some day.

SOMETHING NEW.

Tell us something we don't know,
In literary, I have just been thinking so;
The city should the country read,
And the country should the city know.

TRAVELING IN THE COUNTRY.

Between the hills, down in the vales,
Now and then there'll be
A little home, that might tell tales,
Of happiness or misery.

Glorious beauty must there be,
Way up in the skies,
To look down on this country,
Ah, like unto paradise.

In the forests, on the hills so high,
A little home you see;
Just enough to make yon sigh,
I wish I there could be.

But still we go, we seldom stop;
Our biz is traveling round;
Step by step, down and up,
Leaving all behind.

AS WE SEE OR FEEL.

The many freaks of nature, caused by different objects viewed, or our own feelings, gives the different themes in poetry. This is why we are sometimes a little jolly or serious, good or bad in our writings.

CRITICISM.

Should authors care for criticism,
In anything they write,
Except spelling and punctuation,
If they express their ideas right?

I tell you just how I think,
Just like all authors do;
This is how we have a world of thought,
Not only one book to know.

If all the natures you would capture,
You'd have to know them well;
From a christian to a sinner,
All in the world I'll tell.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is a little place,
Just above the skies;
Where people live, they are first-class,
From this world, they arise.

Not first-class in getting rich,
But in word, in act, in heart;
They love their God, do what is right,
Before from here they part.

I'VE COMPANY EVERY DAY.

I have company every day with me; it's not a lad or
a lass;
It's not a man or a wife; it's my pocket looking glass.
Whenever I want to see a man with whom I always
get along,
I just take out my looking glass, look in, and that
will tell the song.

And when I want to do some work, literary I mean,
It's the best of company to have along, for I love to
be alone.

THE OLD LOG CABIN, 1800.

(Buildings as we have 'em, 1894.)

In olden times there was a home,
People call it a log cabin now;
It was plain in figure, with little room,
But people loved it, anyhow.

Money was scarcer than to-day,
There were less people then;
But the buildings now are to take money away,
For they're as crooked as a frizzly hen.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

O, the world is so nice,
As you walk around you see,
The country seems a Paradise,
When you're once used to the city.

You see it better as you walk,
The trains go so fast,
You'll find fresh air, and the people talk,
The impression will always last.

The city's crowded, many have said,
Though there's many fine people there,
Some are worthless, and must be fed
By the intelligent, who better fare.

THE LAST EVENING 1893.

Good-bye old year, I'm going to bed,
To try to sleep the time away,
And in the morning to raise my head,
To New Year, I trust and pray.

For twelve months I've been with you,
Except a few hours tonight;
In the morning I'll see the new,
If all goes right.

Good-bye old year, you're almost through,
Your hair's as white as snow;
Old age will get the best of you,
Before the morning sun does show.

Good-bye old year, you'll soon quit work,
We've been together, both bright and sad,
In Washington, Philadelphia and New York;
Enjoying another like thee would make me glad.

THE GRASS WILL GROW.

Sinner hesitate not to make your peace with God,
In a year a grave for you may be covered with sod.
Do not think there is no hell, there is, and a heaven
too;
One or the other, when you are dead, will take care
of you.
Do not think I write to scare, you can do as you
please,
But as you live you will fare at the end of your days.

DON'T RUN DOWN THE WORLD.

Don't run the world down to me,
It's beauty in itself;
All I can I want to see,
As long as I have life.

Don't run it down to any one,
Let everybody have fair play,
To see and hear what is done,
Till their souls are taken away.

Leave everybody go ahead,
As natural they will do,
(Some are backward, others take the lead,)
Till all time is through.

THE UNLOVED MAN.

When women do not care for men,
He does not care for dress;
Just as if abandoned, then;
Like living in a wilderness.

He walks the streets in old clothes,
He seldom thinks of love;
What he thinks, he only knows,
He only cares to rove.

No one place can keep him long,
He goes from town to town;
He'd rather be where he's not known,
Than with friends to settle down.

Some are wealthy but do not dress,
They think it is no use;
They keep their money in their purse,
Because there's no love to keep it loose.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

There is trouble everywhere, no difference where you go;

You'll find it in fine weather, in rain, or in snow.

Even if you'd have wings, could fly like a bird,
Go to some country that you've never seen or heard.

Where you didn't know a person, no one did know you,

You'd find you'd have trouble, no difference what you'd do.

It's not always of one kind, one way or some other,
Whether you're single, double, on land or on water.

HOW I DID FLY.

Last night I flew round in the air,

Holding a paper in my mouth;

Flying without wings, way up there,

East or west, north or south.

It seemed I tired of my home,

And wanted to go away,

As if fearing some unpleasant doom,

I could fly, from my foes stay.

It also seemed some wanted me catch,

As they were after me;

While I was low, (over a potato patch,)

Shocked, I awoke, and was free.

(Dec. 23, '93.)

MODERN ASTRONOMY.

(Telling his Wife.)

The sun is always going, my dear,

Always going around;

We've light when it rises here,

Darkness, when below the ground.

The world does never move, my dear,

Is always standing still;

If it went round, I fear,

Our buildings the air would fill.

We live in this world, my dear,

Not on the outside;

For by the bible, I hear,

We go from in it, not from outside.

THE UNLOVED WOMAN.

A Shade of Discontent.

I do not care for dress,
I do not care to go away;
I'd love to live in a wilderness,
For I've no friends today.

There's no one seems to care for me,
Except to run me down;
There's no bright hopes I see;
I'd love to live alone.

With horses, cattle and sheep,
With chickens, turkeys and swine,
With plenty good things to eat,
I would spend my time.

For people I care no more;
Some only my property crave,
And would gladly open a door
That would lead me to a grave.

So, let me live alone,
In a forest between two hills,
With a dog to share my home;
He cannot speak any ills.

THE BEES.

The bees are working, flying away,
To return with some honey;
They are too wise to loaf and pine,
So they prepare for winter time,
When it is too cold for them to work,
And the ground is bare of what they eat;
Young man, if idle, think of this;
Work while you're young; when old you can't.

THE SHOE.

A shoe is worthless without a foot,
It never can be worn;
(So is it to boot;)
With it, it's tattered and torn.

The shoe dealer knows this well,
He likes to foot his stock;
It makes his business tell,
And brings his money back.

LEAVING A SWEETHEART.

Oh Minnie, dear Minnie, don't think ill of me,
For I part with you, no not in glee;
It often pains me, and that to the marrow;
For love is love; leaving you is sorrow.

THE PROPOSAL AND BETROTHAL.

Says I to Jennie, I love you;
Says Jennie to me, I love you, too;
Says I to Jennie, now I must go;
Says Jennie to me, I won't tell you to;
Says I to Jennie, the moon is bright,
And I will go while it is light.

Says I to Jennie, there was a time
I would have gladly had you to be mine;
Says Jennie to me, why, whats up now,
That you speak so coldly to me, somehow?
Says I to Jennie, I don't mean it so,
I'm now just the same as that "time ago."

Says I to Jennie, I love you all the more,
Will you be my wife I implore;
Says Jennie to me, well, yes, I guess,
Yes I'd live with you in the wilderness.
Says I to Jennie, you've a lovely hand.
Here's a little ring as a betrothal band.

(The answer to the sly young man's intended proposal, is pretty well assured beforehand. See lines 9, 10.)

JUST THINK.

When we are lying in bed,
Soon after we retire,
How easy a prayer is said,
That may keep us from hell-fire.

For, before the morning sun,
Will rise in the skies,
We may be numbered—one.
That never shall arise.

For, if we in the past,
Committed many a sin,
In hell we may be cast,
In heaven we can't get in.

So, put your trust in God,
Do as you think best,
Keeping the narrow (biblical) road,
And he will do the rest.

The Bible the same does mean,
Live wherever you may crave.
If you put your trust in Him,
He will your souls save.

IN THE CEMETERY.

(All Gone.)

Why is it graves go down,
Tombs break and fall?
There's no one left to them own,
All dead,—all gone.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE AIR.

At the Depot,—
A train pulls out,—there's something in the air,
It goes on its way,—ah, there's another coming
there.

Mid-Winter:—
The year is growing,—there is something in the air.
It keeps toward ending,—ah, tomorrow is New Year.

Old Age:—
You're getting old, your hair is grey,—there's some-
thing in the air.
Your pulse much longer can't obey,—see, your great
grandchild's daughter there.

Trains, Time and Age will move,
The same again will come,
One from stay is drove,
For the other to make room.

SABBATH BREAKERS.

We will give two callings; but there are plenty of others
just the same.

Some farmers:—
He's 'round on the farm, doing some kind of work.
Says it must be done; (but this is just a shirk.)

Some storekeepers:—

He has his door open, just like in the week,
Says some people 'haint time, (but this is just a
sneak.)

Years roll on you hear of sheriff's sales,
And three out of five, its these men that fails.

Why is it so? Well God is boss,
And we must him obey, or suffer loss,

Somehow or other it will not go,

In many ways we see;

We do not know what makes it so,
But I think it is iniquity.

THAT BOOK.

That book was never published yet,
That all in it pleased in general;
Some will like a part of it,
But the rest is left as idle.

Some will not purchase a book
At any price at all,
So don't expect me to look
Any wiser than any of all.

ROLLING AND SHEET MILLS.

(Dedicated to the Laborers.)

I RESPECT these men, they WORK,
Their work is very hard;
Great heat causes much sweat,
Many loud noises are heard.

But go along, young man,
'Tis best you do your duty;
Earn the money while you can,
Old age will be more lovely.

U. S. NAVY YARD.

First a flag is waving over all,
The front is closed with a brick wall.

The building's color is yellow and green,
And beautiful trees may be seen.

Should the Nation get warning calls,
There are the cannon, with deadly balls.

Soldiers walking up and down,
Their muskets glittering in the sun.

Beautiful steamers on the river glide,
Up and down by its side.

Horses standing in the sun;
Trees are shedding, the look of a worm.

This poem comes from—don't say a "Bard,"
But from a visit to the Navy Yard.

Washington, D. C., April, 1893.

THE FAITH CURE.

There's "good" in the Faith Cure,
If you've belief, or (and) pray for yourself;
No difference how rich or poor;
You can, by trying, like anything else.

If you cannot tell it in words,
The right thoughts will do
And will bring better rewards
Than others praying for you,

If you have not conscience to pray,
You may have no faith to believe;
Then, no difference what others say,
God will you nothing give.

So stand, kneel or sit, (as you please,)
In secret or public to pray;
You can speak or think, (suit your ease,)
Answer will be as deemed best, they say.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

(Philadelphia, Pa.)

Well, of all that's natural on this earth,
That exists, of ground and stone,
Trees, walks, water, etc.,
This park is surely at home.

At home, I mean by its great beauty;
A beautiful spot on earth,
That will please the eyes and awaken to duty,
What nature can have birth.

This is not all man has done,
A good deal to its glory;
Great improvements he's put thereon,
Which makes it a place of study.

And as I walk around this park,
O, I think it fine;
I've never seen, in day or night,
For beauty, anything near this kind.

If you have the blues, don't feel well,
Nothing pleasant you find,
A walk in this park will tell;
'Twill please the eyes and mind.

SHE WAS LOST AT SEA. (Song.)

A lover calls, after a year's absence in a foreign country, and
is told the following by his sweetheart's father.

She was coming home, coming home, from a tour
around the world,
But was lost at sea, lost at sea.

While on the deck, on the deck, merrily looking
around,
She was swept away, swept away, swept away.

The waves they dashed, the waves they splashed,
and all could not be found,
So she's lost to you and me, to you and me.

TWO RIDES AT ONCE.

A little girl swinging in a boat,
She smiles, laughs, loves to do it;
Another, as pretty, looking on,
(Deeply,) pleasantly, waiting her turn.

LITTLE BIRDIE. (Bird.)

Little birdie jumps about,
Merrily at break of day,
As if perchance to find a crumb,
Or for its nest some hay.

When you're sitting in the park,
Idling time away,
It comes so close, seems to impart,
Get up and work today.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

(The Inventor.)

Keep the world a moving,
Keep open each other's eyes,
By inventing or improving
In whatever your business lies.

Don't work for self alone,
Aid another who needs help;
Many have gained a home
By taking part in others' work.

IT DRAWS FROM THE HAND.

Some time ago I carried my money loose;
But lately I bought of a woman a purse.
You know 'tis said women are more liberal than men;
They'll spend twenty dollars till a man will ten.
I b'lieve it is so, and "draws from the hand;"
For I am more liberal, my money won't stand,
Ever since I bought that purse of the woman,
I b'lieve I'm same as women in spending.
Whoop-a-la! If I don't soon throw that purse away,
I'll have no money for in it, some day.

Washington, D. C.

A MORNING WALK.

(Mother and Little Girl.)

The picture from which this title is taken can be seen in many
show windows.

Come now, we'll take a walk
Down the park as we talk,
And hear what little birds do say,
Then return for the day.

God has made them to sing,
O, the little beautiful thing;
It flies so nice in the air,
Rejoices hearts everywhere.

It comes to your window or your door,
As if for a crumb, if not any more;
Give it this; it will not fear,
And come nearer, nearer, dear.

Then in the morning when you rise,
It gives a thought of Paradise;
Its beautiful song up in a tree,
Asking, like God, "Come, hear me."

And as it sings the time away,
It gives a thought, that we do pray,
Asking His guidance, make you do right,
From the morning till the night.

MY OWN 'VANGELINE.

(The Girl Some Like.)

Of all the girls that I do see, at most any time,
There's none around that pleases me like my own
'Vangeline.

She loves no piano or a book—but me and her work.
She knows how to sew, how to cook, wash, and iron
a shirt.

She stays at home and helps her ma, and don't idle
on the streets;
She has the love of her pa, and all that she does
meet.

That's the kind of girl I like, and she will be mine;
Before another month goes 'round, she's my wedded
'Vangeline.

A PEACEMAKER.

The picture from which this title is taken can be seen in many
show windows.

In a field so green by the river side,
There sat a maiden and her lover;
(Some words are not always tied;) They parted, from some cause or other.

Another maiden gliding by,
A truly cross word hater,
By peaceful words she did try
To bring them back together.

O, love, my friend, said she,
Why hast thou turned to hate(r)?
Come back! Come back with me;
I am a peacemaker.

THE LAST LOOK.

(In the Mirror.)

The picture from which this title is taken can be seen in many show windows.

When the streets are dry and the weather fair,
Some one's dressing—arranging her hair;
It's the maiden; after the last look,
Shines like a diamond or a neat bound book.

As she glides upon the street, going up or down,
Many gents see her, and without a frown;
They see her coming, and pass by,
And may yet turn to please the eye.

Is love at first, (well, e're we close the book,) They'll turn again, to take The Last Look.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

O, give thanks unto the Lord,
Call upon his name;
Come, now, with one accord;
He's paid you for the same.

Look at your beautiful crops,
He's given you plenty to eat,
In vale, on hill, mountain tops,
Work being your only feat.

So give thanks unto the lord,
On this Thanksgiving day;
Come, now, with one accord,
In the best, the holiest way.

WATCHING THE COW. (A Song.)

O, down by the wood, between the mountains, in a field,
There is a little girl trying to force a cow to yield
From eating of the corn, of which she'd have full sway,
If that dear little girl didn't keep her away.

As the girl was born poor, they have only one field,
And corn and grass being its only yield,
With no fence between to keep the cow away;
And the little girl must watch every day.

O, fine city girl, you that do the cars ride,
How would you like in such a place to abide?
If you are not happy, you need not fear;
Your company's more pleasant than the little
girl's there.

THE WORLD'S BEFORE YOU.

The following is intended for those who are envious, grudgy
of others because they got a home from their parents, and
did not work for it. A voice from Peace.

Well, you may be a father some day,
The world's before you: the world's a prize;
Go to work in your own way,
You may leave a home before your children's eyes.
Then do not blame my dear father,
Who is dead and gone,
Because he worked and saved together,
And gave his children a home.
For he was once a poor man,
Didn't have a cent;
But, with mental and bodily labor together
Did get rich, on which he was bent.

THE BEST DRINK.

It maketh no one drunk;
It agreeth with the health;
It maketh no unnatural spunk;
It retaineth wealth.

It agreeth with the blood,
And the world's test has stood.

It agreeth with inner man;
It agreeth with a daughter;
Well, what is it, then?
Bless your s-o-u-l, its water.

IF THE DEVIL CAME TO CLEVELAND.

If the devil came to Cleveland,
What do you think he'd see?
Books—that if he came to Chicago,
Why, then, there of course he'd be.

If the devil came to Chicago,
Would it be a pity
To inquire 'bout those (if any know.)
That burnt the World's Fair city?

He's well acquainted with such fires,
And of hotter ones could tell;
And if such men keep up their ires,
They may find them out in hell.

It's a shame
On Nation and home,
That some, through envy, will burn
Another town, to build their own.

JACKLIN PETER.

(And His Mule-Horse.)

Jacklin Peter was riding a horse,
A mule that did him scoff;
She whirled and kicked, a furious course,
But could not throw him off.

She reared straight up, flew around;
She looked funny in the air;
But had to come down to touch the ground,
And still she found him there.

Then she stood and would not budge;
She thought he wanted to go;
He got his paper, as a grudge,
And read an hour or so.

This made the mule so furiously mad
She dropped right on the ground;
Then Jacklin Peter was very glad
To get up and walk around.

For by the fall he broke his neck
Right above his head;
And the mule laid "laughing" at the trick
Until she went to bed.

HILLY, WILLY, WILPEL, HO.

The Jolly Tutor's (Violinist) Song.

(This curious chorus and part of the song was dreamt the night after eating sausage made of a queer porker. The words, "Hilly, willy, wilpel ho" and "hone" were, perhaps, to make the song.

I've plenty of money of my own,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho.
My pocketbook has pretty well grown,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

I saved the money I'd spent for beer,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
And every day put it in here,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

I used to spend ten cents a day,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
For cigars I smoked and throwed away,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

Besides I chewed just like a cow,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
That cost me too, but does not now,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

I've money here and in the bank,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho.

I'm counted one, and not a blank,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

And the best of all, I'll tell you true,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho,
You do not drink, I'll marry you,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

She is an heiress, and very fine,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-ho;
Lives on the hill, just over the Rhine,
Hilly-willy-wilpel-hone.

NATURE REMAINS.

Man may be governed by force of law,
A weaker may master by merely a stone's throw;
But with all the advising and preaching you learn,
Nature is not changed; it is born.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Yes, look out for the locomotive,
It is a dangerous thing;
If you happen to be in front of it,
When the bell does ring.

When you see it coming down the track,
Don't think it comes so slow;
It's deceiving, and may break your back,
And every bone, you know.

It may toss you high in the air,
(For it isn't easy to stop;)
Or crush you, and you tear,
And you'd be hard to gather up.

Yes, look out for the locomotive,
At crossings, and when the bell does ring;
For, it is powerfully big,
And you are a little thing.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE FLAG. (Song.)

The flag does wave, wave o'er
The school house, in the air,
Oh, the flag does wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher there.

Chorus—

The flag does wave, wave o'er the
School house, brave and bright,
Oh, the flag does wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher right.

Little children all in their glee,
Learning unwillingly, A, B, C;
Others older, to read and write,
And other studies, which is right.

Chorus—

So, let it wave, wave o'er the
School house, in the air;
Oh, Let it wave, wave o'er
Youth and teacher there.

Chorus—

NELLIE BLY. (1889.)

(Around the World in 72 Days.)

Why Nellie Bly, Nellie Bly,
Is this the way you roam,
Around the world, in so little time,
And arrive safe at home.

Just think what you have seen,
That must have been so nice;
The cities, the country, a delightful scene,
Next to Paradise,

Would I were a roamer,
A glimpse of your face to see,
I'm sure I'd see none handsomer,
That roved the world quicker than thee.

Then presented with a globe,
As honor due to you,
For the speed in which you rode,
Around the world to do.

The greatest feat of all,
That did the journey persue,
Being the winner of the ball,
That has been given to you.

JENNIE AND I. (Song.)

Jennie and I will take a walk,
Down the lane, as we talk;
Of times gone by,
Yes, Jennie and I.

Says Jennie to me, just look at that tree,
What a nice cool shade, under is laid.

So Jennie and I there did go,
Of course we talked, and smiled, you know.

Not only on the past, but the present too,
When a bird in the tree said, "I hear you."

So we left that tree, for fear the bird would tell,
What Jennie and I, now know well.

But as it's "you," that now does hear,
I'll tell you true, I do not fear.

There's going to be a 'wedding,' and before long.
It's Jennie and I; this ends my song.

Chorus—
Jennie and I "did" take a walk,
Down the lane, just to talk;
Of times gone by,
Yes, Jennie and I.

But we talked of the "future" too, you see,
And Jennie and I, married will be.

THE WHEELS OF THE OLD WAGON.

How cheerful are the thoughts of the scenes of my youth.

Of that I did see, and occasionally use.

A hauling in the grain, and hauling in the hay;

Going somewhere on the farm nearly every day.

And the noise of the old wagon; I admired its sound,
Going, bearing its load, or empty around.

And the wheels of the old wagon, as if duty bound,
Would roll at will, roll around.

And when the hay was fit to haul,
And the sky showed signs of rain,
Then there was a hurrying call,
And our muscles we did strain;

To store the hay before wet, was our desire to do,
So the girls were called upon, at times, to help us through.

And the wheels of the old wagon, as if duty bound,
Would roll at will, roll around.

At times, on Saturday afternoon, when the work was done,

We'd hitch up in the wagon, and all go to town,
And a pleasant time we had, for that way we then did go,

For buggies and spring wagons, then, were very scarce, you know;

And we enjoyed ourselves as much, as much as we do now,

If we went in a carriage, that the gloss would show you bow;

So the wheels of the old wagon, as if duty bound,
Would roll at will, roll around.

O'er many miles of field and many miles of road,
The old wagon has went empty, or else with a load;
There were three merry cheers over the last load of corn,

From us boys, as we hauled it to the barn.

At last the old wagon became nearly worn out,

And to repair it again, I was very much in doubt;

A neighbor then bought it, and repaired it neat and sound;

So the wheels of the old wagon go rolling, still rolling around.

SPRING.

(In The Country.)

The fires are here, the fires are there,
Indeed they are a common thing;
The people in the fields everywhere,
Denote that it is Spring.

In the fields that now look bare,
The grass will soon be seen;
The flowers too, in beauty fair,
Will appear upon the scene.

The trees their leaves soon will bud,
Ere long they will look green;
Although they now appear as dead,
Their blossoms will soon be seen.

The farmer's boy does bare-foot go,
And merrily whistles through the day;
The turkey gobbler this don't like, you know,
He almost gobbles his life away.

The barn-yard rooster is anxious about his mates,
When some of them are out of sight;
He blames the house-yard rooster for his fate,
And to him rushes for a fight.

Their spurs and bills, at each other they send,
And they make a fierce fight;
But the barn-yard rooster, getting out of wind,
For his peaceful home, makes his flight.

The maiden her room does neatly prepare,
With flowers in gaiety and delight;
For the young man who will court her there,
On the coming Saturday night.

The maid takes the milk to the barn for the calf,
And he of her fingers tries to rob;
So in spite of him, (and with a laugh,)
Withdraws it and places in the milk a cob.

He drinks, but in a skillful way, not,
It goes a long time till he gets his fill;
When suddenly, he makes a dive for the cob,
And the milk all over the maid does spill.

JOHN HAD A LITTLE COLT.

When John was a small boy,
A hobby-horse was his pride;
He thought it such a pretty toy,
And was proud when taking a ride.

His father had a pretty colt,
He kept it in a field;
From caresses it would not bolt,
But willingly and playfully yield.

The pretty colt was given to John,
He gave it the name of Gim;
And when it saw him, it would run
With all its might to him.

And when at noon, the time to feed,
And he, in the farthest corner;
If he heard "Gim," with lively speed,
He would come for his dinner.

And when grown to the age of three,
He was a beautiful roan;
From the hobby-horse, John's now free,
Gim's more pleasant to ride on.

Why is it Gim so willingly duty does,
And is ever ready, John to obey;
Because John as willing kindness bestows,
And cares for him every day.

And you, good people, one and all,
If you wish your horse his duty mind;
And make him follow you at your call,
You should always treat him kind.

LOW AND HIGH.

• (This May Hit Some of Us—Fun.)

At times we feel low spirited,
Everything seems the wrong way;
In the morning we wish 'twas evening,
In the evening we wish 'twas day.

Then again our feelings arise,
We know all: no one can us teach;
We crowd the space 'twixt earth and skies,
And fill the world with speech.

“Whew!” we put on our best clothes,
Push out our chest and blow;
And think, if no one will like us,
They can just let us go.

NEARING HEAVEN.

(‘Tis supposed a young woman is sick; within a few weeks of dying and is ready to go; and is singing to others in the room.)

O, my death is near at hand,
My death is near at hand,
And I’ll join that happy band;
That happy band, for which I strove,
And have a home, in heaven above,
I’ll have a home in heaven above.

O, my death is near at hand,
My death is near at hand;
And I’ll join that happy band,
That happy band; grieve not; the end is near,
O, ’twill not be long till I am there,
’Twill not be long till I am there.

O, my death is near at hand,
My death is near at hand;
And I’ll join that happy band,
That happy band, that live forever more;
On that beautiful, O, that beautiful shore,
That beautiful, O, that beautiful shore.

POLITICS.

Politics is well enough,
But only in its time;
We (may) simply read the stuff,
It leaves no trace behind.

When it is read, it is done,
The paper is used, or thrown away;
Of 50 men, there might be one,
That would pick it up on their way.

Many men might be great,
If they’d write in some other way;
But spend their time on politics,
That goes like smoke, away.

Now, couldn’t we have less jaw,
And a part of the time, sing;
God will govern his people, too,
For He, of all, is king.

GOD A COMFORTER.

Little children on the road,
Going from place to place;
With their mother. They've no abode,
No place to wash their face.

Their faces were dirty, I could see,
They sleep in depots, on the floor:
Having no money, they must go free,
They'd freeze outside the door.

In a depot one Sunday morn,
I saw seven children and their mother;
They'd no bundles to carry; and clothing torn,
But God, is a sure comforter.

Poor as these little children were,
They'd run about and play;
Smiling—laughing—health was there,
Which equals money any day.

(January, 1895.)

WHO FORGIVES SINS?

There was a time when Christ was here,
By Him sins were forgiven;
But there's no one now on earth so dear,
There's only a God in heaven.

Have faith in Him, my dear friends,
Do the praying yourself;
Then for your sins He'll make amends,
He's better than any one else.

THE OTHER SHORE.

When death. O death, takes us from here,
We will, as when alive, again appear,
When Christ the summons to us shall give,
To arise again, have life and live.

Then is the time the Redeemer will tell,
Whether we shall dwell in heaven or hell,
Now, O, we living, should bear in mind,
That Christ to us is very kind.

To us he offers in heaven a home.
If we but Him obey, and seek His throne,
So let us now, both one and all,
Hearken to His voice, and obey His call.

FOR BUSINESS, LET YOUR DRINK BE WATER.

Then when these sharpers come aroun',
(With clear heads), and want your money,
Your feelings will be right at home;
They'll find you not a soney. (Boy).

HOW WILL WE DRESS?

When we're dressed poor, some don't like us,
'Cause we're not 'dressed' better as we go aroun'.
When we're dressed nice, some think us 'big' feeling,
And are ready to knock us down.

HAVING NONE, IT CAN'T.

Man will straighten up with renown;
Feels proud, on his feet.
But sickness cannot only bring him down,
But give him an everlasting sleep.

Some glorify in nice dress,
And love not those who don't.
But like a leaf in the wilderness,
Their pride can fall; the others won't.

Says the former, how can this be,
Mine fall, and his not?
Why look, and you will see.
He has none, it can't.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Don't be too much in a hurry, young people,
To get a husband or wife.
You'd better know each other well
Before taking that step in life.

The snappy words and mean treatment
That you'd be apt to get,
If you made a mistake in marriage,
Might be next to hell, you bet.

Just go to a married couple
That you know do not agree,
But quarrel and fight, and you'll
Be glad that you are free.

Don't look too much to clothes,
For they are always bought.
A kind heart, sweet words, and voice,
Much rather should be sought.

THE POETS.

They eat as well as others;
They wear out clothes, too.
You should patronize 'their' business;
They patronize others and you.
God made the people, he made them all,
He made the poet, to on you call.
See the hymns and 'songs they write,
Giving you music, and 'other' light.

A PRAYER.

[While sick.]

O, my Father, hear me while I pray,
While pains cause me to roll.
Forgive me my sins today,
Before I cannot hold my soul.

I'M GOING AWAY.

[Telling' on himself, N. Y. City.]

I thought I might get a New York 'girl,'
But getting acquainted is slow,
And the truth to you I'll tell,
I think of going to Chicago.

The greatest beauties I ever saw
I see here in New York.
With admiration I overflow,
But I cannot act my part.

A fault, I am sorry to tell,
I have; that is bashfulness,
So, in getting a wife, I might as well
Be in a wilderness.

Luck is against me, in the 'love' line;
I can look, but that is all.
My 'mouth' like locked, every time,
I meet and love a pretty girl.

SAID HE. MANNERS AND DRESS.

O, if I could everybody please,
And it would want to do,
In how many ways
Would I act, do you know?

Like every-body else?
But this, how could I do?
Just think it of yourself,
With thousands around you.

Lo ! I've tried in many ways,
But found no better ease.
So, I'll try the rest of my days,
I think, "myself" and others to please.

THE YOUNG SMOKER.

How unwise these mortals be,
To smoke away their money.
And doctors say it's no good,
And much against manhood.
It dulls the mind, takes 'brightness' away,
Gives a feeling of laziness (a truthful say).
It 'must' be injurious; am I a liar?
Does "meat" not change in "smoke" over a fire?

BEFORE TOO LATE.

If God is near, and our souls will cleanse,
From all sin make us clean.
We could easier leave our friends,
To go to another shore. (Heaven.)

If God is near, and calls us on high,
Though we'd not a friend here,
How pleasant 'twould be, after we die,
To meet him and the angels there.

If God is near, we need not fear,
Though there be foes on our way.
He'll make the road bright and clear,
Every day, 'every' day.

MISS MINNIE ALLMAN.

A pretty girl in church;
Tell her name I can.
She wasn't teaching Dutch,
But teaching a Chinaman.

How I'd love to be taught
By such a one as she;
But learning I have sought;
I 'know' the A B C.

I never saw her before,
But my eyes at once were keen
To look her beauty o'er,
And found her Minnie Allman.

But still, some things I regret;
I cannot get a wife.
Am too bashful when in love I get,
And resolved to lead a single life.

HOMESTEADS NOT ALL BLESSINGS.

[The secret I will own.]

Although I like this home,
Here I cannot stay.
It seems that I must roam,
Or there's no happiness for me.

Why it is I cannot tell,
But I can easy see
That I am feeling unwell,
If here a day or two or three.

It's a shame, a shame,
After my parents worked so hard,
And yet, 'I' get all the blame,
So I rove the streets a bard.

THEN IT FLIES AWAY.

The bird, the little bird,
How it flies from tree to tree,
While its 'charming' voice is heard,
Singing, singing, merrily.

It sits o'er 'head' of a pretty maiden,
With her lover close by, under a tree,
As if listening to the 'words' they are speaking,
While it sings, is singing merrily.

As if singing its praise to them,
Until it hears her say
That she will be a bride to him.
And then it flies away,
Singing, singing merrily.

HE HAD THE MOST MUSCLE.

A heifer rises in the morn,
So does a steer close by.
She gazes at him with scorn,
Then with a wicked eye.

Then she rushes at the steer,
Although much larger than he.
She wonders why he does not fear,
And run away to be free.

But instead he shows fight,
And the heifer must give way;
Although big, she is too light,
And the steer has won the day.

She turns, and shakes her 'head' at him,
But not at all in glee,
And wonders why such a little thing
Can whip such a big one as he.

So resolves to try again,
And on her way don't lounge,
But the steer again all ground does gain,
And old Brindle throws up the sponge.

DESTINY. LEARN TO WAIT.

No difference what your vocation is,
Learn to wait.

It's not all sorrow or all bliss,
Learn to wait.

Let others make their hundreds a day,
Learn to wait.

If you do so, it's destiny;
Learn to wait.

Just as it is with everything;
Learn to wait.

Just as we are we will be;
Learn to wait.

Not being all alike is destiny;
Learn to wait.

There must be rich, there must be poor;
Learn to wait.

Learn to open and shut your own door;
Learn to wait.

Let others make just what they can;
Learn to wait.
Remember you are not the same man;
Learn to wait.
You may make more, you may make less;
Learn to wait.
One cannot the whole world possess;
Learn to wait.
Today we live, tomorrow we may be gone;
Our lives at stake.
Prepare your soul before it's flown;
It will not wait.

LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.

Time is going, going, going,
Time is swiftly passing by,
And we are older growing, growing,
Till our souls from earth do fly.

When time is gone, it's gone forever;
We cannot call it back again.
And we'd not our lives live over,
If we knew there'd be no gain.

Old trials would be past,
But new might come,
And be as apt to last
As they did blossom.

So take all and all in consideration,
And life is best going with time.
Instead of repeating your generation, (Age.)
Ah! you might tire long ere gone.

Even if the first has been all joy,
The second might be all sorrow.
So there's a risk to run, old boy; (Man.)
Be happy today, you might grieve tomorrow.

PRAISE.

If you wish to praise a man,
Do so before he's dead.
He can only 'hear' you then,
Not when life has fled.

Even if he gets an epitaph,
It really does no good;
But the shortest favorable paragraph,
While he's alive, would.
A kind word now and then,
To either you or I,
Might 'change' the saying of some men.
("To be good, man only needs to die.")

THE MERRY LITTLE BIRD.

To-witt, to-wee, to-witt, to-wee,
If you would merry be
Look at the little bird and see
How it flies from tree to tree,
Singing, singing merrily.

As if it had no care,
And all was bright and fair,
While flying in the air,
And going you know not where,
Singing, singing merrily.

It's up in the morning bright,
And flying in the light,
With its mate perhaps in sight.
It's here, there, until night,
Singing, singing merrily.

And may be busy as a bee,
Perhaps more so than thee;
And feeding the little ones, three,
And themselves, in glee,
Singing, singing merrily.

WORK NOT ON THE SABBATH DAY.

O, why will you work on the Sabbath day?
Obey the commandments, I dare say.
O, look unto Him, that giveth you light,
To obtain a home of heavenly delight;
He who dwelleth above the skies,
Where good do live, and no one dies.
O, look to Him, and watch and pray;
O work, O work, O work not today.
Six days for labor He has given,
The seventh for rest, enjoyment of living.

So cease from labor and from strife;
Prepare your soul for the next life. (Eternity.)
Obey thy Creator in thy youth,
Do what is right, and live the truth.
Live the golden rule, do it not forget,
And a home in heaven, 'tis said, you'll get.

I WENT IN.

In a little white church, as I passed by,
Outside it wasn't so pleasing to the eye,
Being some worn off and on the fade,
But inside, it laid all others in the shade
That I have seen for nearly a year.
And a maiden therein, well, she is a dear,
Being merry and pretty, and surrounded by men;
She just needs hold the hat, and they throw the
money in.

Fine looking gents, with high standing collars,
Throw in halves and silver dollars. (In Sunday school.)
She's then on the pulpit, chorister of the preaching;
I see she is loved by men and women,
And knows her business, and knows it fine;
The people's choice, them are the kind.

• (Washington, D. C., May 7, 1893.)

SINGLE OR MARRIED.

When man is single, he's free to love
Any girl he desires;
But when married, yet he may rove,
This heaven (freedom) expires.

When woman is single, how many her love,
What attention is given her;
But when married, yet free to rove,
It's only from "one" Sir. (Man.)

But take them both, just as they are,
Then think of bliss, and trouble.
There's some in 'both' lives about at par,
I've heard of, single and double.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, LIBERTY BELL.

[Philadelphia, Pa., June 28, 1893.]

The old liberty bell,
(Now at the World's Fair,)
Yesterday in Independence Hall
I did not see it there.

Although I saw the frame
On which it sang so loud,
America's free (name)
Of a king (so proud).

Saw relics, pictures of great men,
Who lived in days of yore
And framed the constitution then,
After the hardship of the war.

Here we can see what we might do,
If we persevere, try.

(The idea I'll tell you.)

The register page before you,
Why, none of these can write like I. (As good.)

I glanced at the page before me,
I thought, and saw a feat.

Then I tried, you see,
The 'above' writing all to beat. (Try to excel.)

NOT LIKE MY OLD HOME.

Go where I will, anywhere you name,
Things don't seem to be the same.

The sun don't rise below the woods
And set behind the church.

East and west I scarcely know,
Unless I ask so much.

For when I look for the sun,
As if it were not in the skies,
I cannot 'find' it like when home;
I know just where to cast my eyes.

A LIFE TO COME.

Tell me not at any time
There is no life to come.

Who causes the sun to move and shine
And go where it's not seen?

Who causes the moon to rise and set?
Who causes the stars to shine?

And the weather, dry and wet,
Cold and snow, and time?

Who causes the thunder loud to roar,
And the lightning to flash and strike?
Who causes the clouds to color and soar,
And earth's darkness and its light?

Who brought the world to an end.

By water pouring from the sky?
And the dove to the ark again send,
To show that the hills were dry?

A man (God), where is He? Not on earth.
So then where can He be?
He's living, 'sure; He governs your life;
By the dictionary you can see. (Destiny.)

If you say there is no world but this,
Then where can this man be?

When Jesus, (in person,) ascended from his disciples,
Where did he go? For where did he leave?

Now my friend to you not unkind,
I say the Scriptures are true.
Search them and you'll find
There's a heaven and a hell, too.

And the scriptures you will tell
That this man lives in heaven;
And not 'alone' does he dwell,
Many are living with him.

Then this world is not the only one,
No, there's a heaven and a hell,
As sure as there's a rising and a setting sun,
And the Scriptures 'more' will tell.

OPEN THE GATES, NATIONS TO NATIONS.

If we'd America for Americans (alone,)
Then we should stay from other nations;
The world's for the people while living,
There'll be no boundary walls in heaven.
Men who'd like to distinguish themselves in battles,
By trying to make trouble between nations,
Alas, O we cannot tell,
After those battles 'monuments' might show they
fell. (God is king.)

SEE IN THE DARK.

Naturally, many people see clear,
But some see very sharp;
Others require 'glasses' to bring things near,
But inventors, well, they see in the dark,

They see things that are not there,
Conform them in their mind;
Then with the hand more clear,
Lay them before mankind.

For instance, light comes to the eye, (Mind.)
Something in part or bulk;
They study it, improve it,
Then 'make' it, 'you' see it work.

PRESIDENTS OF THE U. S. TRUTH AND FUN.

[Women not meant in poem.]

The strain must be hard on a president,
Having a nation to govern and please;
Though his salary is large, being many a cent.
I'd try my mind to ease. (Some.)

If too many visitors at the white house,
No difference from what lands, (Place.)
Or office seekers, (like a hungry mouse,)
I'd hire a man to shake hands.

And if I was tired of too much company,
And my business for the day was o'er,
I'd put out a card, please 'excuse' me,
I am in and necessity locked the door.

I'd do my business as is right,
According to law and oath;
And as for leisure and rest at night,
I'd try that I'd have both. (Washington D. C.)

HONOR KINDNESS.

Be kind to them who are kind to you,
God seeing this may bless you;
If enemies you have, just count it small,
It's only a fool, who has none at all.
To explain this, its easy to your eyes,
Jesus some hated because he was so wise;
And not only hated, but fearing he'd lead
In goodness and greatness, they wanted him dead.
Just as it's said now of many great men,
They are envied by some every now and then.
Pray to God to guide you, do as you think best,
Ever right, never wrong, trust him for the rest.

God did not inspire his sons way to die,
No more than he will for you or I;
'Twould have been the same with our souls,
Had he died of disease, as by those fools. (Envyers.)
The object is, he was to lose his breath, (Die.)
Instead of living here or going to heaven without
death;
God only prescribes the 'time' to die,
Not the 'way' for you nor I.
Do not wear an emblem of the cross, (Weapon.)
By which the world was caused the loss, (Of Jesus.)
It caused him three times to break down,
O leave that, leave the murderers weapon alone.
Its wise, God only prescribes the time,
Thus 'murderers' must 'suffer' for their crime.

THE R. R. TRAIN.

O the train, the train, the beautiful train,
As it goes flying much like in the air;
I love to see it, love to be on it,
To go where I desire.
Yes, and I'd not regret and not fear,
Did I the ability fare,
To ride the train, the beautiful train,
To the presidential chair.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

O work it seems so hard,
People seem to leave me alone;
Nobody cares for this bard,
No girl will share his home.

Husking corn goes easier now,
Even if its in the snow;
If only a smile and a bow
Comes from Annie, you know.

Sometime back, I was not
In love as I am now;
I thought the world did me forget,
But Annie didn't somehow.

Naturally I am fast when I woo,
Mean count to every word;
I'll tell you what we're going to do,
Get married. (December the third.)

So love, O love, let there be love,
Without it we may fail;
It lightens labor, helps us to move,
On the land we work and sea we sail.

THE PRETTY GIRL ON THE STREET.

[She wanted me to 'see' her.]

She walked so close, and looked so pretty,
I was sorry I was leaving the city; (Soon.)
I moved my foot to give her room,
Fearing she might tread thereon.
She is the kind of girl for you,
If you 'love' her. ('She' shows respect too.)

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND MUST PREVAIL.

Go way with the man that don't tell the truth,
For once people know he lies;
They do not want to hear him talk,
Nor want him before their eyes.

And many will not hear a fool, (Much.)
Its the wise that successfully speak;
He is not everybody's 'tool,'
And naturally people his company seek.

THINGS WE CANNOT DO.

Can you count the stars a twinkling,
No, you can not, let's see;
Its not intended for any person,
Out of the question for you and me.

Can you count the ocean's gallons,
The water's wide and deep;
Can you count its living beings,
No, it would put you to sleep.

Can you count the feet of earth,
That lie beneath the sky;
The beings that in and out do live;
No, it would make you sigh.

These things are all too deep (Much.)
For humanity to do by half;
If you could see yourself sleep,
Probably you would laugh.

I CANNOT 'CHANGE' MY NATURE.

Heavenly Father, as I am, I am,
Otherwise I cannot be;
If I do the best I can;
And put my trust in thee.

Then why should I not be satisfied,
Even though others like me not;
Though they praise me or about me lied,
My friends it's a 'fool' whose no enemies got.

A miser cannot help his way,
A liberal cannot either;
No more than 'any' one at any day,
Can change their (born) nature.

So we will be just what we are,
As long as on this earth;
As 'every' person (beneath heaven's star)
Will be from birth to death.

SHORT SKIRTS AND LOW NECKS.

Girls, why don't you cover,
Its nature all over the globe;
Men will like you better,
'Angels' wear a robe.

Adam and Eve were nude,
Till of sinning they were blamed;
Then nature changed to a different mode,
And they became ashamed.

So we all take after them,
If we are really good, (Refined.)
Not before they sinned,
But after they stole the food.

WHAT A GREAT CHANGE.

What a great change 'twill be,
What a great sight to behold,
When death comes to the body
And we find ourselves in another world.

As we walk along some day,
Or are sitting in our chair;
Or in a bed we lay,
Suddenly we may be there.

The eyes will surely open
To a beautiful or bad sight;
The former as heaven is spoken,
The latter as hell and dark.

How few there are who think
How soon they may go,
And leave their property and work,
Which 'must' stay here, we know.

LIKE ANGELS IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

I love to see those little girls just about thirteen,
They laugh so loud and talk so nice, and are always
keen;
They love to walk, they love to play, they love to
read and sing,
No difference where you see them go they are pleas-
ant and attracting.
They just begin to think of boys, they just begin to
love.
They love to dress, they love to smile, they don't put
on any airs;
They are always ready at the word, to brighten all
our cares;
I often think as they go by my window or my door,
If they were twice as old, yet beautiful, I'd love
them much more.

BELLE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Some talk, the belle of the world's fair,
She'd be as lucky as a four-leaf clover;
And loved by many men everywhere,
She went the world over.

As nature has it to man's eye,
He doesn't love all the girls the same;
She might look pretty to 'one' passing by,
To another, she'd not have that name.

All the world's belle we do not know,
Till all have seen and judged the too. (1893)

THE FLOWER.

O listen to what I say,
If you know not how to keep;
A flower when away,
Plucked from the stalk.

Don't put me in the sun,
Where I get so hot;
Or my beauty will soon
Go away, and I'm forgot.

Put me in some water,
And then in the shade,
And I will keep much longer
Before I fade.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME. WASHINGTON, D.C.

O love, thou love, thou com'est to me this morning
I dreampt of thee last night and it was saddening;
I met the one, my choice, just as if it were day,
We ran to meet, then shook hands, though I'm 300
miles away.

I met her at my old, old home, where I've spent most
of my life,
It seems to me somehow or other, this maid should
be my wife.

I met her just a minute ago, 'twas in a pleasant
dream.

Just as plain as in daylight, that now has got be-
tween;

And, as I'm awake, (I somewhat coy) I do not like to
tell,

Love may be backward through the day, but in
dreams, it shows so well.

HOW MANY PEOPLE.

O, how many people on earth,
How 'can' we all get to heaven;
Heaven would hafto be larger than this,
Considering from beginning of creation.

O, how many people are here,
How little 'one' would be;
If all on one photograph, O dear,
'Twould hafto be larger than a city.

Now think of all together,
The nations far and near;
The people here and thither,
O, how many people are here.

When we look the city of Rome,
And others across the ocean;
How 'little' we think our home,
Even if it is a big nation.

THE LAST SUPPER.

[Tis supposed the rich can have any eatable and drink they desire, while the poor have only what they are able to buy. The rich are merry. the poor are not.]

There's rest for every man on earth;

There's rest for every woman;

There's rest for 'all' after death

If they get to heaven.

Grieve not ye who have poor living;

The time may come you'll be in heaven.

The rich may you here far excel;

The time may come they'll be in hell.

They may eat the best on earth,

From plates of silver and gold;

They'll leave all wealth after death.

And like you, their bodies will mold. (Decay.)

Riches, 'tis said, comes of sin;

Good heart without, but bad within.

Better eat a crust of bread, (Be poor.)

And be in heaven after dead.

THE BIBLE.

The book of all books, the best;

It's not 'the 400,' nor any of the rest;

It beats any, all on the roll;

The book, my friends, that may save your soul.

All but this originated here;

They're not as good for past, present and future.

This 'for all time' to you is given,

And may give you a home (where started) in heaven.

Read the bible, 'twill do you good;

For your soul it's the best food.

SINNERS INVITED.

O come, sinner come; the time is going by;

Hear your Savior's voice, on Him you may rely.

Let yours thoughts and acts be pointed in that way,

And you'll get a home in heaven, if you'll only watch
and pray.

The uncertainty of life, and that sweet heavenly
home,

Ought induce you to pray, and so very soon.

Just think of the many who've left this shore,

And of that sweet, sweet home, forever, evermore.

(Repeat last two lines if a hymn.)

A PRAYER. OCCASION.

Heavenly Father, I'm a sinner; do things I ought not do;
Look down in mercy, forgive me and lead me, I pray.
Others' 'treatment' at times is such that I anger;
And I may recklessly forget thee, and put my soul in danger.

So lead me, and guide me, both day and night,
How to keep health, and make me do right;
And when my soul here cannot stay,
O take me to heaven, I pray Thee, I pray. Amen.

A MILK-SHAKE.

The lad was milking the cow,
The bucket was nearly full;
But she someway or somehow
Kicked him over, and the stool.

And the bucket, with milk, in the air
The course it did take.
Give for give, she thought fair,
(For) she wanted a milk-shake.

THE STYLISH MAID.

She goes around with shoes too tight,
One may make her lame;
She'd rather please others' sight
Than be a 'comfortable' dame.

I often wondered why these maids
Are so particular to please men.
In a good home, with sun and shade,
They're better off than with many of them.

Three of five men now-a-days,
Who wheedle coax and flatter,
That they with her may spend their days,
Her health and contentment shatter.

There was a 'time' of wedded bliss,
(Much more than there is now);
But 'drink' has got ahead of this,
And broken many a vow.

It's got so far and so low down,
I'll 'tell' you, I don't fear;
He's got no money to buy for home,
But a 'quarter' to buy beer.

PEOPLE OF MANY KINDS.

There are many kinds of people, that people do behold,
For it takes so many kind, you know, to make a world.
We cannot all be wise, we cannot all be great;
What would we do with destiny, for this means fate?
You might think the times are hard, but so they are to be;
It's one of the 'many' things to try us for eternity.
Just as the clouds do come, just as they go away,
So 'times' have come and gone, no difference where we stay.
Some are white, some are dark, many colors, just see;
Compare them to us, in looks and life; they're not alike, like we.

THIS TIME MY HEART WAS GONE.

Ha! the prettiest girl I ever saw, I saw last night at nine;
Though I'm a widower, and very particular, I wished she could be mine.
I never spoke a 'word' to her; I never saw her before;
But she so took my heart and head, I could have 'followed' her.
But, alas! the worst of all is I do not know her name,
'Blame' it, and I may never 'see' her again,
For in a city as large as this, where we see hundreds every day,
She 'may' live here, I don't know; she may never come my way.
Yes, this is the worst of all, for I cannot stand and watch,
(Though I'm in need of a wife), that I can make a match.
Though I'm a widower for 12 years, and thought to never marry again,
I must say, 'twixt smiles and tears, this time my heart was gone.

(Washington, D. C., 1893.)

HIT THEM AGAIN. STREET FUN.

Some bewitching girls, now and then,
Cast sheep eyes at some men,
Just when he thinks she doesn't care
For no man no-where,
Because she's pretty and much better,
(Man is an 'ugly' creature.)
But somehow, why we do not know,
These girls like a man for a beau.
Humph! he drinks, chews and smokes tobac'r;
(The former, so he's spunk to 'meet' her),
Dyes his mustache, tries to look big,
And maybe all he owns is his rig. (Clothes.)
But still, these pretty girls take him along;
Why so? 'Well,' see them. (Humph !)

COLD WEATHER. NOVEMBER.

Winter now is coming; say,
Those who dress thin.
The white dress is laid away
Until next spring.

Girls dress up higher now,
Nearer to the chin,
And more readily get a bow
From the gentlemen.

Soon you'll see the cloaks and furs,
That hide all but the face;
The best time in all years
To see this beautiful race.

DREAMING OF HOME. SONG.

CHORUS.

Dreaming of home, dreaming of home;
Last night I dreampt, was dreaming of home.
Dreaming of home, where I used to stay;
Dreaming of home, 500 miles away.

I saw my brother in the barn,
I saw the hay, I saw the corn.
Sights were just as plain, just as dear,
As if I'd bought a ticket and went there.—Chorus.

Last night I retired, here in New York;
My soul went home, there to work.
The soul may leave the body asleep,
Go off, return, and give it wake.—Chorus.

I was 'round about, over the hill,
Where with chestnuts, my pockets, I used to fill.
So now I'm here, back again,
Having been home without paying.—Chorus.

MY DREAM OF DELLA. SONG.

Last night I dreampt that Della had wed,
(My girl of long ago.)
But when I awoke, I knew in bed
That it was not so.

This sweet little maiden could not be,
I thought myself, thought I;
For if she'd wed, it would be me,
Her school-mate and school-boy. (Friend.)

Although I'm living in New York,
And she in O-hi-o,
I knew that dreaming does not work,
Unless contrary, or not so. (True.)

Chorus—So Della, O Della, will marry me;
To no one else could she be.—Repeat.

THEY'RE SISTERS.

Dressed just alike, they walk the street,
Each a tender look for the other.
As on their faces you take a peep
You know they have the same mother.

Peaceful sisters, loving girls,
How nice they live in single life.
When these girls are married,
Could man so use them as his wife.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE. N. Y. CITY.

Beauty lingers everywhere;
You may see it on the street.
Here comes a dashing maiden, 'fair;'
You can scarcely guide your feet.

You may walk along, your mind on care,
Or it may be on biz.

Then comes another, here and there;
You think that you could whis(tle).

So you go on, and try your best
To bring back those thoughts again;
Then comes another that beats the rest,
And you've women on the brain.

So, beauty lingers everywhere;
Girls are the best the world's got.
They drive away 'business and care,' (Trouble.)
And loving them you cannot help.

ALONE.

Here I'm standing, lonely, lonely, alone,
In a city, far, far from home,
Without a friend, a friend, a frien',
Excepting 'one,' I hope, in heaven, in heaven.
On Him I'll put my trust, my trust,
Until this body turns to dust, to dust.

THE BIBLE IS THE BEST.

Of all books that should be blest,
Of all books the bible is the best.
It's good when you laugh, good when you cry;
If you believe on it, O, it's good when you die.
Life is short, though many books are given,
The bible's the best, surest guide to heaven.
Take it, 'read' it, from cover to cover;
None equals it this wide world over.

STATUE OF GEN. WASHINGTON AND HORSE.

[Washington, D. C.]

Though Washington's 'dead' these many years,
About his statue there's plenty of life.
The little birds, their songs one hears;
They fly about, they have no fears
Of him who fought side drum and fife.

And yet, it seems to 'honor' him,
Who believed in right, would not away.
Brave in battle, bullets thick or thin;
Had a chance, but would not sin;
Told his father, I cannot tell a lie.

N. Y. CITY.

If you walk the streets at five o'clock,
O, how many people there;
Crowded, from block to block,
When the weather is fair.

If you stand and 'look' at them,
So many you will see,
You'll think, how little 'I' am
In this great city.

BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

[Washington, D. C.]

First we see the pictures of men,
That through fame are in a frame.
Next we see the sample note,
That buys what men and women want.
Then we see the different branches at work,
That make what makes all kinds of works. (Money.)
'Tis here the money first comes to light,
Being new, and nice and bright.
'Twould pay you who never have it seen
To visit the Bureau, where I've just been. (1893.)

THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

The leader of a nation, far and wide,
The main 'man' of all its people.
Think of yourself; then a child;
Yourself; then others, whose 'fame' is little.

Think of the man way down in the mines,
Working with a light on his cap,
(While the sun far above him shines),
His clothing all patched, his face dust black.

Think of the man on the street,
His clothing all coarse and torn,
With no drink but water, and nothing to eat,
Unless he begs it and gets it with scorn.

Ah, yes; many are the cases we could give,
But further we care not to go.
You might be thankful for the way 'you' live,
If 'others' lives you would know.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Houses may be beautiful
On the level or a fill,
But my heart's choice
Is a house on a hill.

(It looks nice from down below,
You see it from far away;
From it you have a nice view
Of the city, night or day.)

Not where they're close together,
But scattered, here and there,
Showing grass, like a meadow,
Giving us whims to stare.

There'd be my place to live,
In daylight an' in dark;
For no other would I it give,
In Washington or New York.

HE WENT ANOTHER ROUND.

“Unhitch your horses and put them ‘away,’ my lad;
It’s going to rain all day.
Unhitch your ‘horses’ and put them ‘away,’ my lad;
Unhitch your horses and put them away.”

Thus called a father to his son,
Who was plowing in the corn.
But instead he went another round,
And was caught in a ‘thunder storm.’

And came to the house soaking wet,
By not obeying his father’s voice.
His sister (13) said, that’s what you get,
As she danced and did rejoice. (For fun.)

IN SCHOOL.

Last night I dreampt I was in school,
And saw the children taught
The a b c and golden rule
That they’d know more than naught.

They said the a and the b,
But their thoughts were far away;
Then the c and the d,
While their hearts were on their play.

One would look at the other,
Then they both would smile;
Then a sigh. What a bother
This 'learning' all the while.

Then the 'schoolmarm' said dismissed,
And homeward they would go.
The school is spent, the day is passed,
And little did they know. (Learn.)

FORGOT TO PRAY.

The morning has come. Ah! I forgot to pray
Last night when in bed I lay.
Yet my sleep was good; it refreshed my mind.
O, how kind God is. Was I kind?
He knows our every thought and what we mean;
If good, we needn't mention His name.
At times He will close our eyes ere we can pray,
And give good sleep from night till day.

RESULT OF SUNDAY WORK.

One Sunday I cut a paper, just to pass my time;
I cut it full of holes, and it looked very fine.
Then I tired of it, and cut it through and through;
This is what 'Sunday' work always amounts to.
(Nothing.)

And if I read a paper it seems all the same.
Next week I don't remember, and it was no gain.
And if I write a letter, believe me, I don't lie,
It either turns to nothing, or I get no reply.
I used to ask the help to thresh my grain;
Then something would turn up, I'd hafta go again.
'Result' of Sunday work, the world's test has stood;
We do it in the day, in the evening it is no good.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

These merry little children, go where you will,
Are busy every day, scarcely ever still.
They're busy, busy, busy every day,
And when the day is over 'twas only play.
They are out in the summer,
They are out in the winter,
They'll stand as much in either
As a man any day.

They'll drink as much water.

 Need just as much to eat,
And when night comes
 Have just as good sleep.

And so they go on, as ever before.
Until they are children forever no more.

I THOUGHT I WOULD TELL YOU.

 Of 'self some years ago.

If I want to hear singing I don't go away,
I just sing myself, to hear it, I say.
I throw back my head; O, I sing sweet:
Could you 'hear' me, you'd know truth I speak.
Once when alone a girl heard me sing;
She kept very quiet, so she wouldn't be seen.
I was trying my best to sing sweet to myself;
And she told me thereafter, it 'was so,' herself.
Then she wanted me to sing in her room,
But I wouldn't, I must be alone.
(In fact I couldn't, I had too much fear,
To sing before one I thought so dear.)
Now the girl has gone away, no one else was by;
I thought I would 'tell' you, no one 'could' but I.
 ('She'-sleeps-in-her-grave.)

HOME NEWSPAPERS.

Don't take your home 'papers,' it wouldn't 'do,'
The editor should be 'far off' to suit you.
Then imagine him on a 'throne,' with pen in hand,
The best man in the world, the best on sea and land.
Neighbors quarrel and 'fight;' there's nothing like a
 stranger,
Until that very stranger becomes our nearest neigh-
 bor.
Then he fights us, and in turn we fight him;
This seems the way of the world, one way of the
 world to sin.

FLOATING PHOTOGRAPHER.

[Washington, D. C.]

There's a photographer on a boat
 By the Potomac river's side.
From town to town he'll float;
 Takes pictures in or outside.

And does it fine, and very cheap,
Six tin types for ten; (c)
So, you'd need not your money keep,
If you'd a picture now and then.

Come along, see yourself
On a plate as you are;
Write your friends, enclose a plate;
Who are far distant, far.

WELCOME TO OUR FIRES. THE POOR.

(Farmer 'produce' dealers, about the market houses, have fires on the streets in winter in Washington, D. C.

Come ye people, young and old,
Come stand ye by my fire;
For I am sure, if you are cold,
It will not raise your ire.

For in this winter so severe,
When labor is hard to get;
For soul and body heat is dear, (Good.)
More so, when not enough to eat.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

In the city, time of night,
Lights are near, and shining bright;
In the country they're far away,
For 'miles' there may not be a ray.
In the country people are more keen,
To see others, day or 'een;
To 'one' there, there's a hundred or so,
In the city, going to and fro.
In the city, they have less care,
For 'one' alone, there's plenty there;
If a friend don't suit exactly right,
Thereafter is not given ear or sight.
In the country they hold more dear,
Less is imparted to eye and ear;
The old 'saying' is, some folks tell,
Using friends too much, is not well. (Fortunate.)

SHE NEVER SLIGHTS ME.

If I want to throw a kiss at any time a tall,
I just throw it at the girl that is on the wall;

Her eyes are always open, she never sleeps,
She is good looking and her looks always keeps.
In fact she never slight me at any time a tall,
Even if I throw a kiss at her on the wall.
Why is she there? There is a certain girl,
Who is so blameless pretty, her picture's on the
wall.

THE CAPITOL FLAG. WASHINGTON.

As I look o'er the city of Washington so fair,
I see the capitol flag waiving in the air;
So let it waive, waive o'er the capitol there,
Let it waive, waive o'er the wise men there.
Laws we must have anyone knows,
Wickedness ungoverned, the 'world' would close.
'Tis there they are made, by elected men,
To govern and protect our nation.
Law springs from the bible because there's a heaven,
The bible our book, God its origin.
So let it waive, waive o'er the capitol there,
Let it waive, waive o'er the wise men there.

BED.

Bed is counted a lazy place,
But in it we can sleep;
If in our hearts we've peace,
And God our souls will keep.

And we need not have fear,
Though we may die:
If God is always near,
And takes our souls on high.

For then we are in heaven,
We've slept our lives away:
An easy death was given
To get to eternity.

THE LITTLE RASCAL.

(A hoosier girls song.—Tune, After the ball is over.)

When the week is over, when Saturday night has
come.
Johnnie will be here again and court me in this room.
O Johnnie is a nice young man, Johnnie is the boy,

He comes to see me now and then, and loves me like
a toy;
Last Saturday night he said to me, you know I love
you well,
I've something to tell you, I'd like so well to tell,
Then I asked him what it was and don't you forget
The little 'rascal' took two strings and tied them in
a knot;
Then I asked him what it meant and he talked like
a beau,
He said this means one kind, another, preachers do.
This will untie, the preachers 'want' you see,
Let me get a preacher to tie you and me.
So Johnnie he will come again, as I did say,
And he will choose the minister and I will name the
day.

Chorus—When the week is over, when Saturday
night has come,
Johnnie will be here again and court me in this
room.

WHO GETS THE THANKS. A BIBLICAL SONG.

O who gets the thanks on Thanksgiving day?
God, or people eating big dinners say,
(Spoken) Poor thanks to God for his works,
Better eat less, read the bible and think;
Thank Him you live, and 'can' eat and drink,
Ask him to 'lead' you, 'make' you do right;
You will feel better and rest better at night.

JUST LOOK.

God sees you every day,
He sees you as no one can;
Whether at home or away,
He sees you, woman and man.

You cannot hide from him,
No difference where you go;
He sees your every sin,
He knows your every woe.

Now, are you with him every day,
(i. e.) Do 'you' think of 'him' now and then?
In the 'evening' when you lay,
Do you ever 'pray' to him?

You may have friends on earth,
You may have none a tall;
Who will be your friend at death?
When God on you does call.

•He' will be, if you serve him now,
He says so in his book;
And give you a home in 'heaven' too,
A home forever, O just look.

WORK.

Never be a shirking,
Work that is to do;
See the 'world' is working,
Why don't you,
See them going here and there,
Each following a nose: (Knows.)
As if anxious to get there.
To accomplish some purpose.

Bodily workers have it best,
Their mind's at ease;
Their sleep is rest.

Let us be busy on the street,
To retain a good name;
And so 'idlers' will not think,
We are the same (as they.)

THE GIRL OF TEN.

These gay little girls when on the street.
Are very pleasant for men to meet;
They look so natural, they don't put on style.
And at times our soul of care beguile.
Unpainted faces, dress of many colors,
To suit the whim of their mothers;
O for a girl as beautiful as them,
Twenty-five years of age for this man.
If she'd love me, as I would her,
'Single life,' I wouldn't care a 'snap' for.

HAVE LOVE FOR PEOPLE.

A way down in the country,
When a neighbor girl of mine
Told me no one cared for her,
I pitied her at the time.

She was plainly clad, (but was fair,)
This made her ashamed somehow;
Then told me she didn't care,
As no one cared for her anyhow.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

O the capitol, the capitol, greatest of all cities,
Where a countryman may think all days are Sunday;
They dress so neat, they dress so grand,
He scarcely knows where to sit or stand.
I've been there and know it well,
That dress and manners, the tale does tell;
But ah! This chap, they didn't fool more than half,
For when they didn't talk, I talked to myself.

BEAUTY AND GREATNESS.

[Written in the top of the Washington Monument.]

Of all the sights that I have seen,
None equals this from where I am;
On looking down and all around,
Beauty, beauty, 'magnificent' is found.

[Written on the stairway, 50 feet up.]

This monument (to George Washington,) all others
defy, (Excel.)
And perhaps originated of his, "I cannot tell a lie."

ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

'Twixt mountains, in dales,
Through hills, in vales,
The train at lively speed did go,
As we see much from the window.
The many cities, O how nice,
The fields, the rivers, like paradise;
And there below Beaver Falls,
Where boats attention calls.
At the deck I took a glance,
And saw girls, prettily 'dance;'
Just as if it 'twere a song,
The boat was making, going along.
Thus we seen from the train,
On the way to Washington.

DOES THE CLOTHES MAKE THE BRAIN.

Some people seem to think.

Time and time again:

If one wears a poor suit,
He has but little brain.

Even though he wrote a book,

And its contents pleased their eyes;

They'd often on him look,

As if from another it did arise.

Now I'll dress up a wooden dummy,

Merely to show a little game;

Then when when you come to me for surety,

I'll say, go and and see his brain.

Just bore a hole in his head,

And see how much he's got;

Then dress him in a poor suit,

And see if it decreases or not.

(Just so it is with people.)

THE HORSE AND WAGON WHEEL, SIR.

Step, step, step, the horse goes along,

While the boy says, git 'ap,' sir;

And goes the wheels a different song,

A rolling, rolling after.

A step and roll, a roll and step,

Is a 'make' up on the 'road,' sir;

Its a git, go-long, or 'go,' with whip,

That horses and wheels are here for.

DISPOSITION. A HUMBLE HOME.

Some men are rich and have a large income,

Yet prefer an 'umble 'ome;

And as if poor, they love to roam,

And never desire a mansion 'ome.

They love plain clothes, not of silk,

And meals like Washington, of mush and milk, (plain)

This is not stinginess, as some make out,

But what the heart and mind's about.

THE LADS, LASSES AND SNOW.

The sleds with merry loads,
Go hurrying down the hill;
The lads and lasses clear the roads,
Of those who are standing still.

The ready sled is unaware
Of where it is to go;
And if the riders don't take care,
'Twill throw them in the snow.

YOUNG MARRIED MEN. (THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.)

Don't blame the poor mother for being particular
about her daughter,
It took some care to get her from little to the marriage alter;
It must be bad that a mother dare not say
A word to protect her daughter from her husbands
mean way. (Treatment.)

[Remember young man, your wife's 'mother' may love her daughter, as your mother loves you.]

WAITING FOR THE NEGRO. SONG.

Chorus—Sing a song of nonsense,
Worth a cent of lead;
While waiting till the nig'r comes,
Then we'll go to bed.

For he is lodging here,
And comes every night at nine;
And might think it queer,
If we went before that time. (Chorus.)
[The author and others lodged where the 'negro' did.]

THE DOG AND MERRY BIRD.

How the bird in the country fools the dog,
As it flies around in the air;
Going so near the ground,
He thinks he'll catch it there.

But the bird is too 'wise' for this,
And wants to see him run;
Merrily it flies, (The boy says hiss),
And turns to see the fun.

His running and the heat of the sun,
Causes him to sit and think it over;
His mouth wide open, (the boy lays down,)
He never saw such a thing before.

Down comes the bird so near his head,
That to 'catch' it he tries every bone;
But his nose hits the ground and he turns summer-set,
Then (laughably,) ceases to run.

DECEMBER. O, BOYS AND GIRLS.

Now that winter time has come,
When water freezes nice,
To be sure you will not drown,
Keep off its enticing ice.

O, consider this dangerous feat,
When the water is ten feet high,
If the ice you're on would break,
You go down below to die.

PROUD OF HER.

[The President's horses (held by a coachman) are waiting at the church for his wife to return to the carriage, in Washington.]

The horses waiting to draw their pride,
(Didn't seem to tire giving her a ride);
One would drop his lip, the other throw up his head,
In drawing attention this team took the lead.
One's front legs are white, the other's hind,
Both are bays, and please the eye and mind.
Beloved horses, how easily they can tell
The loving hand, and 'honor' as well.

THE CAPITOL. WASHINGTON.

Is a great sight itself,
And a great 'beauty,' too;
To 'see' it, not more than half
Will 'show' what great minds can do.

'Come,' ye men of the 'backwoods,'
Who never saw a capitol before,
Put 'away' your ax, put on nice goods,
And see what the capitol is in store. (Itself.)

THE TRINITY CHURCH. WASHINGTON.

O, it looked so nice, from the pulpit to the door,
I thought it 'good' enough if I sat on the floor.
And it looked so fine, from the roof to the floor,
I thought I would 'come' again, when I left the door.
And the nicely dressed people there, and gay;
I couldn't help 'feeling' good, when I went away.

NO ONE KNOWS.

No one knows they're going to heaven,
When soul and body parts.
God this 'knowing' has not given,
Even though we'd sinless hearts.

All we can do is try to live
In every way that's right;
Obey the laws the bibles give
Till soul from earth takes flight.

You cannot live without sinning,
For the world has much sin.
If God is pleased with your living,
He'll surely let you in.

Don't tell the people you're going there;
You may them all surprise.
Wait till God sees fit (up there)
To close, then open your eyes.

Heaven's not the only place to go,
The bible does us tell.
I for 'one' do not know
Whether I'm going to heaven or hell.

SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE.

If on giving 'alone' you're bent,
Don't give the drunkard a cent.
Save the money and give it to his children,
Who may be starving of too little eating.
If he is single, don't with your money part,
'T may help him get a woman, then break her heart.
For cloves and lozenges do much these days
To lay the smell the drink gives.
He begs your money, he says to get bread,
Then goes in a saloon to get a heavy head.

Then home to his family, with this influence in,
Results—Ah! the newspapers tell ‘many’ of them.
Drunkard, go drink water. (I’m inspired.)
Save yourself, wife, son, and daughter.

EASE YOUR MINDS.

[The death of a great man. 1893.]

Though he was, yes a great man,
For him we should not mourn;
He’s had his time, his course has ran,
Till he from earth was taken.

No man who’s wise will let his mind
Run upon he who’s dead,
Though he may have been good and kind,
And could a nation lead.

Better ‘think’ of souls on earth;
Yea, yes, better by half.
The ‘bible’ says, mourn at birth.
And ‘also,’ at ‘death’s’ to laugh.

Why should we mourn at what is done
By Him who rules, at night and day,
And guides the ‘world,’ the powerful sun,
And takes us ‘all’ away.

Monuments do ‘no’ one ‘good;’
Brings sad memories of the ‘past;’
The ‘living,’ the ‘living,’ a livelyhood
Is ‘wiser,’ yea, to the last.

FRIENDS, COIN, TIME. A SONG.

O Swift the time goes by, when we’ve ‘friends’ and
coin,
When we’ve friends and coin;
But when the funds are gone, we’re more lone-some,
More ‘lone’-some.

So ‘if’ your time is bright, of your money take care,
Of your ‘money’ take care;
For it ‘gains’ love, ‘keeps’ love, and everywhere,
And everywhere.

If ‘you’ve’ a merry soul, give time its time to come,
Give time its ‘time’ to come;
For ‘as’ it serves you ‘twill’ be wherever you ‘roam,’
‘Twill be ‘wherever you roam.

BUILDING A CITY.

Keep building up your town,
Keep the people there;
By buying, not only of one,
But buying everywhere.

If a stranger comes to town,
Don't let your duty lack;
Buy now and then of him,
Keep all from moving back.

HOW TO PLEASE.

Show them 'attention,' women and men,
Let them see you 'care' for them.

WORK YOUR-'SELF.'

“God helps along,
Those who help themselves.”
The brightest, smartest song,
Requires less dusting on our shelves. (Its used.)

HOME AND I.

350 miles apart.

Though relatives and friends are far away,
In dreams I'm with them, as if 'twere day,
Though the farm no more, I see or crawl,
In dreams I'm over it, and see it all.
It seems 'twere God that gives this sight,
Since I can't be at home, (I'm there at night;)
And at this time, I'm pleased to say,
Better there at night and here in day.

MURDER NOT, IT WILL OUT.

[A 4-word poem.]

Why would you kill,
A grave to fill;
And you be ill,
Of a misery still.

Best make your grudge,
Known to a judge,
And you may budge
From life a drudge.

The law will see,
To you and he;
If you are free,
You may happy be.

So, see you now,
Why would you kill;
And by it fill
Misery in thy brow.

STYLE, ETIQUETTE.

[A Rocky Mountain 'hermit's' say: Fun.]

I've been three months in Sniffleton,
But not to be a swell;
I dress more like the prodigal son,
And never go where fops dwell.

There is one thing I don't like,
It seems few people wed;
They seem to be to stylish-like,
And style is always ahead.

Quite unlike Adam and Eve,
They spoke when first they met;
Did not hold mouth and ears,
On account of etiquette.

But as its here its everywhere
In this region you may go;
Men for maidens poorly fare,
Maidens seldom have a beau.

Over there stands a girl,
Covered with roses, silk and fur;
She hates me now, thinks me a fool,
Because I (kindly) spoke to her.

(Without an introduction, see.)

Do I love the girls,
Why yes, of course I do;
(I'd give them all a beau, if I really could,
If I knew they wanted them, and the beaux all
were good.)

FEAR NOT DEATH, DO RIGHT.

If I know the bible clear,
If we obey the commandments given;
The sooner we die here,
The longer we are in heaven.

THE BUSY BEE.

The busy bee, the busy bee,
It gathereth honey, it gathereth honey,
For you and me, for you and me.

Only retaining a share
For self, for winter fare;
When the ground is bare.

The busy bee in summer time,
Gathereth honey that is fine.
And is relished in every clime.

The busy be, more busy than I,
Far away for honey doth fly,
But if molested, will sting, O my.

If you should idle be,
Go watch, watch the busy bee,
More diligence may come to thee.

BE NOT IDLE.

If you've nothing to do that would add to your
wealth,

Walk around, walk around;
If its only to retain or regain your health,
Walk around, walk around.

Never be idle, have something to do,
Walk around, walk around.

Your human clock will work better for you,
Walk around, walk around.

ANGRY FROM BEING ABUSED. SINGS.

Come O come, O God to me,
Oh bring peace unto my soul;
I am thinking, O thinking of thee,
Oh do my anger control.

JOHN AND HIS WIFE.

[Five months after marriage.]

John why are you so cold,
Didn't you marry for love?
As time goes on I behold,
Your attentions quite different prove.

Yes, I certainly married for love.
But you did not I see;
Your attentions do it prove,
(Sighing,) you smile on others, but never on me.

HERE AND AFTER.

Glory be to God,
In the most high,
After 'death' we've had
Our souls to him fly.

'If' we in him believe,
Obey the commandments given;
We will with him receive
A home in heaven.

A PRAYER.

My father who art in heaven,
Look down in mercy on me;
When I this world am leaving,
Take my spirit to thee.

GOLD AND SILVER SPRAYS.

Gold and silver may be seen,
In the morning when the ground is wet;
(With the sun behind you shining keen,)
Dewdrops show it when the position you get.

ASHAMED TO PRAY.

Blessed Jesus, O can it be,
That I would be ashamed to pray?
Who, when I died, I'd gladly own.
That I to heaven might be bourne.

Then why should I not obey thee now,
To thy commandments make a vow;
To keep them while here I stand, (Live.)
Prepare my soul for a better land. (Home.)

For here I cannot long remain,
Only while my soul can bear my frame;
When this is o'er I must be gone,
O may it be to that heavenly home.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Man is great with God as his guide,
When we look at that monument we see it with
pride.

From the top of this monument people can see,
Great Washington, way down, and see it free.
Way up in the heavens, in this so high,
Are thoughts of him who couldn't tell a lie.

THE POTOMAC RIVER BOTTLE. WASH., D. C.

While lounging away from the city,
From noise and hurry to be free;
I met with such beautiful scenery,
I am glad that I can see.

On the great Potomac river banks,
Where air is fresh and free;
I sat near the mountains (forests) tops,
I was glad that I could see.

So 'round and 'round, far and near,
I gazed on visions fair and free;
When a little 'bottle' in the river there
I was glad that I could see.

So I simply got a board,
That from mud I would be free;
This little bottle I now hoard,
I am glad that I can see.

(Sing.) Now we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather round the bottle at the river,
And take a welcome tiff.

We'll gather 'round the bottle at the river,
The bottle I happened to see;
And all take a tiff when we shiver,
For it don't hold enough for a spree.

ITS NOT THE COAT.

Do not judge by the dress,
For such judgement often falls;
Wisdom has come from a wilderness,
And a wearing over'alls.'

There may be wisdom yet no pride,
In same, clothes is not of what its made;
Plainness does some men's hide,
(From those in judging, are in the shade.)

BE CONTENT.

[Four blemished, comfort.]

Though I am deaf, I can see, the beauties of the earth.
The stars that in the heavens shine,
And what nature brings forth.

Though I am blind, I can hear, the beautiful sounds
that's given,
The sweetest voice, the songs of birds,
Between this world and heaven.

Though I'm a cripple, I can hear and see, sights and sounds of earth,
Am pleased to know what's going on,
Even if I'm in my berth.

Though I am sick and must lay, can scarcely get my breath;
There's life immortal, I've heard say,
That comes after death.

THE LITTLE PEANUT BOY.

There's a little boy in Washington, (D. C.)
He keeps a peanut stand;
He runs the steamer, man of fun, (Clown.)
And sells the peanuts grand.

He parches corn so nice and bright,
That people buy and eat,
And look with pleasure day or night,
At the little steamer's feat.

This little boy is bright and smart,
As if it were his destiny;
He seems to take things good to heart,
Lets the world slip and free.

THE BRAVE CAPTAIN.

The following is related of a captain, (mounted.) who, in a battle seeing the bearer of the flag fall dead near him, grabbed it himself and shouted:

“On men, on, do not flinch a step,
And victory is ours, and honor you will get.
As brave a man was he as ever a flag bore,
He waived his sword and shouted, while cannons
 ‘round did roar;
He saved the flag, won the fight, as victories gener-
 ally are,
And on that eve they ‘honored’ him, each stripe and
 every star.

WHEN THE WAVES ARE LYING LOW, THE SEA IS ONLY ASLEEP.

I knew a little maiden, a maiden by the sea,
Her merry heart, her sweet voice filled my soul
 with glee.

As she walked along the mossy bank of the water so
 wide and deep,
She sang when the waves are lying low, the sea is
 only asleep.

It sleeps no more at night than it does in the day,
Its when the ‘wind begins to blow, that it only gives
 ‘way.

The waves roll, roll, they fall, they rise,
As if only done for exercise.

But look again, they ‘splash,’ they ‘rush’ together
 as if mad,
While the sea, like ‘hills’ and vales, may look sad or
 glad.

ITS BEST AS IT IS.

Death alone will tell,
Whether we go to heaven or hell;
It is a mystery as well as it is wise,
No one should know till death closes their eyes.
For did we know it before,
Our feelings would be less sore;
Whenever we thought to sin,
Knowing we’d be forgiven
Merely by a prayer.

Then sin and pray and sin,
Knowing we would get in.
If we were sure we'd go to hell,
We'd sin the more as well;
So its best as it is given,
Pray, though not sure we are forgiven.

Death closes the eyes to see
In another world, not this;
In heaven or hell 'twill be,
In misery or bliss.

MY PET FRUIT.

A white juicy apple just from the tree,
If it isn't sweet, is the kind for me.

LOOK AT ONE LIKE EVE.

Down deep in the water, in the bottom of the sea,
The diver gathers pearls and brings them up to thee;
They're scattered round about to people far and
near,
They like them, buy them, because they are so
queer.
There is beauty on the ground, in the sea and in the
air,
Beauty lingers, beauty lingers everywhere.
What is pleasant to the sight is pleasant to the
mind,
We have it here, there, and of many a kind;
Images pleasant to the eye, are better than sound
to the ear,
Adam had one (Eve) to look at most dear.
A perfect beauty, this you can believe,
Young man, if you'd a beauty see, look at one like
Eve;
Maidens, if you'd a handsome man see,
Look at one like Adam.

BEAUTY HAS COMPANY.

She.—(As he carelessly laid his hand on her arm.) O
quit, you pick at me so much, I am tired of it.
He—(Devotedly.) Well if you wasn't so blamed
pretty you wouldn't 'tire' of me so.
She—Why so?
He—Then I wouldn't be about you.

EVERYWHERE.

Scatter seeds of kindness, scatter words of love.
They're like as many angels coming from heaven
above;
Scatter words of cheer, scatter words of praise,
They're like as many raindrops coming from heaven
to raise.
All that may be sown that brings you food to eat,
And all that may be worn, making all things meet.
People, O people, how many there are,
How many you could please if cheerful everywhere.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Young Wife.—(Say, John, what would you rather
drink your coffee from this morning, a 'tin' or
a cup?)

He.—Of all the cups that's 'out,' wife, there's none
like the glass;

Only give me 'water' if it's in a beer glass.

She.—If that is the 'case,' John, I'll be a widow,
'Grass.'

For I am going 'home,' John, and you may go to
grass.

The World.—So, now that they parted, has come to
pass?

All that it came from was a beer glass.

(Instesd of marrying a man she thought temperate,
he was a habitual drunkard.—Cloves. Lozenges.)

NIAGARA FALLS.

The great Niagara Falls,
Its thundering voice calls,
To people far and near,
From the rapids stay clear;
Lest once in; without amiss,
Be hurlded in the great abyss.

People who love to boat;
Be careful where you float;
Lest your greatest fear on earth;
Will be sure to have birth;
When you see it is too late;
And death must be your fate.

Though of water; the world's greatest sight;
To be in, there's no delight.
When far above the falls,
Death's warning to you calls.
If you wish your feelings unsore;
Keep from the waters of Lodore.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Written on the highest platform of the dome of the Capitol.]

As I stand on the dome of the Capitol so great and beautiful?

I look o'er the city named after a great man of yore;
It's very nice; with all things bountiful?
No person would wish more.

If I could fly? fly; away I'd soar?
O'er the 'city' so grand and fair?
And inspire the 'people' a great deal more?
Than 'any' one before in the air.

GREAT IS GOD.

Great is he, the governor of all things on earth and in heaven.

He people'd the earth; and from them most things are going.

He makes the grass to grow; the leaves to come and fall,

All that existeth, everything; cometh and goeth at his call.

Great is the man on earth, but he, is greater than them all;

For he can 'take' this man, from earth? simply by a call.

BE HONEST.

O, be honest wherever you go.
Deceive not out of a cent;
And God in heaven will know
That money is honestly spent.

O, be honest in all you do.
'Tis the best way of all;
Then when death comes to you.
'Twill be a welcome call.

Take the bible in your hand,
Resolve to live so every day;
And you'll join that Angel band,
When from earth you go away.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Never ceasing? never ending? day and night it calls?
Keep from the rapids or you'll end your life down
the falls.

THE "BEAUTY" OF LODORE.

The Niagara Falls, for beauty; my! it never 'can' be
beat.

Although it's water; it near equals a maiden's cheek

A maiden with cheeks a bloom;
Bringing admiration from every way.

Even then, praise for Niagara, there's more room;
Its beauty will always stay.

(Ah, yes; if it's beauty you'd describe,
How could any of our race,
Think of anything more beautiful,
Than a maiden's pretty face.)

You may travel from pole to pole;
See all the sights that's given;
There's 'nothing,' (bless your soul!)
Equals it this side of heaven.

HIS OLD TEAM.

How I long, for the grand old day;
When my two horses, wild and gay;
Would take my wagon, (with me a driving,)
Along the road, with a terrible rattling.
They needed no whip, not even a word;
"Home" in their minds, went like a bird.
And 'twas "me," had the strain to hold,
As away they went, so fearlessly bold.
For my arms became, so awfully tired,
From the way they pitched, as if fired. (like a bullet)
'Yes,' how I long, for the grand old day;
And my two horses, then clear the way.

I'd show you how, the dust would fly;
Or 'mud' if any, went sky high;
"Talk" of your old crowbaits, all you kin; (can)
I'd beat you out, with "Jack and Jim."

CONVERTING THE RACES.

Our natures are all born;
We are not all alike;
God never put us here
Others to convert.

If he'd meant us all alike,
He'd have made us so at first;
So Race for Race, in this;
Till, leave this world we must.

Then, he will see to all;
Give us heaven or hell;
'Tis unwise to brawl
Over another's nature. (as well.)

We cannot all be rich,
We cannot all be great;
There must be poor, and such;
Race; nature; life; death, is fate.

NELLIE BLY.

O Nellie Bly, O Nellie Bly,
Your writing is so nice?
It vanquish' dull care;
Gives desire to see your face.

Would I could to you speak,
Without you knowing my name,
For author as you, so great;
May care only for men of fame.

THE WORLD'S FOR ALL.

The world's for all;
For all to see;
The church or hall,
The city or country.

The hills so high!
The vales so deep!
The beings that fly!
The beings that creep.

The beings that talk;
The machinery that runs?
The world's for all?
And yet no one's. (on earth.)

THE FARMER'S STOCK.

The horse, cow, hog and sheep,
All of these the farmers keep.
The turkey, goose, duck and chicken,
For him to eat and his purse to thicken.

Then comes the dog, and the cat;
The unwelcome mouse, and the rat;
To eat his wheat, oats, and corn.
That does him vex, makes him scorn.

But of all things tangible the mysterious hog,
Will blind the farmer as in a fog;
Where he got in the field you cannot tell;
He keeps it secret, and knows it well.

If through accident, you let open a gate,
He's sure to be there at a lively rate.
But take out of your patch, what he could spoil,
And to drive him in, you'll have great toil.

First he won't go, then he won't go at all;
And runs against your legs, and down you fall.
With your head on the ground, and heels in the air?
Then he's gone, you don't know where.

(But the hog is a hog, we all do know,
And his actions are such as nature show.
If brought to the table as sausage or ham,
It pleases the palate, and leads the man—to eat.)

THE DEVIL AND I.

The devil and I, had a fall out;
I served him once, but got in doubt,
Whether he'd be my friend, after I was dead,
So I just 'left' him, and chose God instead.

The devil is deceiving you may know;
He'll teach you to lie, and easily too,
And just what ain't right; then when you're gone,
He'll laugh at your misery, while to fire you're borne,

Oft, when I thought of doing right,
The devil and I, had a hard fight.
He'd have me do this, or that instead,
But I found out later, he just wanted my head.

If he had my head (mind,) he knew very well,
He'd have my soul. sometime in hell.
Ah, a curious fellow is he; (that only works for gain;)
He's now in hell; I hope he'll there remain.

MONEY.

Drink and fireworks make it fly;
Every year on the Fourth of July.
And the next morning, many perceive,
They've spent too much, haven't much to live.

So, around they go, to buy cheap?
Everything they need to eat?
But with all o' that, (if this is no lie?)
They will have, their Fourth of July. (Fiction.)

GIVE ME.

If only a blade of grass, Liddy;
From the place where you live?
A tender recollection I'd have, Liddy;
Of you, wherever I live.

WHILE I SLEEP.

Blessed sleep, in which I dream?
Of her I love, that welcome name.
Though in the day, for me she may not care?
When I'm dreaming, we're around together.
At times as loving as the sun shines bright,
And from the evening, till the morning light.
And while I press, with tenderness;
That little hand, and she says yes;
Our love is wide, and also deep,
We're to be married, while I'm asleep.

DRESS UP.

Dress; and so honor the Sabbath day?
Whether you stay at home, or go away.
He that dresses; (which is best;)
Does so honor, God's day of rest.

NOT ALWAYS ALIKE.

Just look in my book;
And 'judge' me not by my look.
Remember, its not every day tact;
In man to live, his every past act.

THE STRANGER ONLY.

[Tearing down the town.]

We love to take a paper,
And read it every day.
If the authors and the editor,
Are a thousand miles, away.

But if we are dealers;
And want to gain renown;
We wonder at those fellows;
That don't buy in their own town.

A GYPSY BOYS PRAYER.

[On a cold winter night.]

Now as I lie here on my berth?
Trying to sleep, which might end in death?
If I have sinned, any to-day?
I pray thee, Lord, to take them away.

And as I offer my soul to thee?
I pray thee, so let it be.
For if I should die, before I wake,
The devil he, might it take.
To live with thee, I hear 'tis well,
I do not want to go to hell.—Amen.

WHAT SHALL I WRITE.

Come, ye beautiful words?
O come ye beautiful rhymes?
Such as the songs of birds?
Loved at all times.

O give me something nice;
That I can note it down?
And sell it at my price?
And win honor and renown.

An angel says; Will this do?
 Jesus visits you to-day;
And says, Heaven's gates are open to you.
 If you his commandments obey.

You cannot here, long remain;
 Your soul will have to fly;
You can that home, "heaven" gain,
 Where you will never die.

THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

What shall it be to-day;
 For me to bring to light,
That never in its way,
 Has been to any sight.

The truth of the bible, shall it be?
 For me to write and proclaim?
That one and all can it see,
 And will it not disdain.

Nothing more true can there be,
 Once on earth now in heaven.
See Christ's life; see?
 And the truth of it is given.

All God promised, that is not done,
 He surely will yet do.
As there is time, to grow all grain,
 So he has 'his' time too.

A COUNTRY EVENING SCENE.

The day is closing, night is coming;
 Welcome to the candle light.
When some are talking some are reading,
 Each their way to spend the night.

Then come the cider and the apples;
 Handed 'round to every one.
The story-telling, much is tickling;
 All are laughing, having fun.

Then there lies John on the floor;
 A 'lying' rather than a 'sitting' chap;
And up and throws an apple core,
 And in return gets a slap.

For hitting Bill Random in the eye;
When he wanted to take a snooze
Now all wide awake; and Bill Nye,
Gets up and shows he's loose.

He goes around the room, (in fun.)
Daring any one to fight:
But no one cares to fight or run,
They go to bed.—Good night.

PROPOSAL OF BOB TO EVA.

One eve, when her and him together,
Were sitting in her room,
He said, that since we love each other,
Will you share with me my home?

I've loved the ground under your feet;
I've heard of lovers who couldn't eat.
So my 'sisters say its with me,
And tease me about you every day.

We've been schoolmates until now;
With you I'd gladly spend my life;
To your will I'd willingly bow.
Will you, be my wife?

Eva.—The answer to your proposal I'll give;
'Twill not be with a guess:
With pleasure with you I'll live;
The answer, Bob, is Yes.

A CHILD'S PLEA ON A STORMY SEA.

O, put me to sleep, mother, put me to sleep;
While over the deep ocean we creep. (sail.)
The sight is so horrid, I hate it to see?
O come, dear mother, and sleep with me.
Had I known this ere we started away,
I would not be here to-day.

O put me to sleep, mother, put me to sleep.

THE TULIP.

O the weather is nice to-day,
And if you would beauty see?
Come step up this way,
And look inside of me.

Come while the weather is bright;
I'm open, then, to you;
Come before it's night,
Ere I close on dew.

I'm closed in early morn,
And also when it's cold;
So come when it is warm;
My beauty I then unfold.

Look in upon my face;
Rich colors you will see;
I equal any of my race;
"Twill please and delight thee.

So come if you would me see?
Come as I said before;
Come not ere I'm open,
Nor after I close my door.

LEAD WHILE HERE I STAY.

Lead me, O God;
Lead me through this life;
That I may do much good,
For others, and keep from strife.

Lead me! O God;
Lead while here I stay;
To bear my lot on the road,
Lead me the right way.

LOST IN THE DARK.

I know not what will become of me,
Nor do I now want to see my destiny.
One step enough for me to see?
The second, third, and more if there be;
Let me, O God, still trust them to thee.

The way is dark, the night is drear;
A very bad road for a traveler here.
One step enough if it is clear,
Of stone or rut; that I fear.
Whether I've light or not, thou canst be near.

The stone and rut, I call them sin;
Keep me from sinning while I'm in
This world, I rove; o'er hill and dale,
In light or dark; sunshine, rain or hail.
Till earth on me, casts a veil. (closes.)

NIGHT IS COMING IN THE COUNTRY.

Night is coming; night is coming;
Fields of stock are getting bare;
Teams are quitting, cows are driven,
To the barn, for shelter there.

Night is coming; night is nearer;
Shining lights, here and there;
Weary eyes, words more dearer;
Work is done; and no care.

DON'T BLOW.

If you happen to be rich, Don't blow.
Only await your time; Don't blow.
You may some day be poor; Don't blow.
Or you may be despised; Don't blow.
The world is full of wealth; Don't blow.
There's also much of poverty; Don't blow.
And wealth and poverty disguised; Don't blow.

But do the best you can;
Until your course is ran;
And then, You—Won't—Blow.

LOW NECKED DRESSES.

[Written for Fun.]

Girls with low-necked dresses, are more apt to sin,
Than others, that dress up to their chin.
For Eve, while in the garden, was nude, everybody
knows.

Then sinned; was driven out; then wore clothes.
But take them as they are, with their dresses low,
They are better than the others; for they sinned,
you know.

For if we judge by Eve, as the story goes,
She was good till taking the apple; then she wore
clothes.

But ah, yes; after she took the apple;
Her nature changed, you know.
Since then, dress is thought refinement;
As you should have too.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

See, the skies are opening!
See that blaze a-falling?
Fire and brimstone are coming;
And that without a warning.

See the hills a-burning?
Everything is smoking;
Buildings are as melting.
Souls this world are leaving.

There's not much left to tell;
There's nothing 'left' as well;
Maybe no one here to dwell?
All are in heaven or hell.

HE HAS THE PRETTIEST EYES.

A youthful maiden fair and bright,
Her name is Elinor Airs,
Two brothers seem to like,
None knowing which best fares.

Which of us do you like best?
One to the maiden cries;
Your brother, since you ask,
He has the prettiest eyes.

A RIVER FALLS.

How beautiful water goes over a falls,
Seeing it we feel at home;
Noiseless it comes, but falling it calls,
And changes into foam.

Weak it comes, on the way,
To where it makes this change;
Then its strength is not play,
But powerful in its range.

EMIGRATION.

Let people go where they will,
The world for all is meant;
They love to travel still,
At times on it are bent.

If we are welcome across the ocean,
They should be welcome here;
The ocean was made to sail on,
Or it would not be here.

Is there a heaven and a hell?
Do you believe it in your heart?
Yes. Well, people that there do dwell,
Came from every part.

Don't you think they live together,
The same as we do here?
Whether ocean, forest or clear,
A world for all. Here oceans only sever.

(America's discov'rer came across;
Many others since, it struck;
Should we now think there's enough,
And keep the others back?)

It takes good souls to get there;
Money here to travel with ease;
We've ships and trains for everywhere,
Why not go where we please?

FOUR LITTLE BIRDS.

Four little birds all in a row,
Under the overshot of the barn;
And there was John, pleased, you know,
They knew he would do them no harm.

Nicely they sat on the swinging door;
In midwinter while there was snow;
But where they kept their food in store,
John really did not know.

God protects those little birds,
As there is food they find;
As shepherds in winter protect their herds,
When snow the ground does blind.

IT CAN DO IT.

That man is never so strong,
That man is never so big;
That sickness can't bring him down,
And make him very weak.

Even in the best of feeling,
And more yet may be said;
Before morning or the evening,
He may be cold and dead!

THE SINGING BIRD.

All among the blossoms,
The merry thrush does sing;
New, new, new again,
As it trips from limb to limb.

Then a flying in the air,
From tree to tree, from tree to tree;
Seeing life, coming life; all in glee, all in glee;
All o'er the land, city and country.

Summer is coming, summer is coming,
Love again, born again to yon tree.
See the white, see the red blossom, see?
All o'er the city and country.

So I'll be about from morn till night,
A-singing my favorite song.
Beautiful voices, list'ning ears, among
Us all, does our lives prolong.

THE BANNER IN THE AIR.

I dreamed I saw a banner high in the air,
And like a kite was held up there;
It was then drawn down. and a lot of smoke
Appeared as if in war;
What this may mean I do not know,
And it was a beautiful show.

It seemed as if for me only to see;
I wished as I saw it I could show it to thee:
The star spangled banner so high in the air,
Soaring like a kite away up there,
Was a beautiful sight for any one to see.—
Would I could show it, as I saw it, to thee.

THE STONE MASON'S WEDGE.

Now, while I look at this iron wedge,
It mskes me think of long bygones,
When I and Kutcherbach, with iron sledge,
Sent them through the stones.

Though the work was hard, I remember it with joy,
For when in my youthful years,
I had the will, was a working boy.
And drove them without fear (of overwork).

I plowed and harrowed 'round and 'round;
Ghopped wood, and bound the golden grain;
Till the family bell, for dinner, would ring,
Then of work I would refrain.

Then, after dinner, just like before,
Driving Jim and Jack aroun';
Till night on day would close the door,
Then I for sleep would lay me down.

Then, when in bed and sound asleep,
Dreaming of everything—and some more,
(The secret I'll not from you keep),
I'd fall out on the floor.

IN CHOOSING A WIFE.

In choosing a wife, to do the best,
Choose her you love better than the rest.
Let wealth and station go where they will,
You love her now, you'll love her still.

Love in a home that's made of logs,
Is better than a mansion, and live like dogs,
Take my advice, if it suits you:
Her you know well, may love you too.

A PRETYT BOY.

The prettiest boy I ever saw,
I saw just yesterday;
His clothes were neat, his face was too;
One eye was blue, the other grey.

Such eyes I never saw before,
In any one person alone;
Though I love girls much more,
I'd adopt him as my own. (1891.)

TALE OF THE TURKEY.

The gobble turkey struts gay this morn,
And pretty soon loses his head;
And ere evening, out on the lawn,
His bones to the dog are fed.

The chickens seem to wonder, next day,
What became of the turkey that talked so loud;
But the women and men folks seem to say:
(For they're happy and seem to be proud).

We invited him in on Christmas morn,
To a center place on the table;
(So now we know the turkey is gone,
And it is no longer a fable).

THE HEIRESS AND YOUNG MAN.

Why don't you go to work? says she;
It might bring wealth and honor to thee.

He—I'd freely work, as said by you,
But cannot find where it's to do.

She—You may be honored and rich,
If you go down along that ditch,
And hunt around, all over,
Till you find a four-leaved clover.
This, 'tis said, will come to thee,
If a four-leaved clover you see,
And pick it up and keep it, dear;
Then of poverty you will be clear.

Away he went and hunted around,
It was two days 'till one he found;
With joy and love in the highest pitch,
He's won the girl, is contended and rich.

HIS LAST VISIT. (JOHN AND EMMA.)

O, Emma, thou art so kind (good);
Thou hast such lovely eyes;

O, Emma, I never find,
One I higher prize,
Than you, than you.

A bright and noble girl,
For some man, no doubt, a wife;
For who you would make, I think,
A very happy life.
Yes, you; yes, you.

But for me, Emma, I'm told,
By many, you are too young;
The difference in our ages told,
They've converted into a song.
Yes, Emma, yes.

So I refer you to Mr. Upright,
A nice and younger man;
And for your company to-night,
I thank you. Give me your hand.
Bye, Emma, bye.

Emma.—Go, sir, go.

ALL GONE.

There's no one cares for me;
I'm alone, alone;
There's no bright hopes I see;
All gone! all gone!

I had pleasure in my youth,
Every day; every day;
But to tell you the truth,
It's passed away, it's passed away.

How I loved the little girls,
And the little boys;
How we'd run and play together;
Our days were all joys.

But it's all gone; all gone;
All passed away.
I'm strividg for heaven,
And a brighter day.

TO ARTIE.

If my thoughts on love do run,
Either serious or in fun,
They are, on Artie.

A pretty face and handsome form,
Are sure to make love grow warm,
When jolly, like Artie.

If my seeing you is very rare,
And love grows cold for the fair,
Then meet me, Artie.

But let not the love to you I bring,
Exist too long without a ring,
To engage you, Artie.

And when the ring to you I've given,
Then let some minister join us (living,)
Together, Artie.

TRUE LOVES WAY.

O, love, true love, what hast thou done,
With my heart, that I'm no longer one?
See this person by my side;
See her, she is my bride.
What brought her here, can you say?
Seeing, hearing, and true love's way.

THE YOUNG MARRIED MAN. WHO?

He can stand on the street.
And try attention of ladies to get,
While his wife is at work at home;
But is little noticed by them;
They seem to say, You're married; what for?
Go home and court her.

WHEN UNCLE SAM'S A TOWN.

Encourage emigration, let the people come.
There's plenty room for more men in our Uncle Sam.
Make artificial wheat; artificial corn;
Artificial everything; then no one need to farm.
Keep your horses for pleasure and haulin' things
aroun',
For there'll be no room for farmin' when Uncle
Sam's a town.

THE COOKING TOO PUBLIC!

To steal a turkey he thought wise;
His wife dressed it and put it in a pot;
But the police stepped in and before their eyes,
Secured the turkey before it got hot.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE PEAFOWL.

A little girl, in company with others.
Offered to feed a peafowl;
He seemed to say, you've little fingers
Although he didn't scowl.

He also seemed to say, big am I.
You are but a little maid;
The potato you offer, my!
That I cannot eat.

Give me some wheat, oats or corn.
You have there on the stand,
For I've been hungry since morn',
And I'll eat it out of your hand.

This she did, and he ate,
Being careful to pick light;
He would not hurt, while being fed,
The little hand' so neat.

So you, little people, one and all,
May be loved even by the birds;
And make each follow at your call,
If you caress, and use kind words.

LITTLE.

Little blades of grass,
Mown and taken away,
Give the country class,
And the city hay.

Little grains of wheat,
Sown in the ground,
Bring bread to eat,
To people all around.

Little bits of time,
Used the right way,
May bring a dime,
Or dollars some day.

A kind little word.
Given now and then,
Cheers like a bird,—
May gain a friend.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Where'er you are, whate'er you do,
To pass the time that takes you through;
If you would that your soul you save,
There is one act, from cradle to grave,
“Love one another.”

No one on earth will heaven gain,
Who'll wicked act, and not refrain;
When just as well could pass the time,
In doing what will end this rhyme,—
“Love one another.”

THE SNOW.

While standing at the window gazing out, it snows;
Flying here and there, 'round about, who knows
Where; sometimes it goes near the ground,
But doesn't light, then up again with a bound.
Flying around like a kite.
At last finds a resting place, and makes it white.
But when the heat comes from the sun,
It changes to water, and then will run.

GIRLS AGAIN.

From low-necked dresses O bear me away,
That are so much worn in summer day.
Give me the girl that dresses nice
To the neck, leaving bare her face.

For at her face I cannot look,
When she herself has undertook,
To show her bust upon the street,
And seems to think that see looks neat.

MEN AGAIN.

From open shirts O bear me away;
Some men's habit, in summer day.
The shameful man, on the street,
Should respect others by closing his shirt.

The day has never yet been so warm,
That a light shirt, closed, could not be worn;
But some men's hearts o'erwhelm with glee,
In doing just what others don't like to see.

ECONOMY IN YOUTH.

Take comfort; earth has much sin,
But also much good;
Savings support, trembling limbs,
When labor has gone with youth.

There's sorrow, but there's pleasure to sip;
There's toil, but there's blessed sleep.
Let smiles, then, blossom 'round your lips,
For there's no use to weep.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW.

When far above the earth,
What a sight gives birth, (new.)
As we soar along in the air,
The beautiful city, the lovely country,
Is a picture that's winning from there.

The houses--on farms;
The large red barns;
The fields with golden grain;
The beautiful trees, and all one sees,
Is a sight wished to see again.

NOT ALL COLORS IN ONE FLOWER. NOT ALL GOOD QUALITIES IN ONE PERSON.

She had been beautiful as a rose,
And many were the number of her beaux;
Could have had choice of them all,
But her pride cast away all,
For fear that last,
She might not get the best;
Not with one good quality alone,
But with all, and a home.
Time, it did not wait,
And her beauty at stake,
It faded away;
—She's an old maid to-day. (fun.)

INFIDEL.

O why not believe in God? (the bible,)
How soon he could make you cry,
Of pain, and make you die,
And cover you over with sod,
The same as he can a christian.

HONOR AND LOVE.

Honor thy father and thy mother.
Love thy brother as thyself.
And thy sister as another's,
That thou wouldst have for a wife.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

Last night I dreamed of my old, old home,
Far, far away;
Of the hills and meadows I used to roam,
Far, far away;
The old-fashioned house beside the hill.
The spring and the barn close by;
The noise that came from the old sawmill,
That never made my feelings awry.

The old, old home, the place of my birth,
Far, far away;
Where we laughed and played around the hearth,
Far, far away.
The horses, the cattle, the sheep, the swine,
All in the field in the summer day;
Made it look like a home in the country line,
And so sound when old brindle (cow) would bray.

The wheat, the oats, the corn, the hay,
All presented a different sight.

I desired a good crop; that it better pay;
But when harvesting preferred it light (less work).
Six months in winter I went to school,
O'er the hill, and when snow was deep,
The larger ones walked before, as a rule;
The little ones behind would creep.

Yes, the old; old home; the good old home;
Where we brothers and sisters fields would roam;
And where I was punished as one deserves,
For doing what is not right;
Stealing preserves (from the upper shelve),
And bantering a bumblebee to fight.

Yes, the old, old home? the bright old home;
So far, far away;
Where I stole the honey, when I was alone,
Kept for the table on Sunday.
And the little brook would hurry and swell,
After the rain began to fall;
And the apples were eaten, more freely I tell,
Than when there were no apples at all.

MAN, WHY AFRAID OF THE GIRLS?

Why be afraid of her?
Who might some day,
Boldly, but friendly, say:
You were so very bashful, sir,
Indeed a fumbling coward,
At the time ere we were married.

You scarcely knew what to do,
Although I knew you to be wise;
You courted with shut eyes,
As to ‘how to win,’ and ‘how to woo.’
For its ‘manners makes the man,’
And to do boldly what they can.

Your timidity made you dumb,
And as awkward as a calf;
While some pitied, others would laugh,
Or think your nerves were numb.
For actions thus you won’t deny,
Plainly show a bashful boy.

Again, young man, be not afraid;
As you have hearing and sight,
Let your words and acts be bright.
Whether in sunshine or in shade;
For its "manners" that wins the one,
That is desired to be won.

USE GOD'S LIGHT.

Preach the gospel in plain languages,
To man, woman, lad and lass;
If God's light is welcome in your churches,
Don't use stained glass.

And put away your candles,
An expense you do not need;
It is not true religion,
To have lights in day to read.

OCCUPATION.

Let others do what they please,
Let them grow in wealth and fame;
Only keep your mind at ease;
Work for self and name.

When you hear of others' good (times),
Let not your mind be thrilled (sad);
Stick to truth, be honest and good,
Till you're gone. (destiny is filled).

THE RAIN.

The rain, the rain; it's when we sow, it's when we
reap;
Come it must, or there's nothing to wear and nothing
to eat;
And worse yet, if the heavens no rain would give,
We nor nothing on earth could live.
Young man, if it rains too much, you think, for gain,
Curse not that heavenly rain.
For if it rained so much that we all would drown,
'Twould be no worse than to have bare ground.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE IN SUMMER.

Ah! the school-house now is lone,
Voices all died in the air;
Its students have left it and gone home,
From an exhibition, (closing school there.)

To draw the people, show the fun,
Acts of learning, and act the fool;
(Admission 10 cents to see it done),
To make merry, as is the rule.

But, ah! the lone school-house,
In the country on the hill;
With no human being (perhaps a mouse),
No chimney smoke the air to fill.

No coal to carry; no water to bring,
That we dislike to do at home,
That time of school seems a pleasant thing.
That we outside may roam.

But then you see, some children like
To do something for another;
Pride in themselves; they make the strike
To carry coal, bring and pass the water.

’TWAS MUSH THAT DID IT.

In winter when the weather's so cold,
That it reddens the cheeks better than a blush,
The farmers' diet (it may be told,)
Is largely made of mush.

He uses it in milk,
And fried in slices, thick or thin;
And feels better than people in silk,
Who diet on dainties and use gin.

Then come the cakes of corn;
While hunting they like them so;
Like mush they keep them warm,
When tracking rabbits in the snow.

See! there comes Joe, and all in a run,
And their dog, my! what a rush!
They're after a rabbit, see the fun!
And have caught it, (the influence of mush.)

Not afraid of cold, they ventured out,
To try their luck for game,
In swamps and woods and 'round about;
And now you see their gain.

(Four p. m.—Here they are with 5 rabbits.)

THE COUNTRY IN WINTER.

The trees their leaves have shed,

The corn is stored away;

The stock are being fed

With it and oats and hay.

(The stock's nourishment.)

The grain is all threshed,

The work is about done;

The produce of the farmer's work

Is all gathered home.

(The farmer's income.)

The fields are now at rest,

Except to grow the wheat;

A cereal of all the best,

For bread for people to eat.

(The golden grain.)

So comes the farmer here at last;

All but him are praised;

He's finished up, the year is past,

The earth (ground) its crop has raised.

(The Nation's yield,

Comes to town from the field.)

But these city men have the stamps,

And do not on him frown;

They buy his grain, and off he tramps,

After getting his cash down.

(And this is his renown:

A sower and a reaper.)

THEN HE'S GOOD ENOUGH.

'Tis when we're sick we look to God;

'Tis then he's good enough;

But when we've health, can easily walk,

His commands are farther off.

O, bear him now in mind,

Whilst you yet have health;

That he to you is kind,

When sickness comes or death.

Have you ever been forced to bed,

By sickness causing you to moan?

Then you will heed what he has said

Better, while health's your own.

HANDSOME WOMEN, IF NICE.

We desire, and should have them,
Loved most of all women;
When Eve to Adam was given,
He saw a perfect maiden.

(To attract men.)—Beauty is better than to be rich,
With charms to suit you will believe;
Many men are looking for such,
And for them much money would give.

MONDAY MORNING.

The work-days begin with a very bright morn;
The sun is now rising, (the greatest light,)
To lead us and guide us on.
To do that which cannot be done at night.

Let each be at their work a-doing
That which should be done,
'Twixt the morning and the evening,
While the day is on.

There is work to do for us all,
To keep ourselves and others living;
That none in pity for food need call,
Be up! Be afraid of doing nothing.

Be at work or at play,
Guarding health as nature's right;
And so on from day to day,
From the morning till the night.

A CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED.

O, sinner, why will you keep on,
Living a life of sin?
When your Redeemer in heaven,
Pays you to obey him.

Think of the short life you have;
Then of the great eternity.
Why not his commandments receive,
And obey them earnestly.

Think of obtaining a home in heaven,
Where there is forever happiness;
Or obtain a home with Satan,
For your disobedience.

Turn ye, turn; why will ye live
A life of sin for Satan;
Turn ye, turn; and you'll perceive,
And obtain a home in heaven.

All he asks, that you obey his command,
While you remain on earth;
Then he'll take you home to heaven,
After your last breath.

O, sinner; O, sinner; why will ye sin;
(And be allured by the satan?)
For such a short time,
In which you could earn a home in heaven.

THE SNOWBALL.

Winter is approaching, and as the snow falls,
The small boy is glad as he rolls it up in balls.
Along comes a miner who was working all day;
Time it was snowing, but it's all gone away.
Suddenly he sees some white balls in the road,
And on getting nearer, "Why, bless me, it snowed."
Had it not been for the boys' cold, wet play,
He would not have known it snowed that day.
Simple as this may seem to many who are wise,
It's one way of keeping snow—from the skies.

GOING TO THE FAIR. (County.)

At the station the people are coming,
A coming from everywhere;
Then a talking and a laughing.
A going to the fair.

Then a pushing and a crowding,
Till they turn at you and stare;
In trying to get a ticket,
So they enter to the fair.

Then a going to and fro,
And a going everywhere;
A talking and a laughing,
And enjoying all the fair.

Some will glance at others,
With a kind of winning air;
That they may see a friend,
Or a face that's nice and fair.

So it goes from morn till night.
A seeing much that's there
That is on exhibition,
And the races at the fair.

Then a pushing and a crowding,
To take the train that's there;
Then a talking and a laughing,
A going from the fair.

YE EDITORS.

Ye editors, ye editors, ye are our well-learned men;
They use no tool, (they've been to school,) except
their mighty pen.

Not all pens are mighty, you should know,
Just like all days are not rain.
The hand that holds them must be so,
It's guided by a mighty brain.

THE DOCTOR.

The glorious and beloved Doctor,
He that treats our ills;
If we have faith in him,
How freely we take his pills.

We love him next to God;
God gives us diseases (punishment), the doctors
To keep us from under the sod.
(A grave. When he desires.)

FAIRY-TOWN.

I've been to towns little and big,
Some didn't please my eye;
So I was careless with my rig (dress),
But in Fairy-Town I wore collar and tie.

Besides, some handsome girls on the streets;
(I'm a widower, don'tcher know?)
And in the parks on the seats,
I would like to have been their beau.

THE BEAUTIFUL OPAL.

Not a wise man is he who'll let his money pass (go),
In diamonds that look no better than glass.
I'd rather have an opal, for beauty to my eye;
For if I wear a diamond, some will say it is a lie,
They'll say it's merely paste, or that it's only glass,
And even the rim around it is only plated brass.

IN THE COUNTRY (Traveling).

Under a spreading chestnut tree there I took my stand,
To feed my horse, eat my dinner, and gaze o'er the land;
I saw the houses far and near, they were all strange to me;
And smoke far off rise to the sky from a town I couldn't see.
I thought what a busy people, the people of this earth;
These buildings (all sprung up,) must from them had their birth.
These structures are their homes, surrounded by their fields,
In which, through labor, the nation's produce yields.
And while I gazed around I saw, all was good enough,
For this of nature I will say, unless it looks more rough.
And while I gazed around I saw much I did admire;
For this to nature I do, unless it isn't fair (nice).

EVENTIDE.

Listen to the evening's call;

Close thine eyes for rest,

That you to sleep will fall,

Which for you is best.

Work thou not to-night,

The time for rest has come,

That you at morning light,

May better at work return.

The day is for toil,

Night for rest and sleep;

It's nature's natural call,

That life will better keep.

Willingly labor through the day,

That you have earned a rest,

Instead of idling time away,

Accomplishing nothing at best.

And when night has come,

You feel better as you lay

In your couch, even if wearisome,

Than if idle through the day.

CONFFOUND THAT SATCHEL.

I have a woman's satchel,
And use it now and then a day;
So many people look at it,
And wonder in their way.

It's because I am a man,
That they so much attention pay;
Goodness, they'll soon think I'm a woman,
If I don't throw that satchel away. (Fun.)

CURIOS.

The other day while at the fair (county),
Where so many people meet,
I closed my eyes to see how I'd look,
When I was asleep.

Very fine horses I saw race;
And strange as it may seem,
I held a mirror to my face,
And saw a picture in.

And yet you say, how can I see
Myself when I'm asleep?
Why, just like day is to thee,
Is dreaming, when in a glass you look.

And yet, strange as all may seem,
While sleeping the other night,
I mused the first verse, as is seen
By you now in daylight.

WHILE ON THE TRAIN.

Among the fields so green,
Among the trees so tall.
All that grows is seen
From early Spring till Fall.

Farm houses here and there,
And little towns we skip,
That to us are new and dear, (nice,)
Make up a newborn trip.

And when we're nearing home,
And people laugh and talk,
Regret may be our own,
That we must now depart. (leave the train.)

THE HUNTER. PAST AND PRESENT.

The hunters of very long ago,
With a rifle, a dog in the rear,
Oft meant the killing of a buffalo,
And less seldom a deer.

But hunting then was fierce and wild;
Getting game without danger was rare;
It took more spunk than that of a child,
To take a wrestle with a bear.

The hunting now is oft a habit,
(With a shotgun and some hounds,)
If the game for a day is a rabbit,
The captor is proud of his rounds.

Hunting here (in Ohio) is bold and tame,
As wild animals are getting rare;
The hunter seldom gets any fame,
Unless by catching a squirrel or hare.

Days are spent, oft a week,
Without getting any game;
The squirrel and hare we may yet seek,
(For showmen) to be shown.

THE MAIN I. (Choosing a Wife.)

To make choice of a wife,
Is very easy to do;
But you cannot get her
That will not have you.

You may be refused by many a one,
That suits your ears and eye (s),
But you like they cannot be won,
Unless they are the main "I."
One you want. So be content.

DON'T BE IDLE.

Have something to do, something to do;
If you'd the time go fast;
You'll only see how slow 'twill go,
If idle 'till the day is past.

If you've no work at all on hand,
And only eat and sleep,
Keep walking around, walking around,
Keep busy on your feet.

And when the day is gone,
And you think it's time to sleep,
You'll feel much better in your home,
Your slumber will be more deep.

NEW YORK BY NIGHT. (In Castle Garden.)

New York by night, when the lights shine bright,
Is a glorious sight to see;
And people are about having delight,
All seem of work to be free.

'Tis then they've a most pleasant air
For others passing by;
Maidens faces look more fair,
Although there's darkness in the sky!

THE FOREST GIRL.

Alone with women,
Where a man was never seen,
Is a young handsome maiden,
Somewhere about eighteen.

She never saw a man,
And knew not what they were;
So never thought of those who ran
To see a girl and marry her.

She might have had many a beau,
If she'd a lived among men;
But she didn't even know
The meaning of the name. (man.)

From her mother who told me so,
The tale I know I tell;
But I'll keep secret more I know,
Until I've seen the girl.

A handsome girl she might be,
And worth her weight in gold;
I don't want others her to see,
Until my secret is told.

CAN RIDE FOR PAY. (A Klondike Poem.)

My feelings were running low,
I was walking, could have rode;
I thought of my property, too,
And I was carrying a load.

With others not owning half as much,
Near everything smoothly ran;
Suddedly I got up my Dutch,
And thought, Behold I am a man.

I thought of my way of living,
And of the future I do not own;
And is much property worth the working (for),
If we live for self alone.

Whew! whew! whew! I changed,
And hope I am a man.

A VISIT TO THE CITY.

I've walked the streets of the city,
Saw the beauty and glory there;
How different to in the country,
Where the buildings are so rare.

Rich and poor are the same to me,
When I'm on the street;
When I don't know them, nor see
Where they sleep and eat.

Then when I fall in love,
It's with poor as well as rich;
For I don't know what they have,
Nor whether they're English or Dutch.

IN THE YARD.

While eating breakfast in the yard,
A summer Sunday morn,
The sun was rising below the woods,
And the moon was setting (down).

SNOW ICE STICKS.

Drop by drop the water does fall;
From the snow melting on the roof,
Leaving a stick that will
Lengthen toward the earth.

Then comes the night, dark and cold,
It freezes solid as a stone.
Next comes the sun with heat so bold;
It falls, it breaks, and is gone.

LAKE ERIE. (Written on same.)

Beautiful! beautiful! O, how beautiful is the lake!
Its blue and white and silver sprays keep us wide
awake;

Its rolling, rolling, rolling night and day.
Ceasing, ceasing never from its way.

Blue and beautiful, dashing into foam,
Is the water going, never finding a home;
Up and down, forevermore,
Yet may never go from shore to shore.

O, how beautiful is the lake when we see it from the
shore;

But ah! if in it in a storm, may be lost forevermore.

VIEWS OF A BACHELOR ON MARRIAGE.

(FOR GIRLS.)

Beauty like the flower fadeth away.
And marriage hastens it every day;
Like the old bachelor says he wouldn't have one,
That has either a daughter or a son.
For, for every child a woman has,
She looks five years older, some one says.
Maidens, if you would beautiful stay,
Don't hasten to give your name away;
You'd better be single, and loved very much,
Than married, and a dozen children about your skirt.
Remember, when single you are loved by many;
When married you may not be loved by any.
And worse yet, as I've heard say,
Some men leave their families hungry, in rags, near
every day.—Hic.
And to try to reform them, 'tis said as your host,
You might as well speak to a hitching post.
There are some good men, but it's better to think
marriage over,
Well, before you leave your home and good mother.

(In memory of) PRISCILLA LOGAN (Age 12.)

Priscilla is dead.
Her soul has gone away up there,
To dwell and soar with angels fair,
Where a wicked person cannot dare
To live.

She stays.

She never can or will come back,
Though many here her presence lack;
All is well; bright, not black,
With her in heaven.

IT'S ALL IN THE HAT.

Some men when they journey away for years.

Come back rich and wearing a plug hat;
I cannot say this without lying in your ears,
I'm just as I started, no more than that.

But I'll fool my relatives when I cease to roam,
They'll think I'm rich, (I'm as tricky as a cat);
I'll buy me a plug before I go home,
Then tell them it's all in the hat. (N. Y. City.)

WHAT CAN THE LITTLE BOY OR GIRL DO?

We see them in, we see them out,
Playing here and all about;
They laugh, they cry, they walk and run,
And to themselves they have their fun.

There are little chores that they can do;
When driving a cow they her pursue.
A hog will run that it may not be hit
By a boy or girl with a little stick.

They are out in winter till the day is o'er;
And in pulling their sled they go before.
In the house they'll quiet keep,
When they're so tired they fall asleep.

They are often on the road playing in the dust,
And will obey when they see they must.
On dishes and glass a loving hold they take,
As if they thought they were only made to break.

If strangers at the table should be,
They keep quiet by telling the secrets of the family.
They'll grab the coffee when it's boiling hot,
Overturn the cup and spill every drop.

But children are children, by day or night,
And will make it dark if they blow out the light;
But when they are grown they are children no more,
The name is too little to keep in store.

HOME. (A Traveler's Say.)

No hotel or boarding house for me;
They had me for years; I can easily see
There's no rest, no peace, no pleasure, like home,
And things seem more lovely that are our own.
We're not almost continually under restraint,
To please others though we do,—at times we can't.
For the sweetest of all, around and in the air,
Give me home to that of anywhere.
At times it's best to go 'round and see,
The beauties God has given to you and me.
But it's natural, even to those who roam,
There's no place on earth like home.

THE FIRE IS BRIGHTEST AT NIGHT.

Idle not about the fire, young man,
While others labor with their might;
We should be willing to do what we can,—
The fire shines brightest at night.

'Tis those who labor that at night can rest;
They get homes, have comfort and delight.
Now this for us all we know is best,—
The fire shines brightest at night.

Do day labor when health will permit,
Let your thoughts of it be bright;
When night comes you'll more comfortably sit,—
The fire shines brightest at night.

Much more swiftly the time goes by,
When we labor, and it not slight.
Than when lazy, and let precious moments fly,—
The fire shines brightest at night.

Improve each moment, each hour, each day,
That when the eve has come, twilight,
You've something accomplished in the time gone
away,—
The fire shines brightest at night.

MY DREAM LAST NIGHT.

I saw a banner high in the air,
Soaring like a kite away up there;
Then it came down, as with one stroke,
And in its stead rose clouds of smoke.

Then the smoke that arose all cleared away,
And I awoke, and it was day;
And after I awoke I thought it o'er,
It appeared to me as if in war.

AVENGE.

When I can think of heaven so clear,
Above the clouds that roll, (soar,)
Why should I be avenged here,
If by it I lose my soul?

I'd rather kind to people be,
And by it win their love,
Then God would be kind to me,
Wherever I live or rove.

THE LITTLE DOG-KNIFE. 1894.

Thirty-six years ago my father bought me a knife;
I was a little boy then with a jolly life;
I wore it out or lost it, which I cannot tell;
Though I've not forgotten knife, I remember it well.
I often wished since then I could have one like it now,
For I like the knife much better than any I ever saw.
So, while going around the other day I saw in a hardware store,
The very kind I much desired many years before.
Now I've got the kind I used in my little boy life,
And will keep it while I live; the little dog-knife.

HELP US, O GOD!

O, God, help us to live,
In a way pleasing to thee;
Give, O freedom give,
Of sin, give us free.

Lead, O, lead the way,
Whether it be day or night;
Help, O, learn us to pray,
Lead us in the right.

Though, were we friendless on earth,
Help us to think of thee;
That we at death
To thee may flee.

DAYBREAK. (Mused in Bed.)

Behold! the morning is here;
Slowly the room gets light.
I slept, I slept most dear,
Ever since last night.

Perhaps nature thought it best,
After my mental and bodily work,
To give me sleep and rest,
And see the day break.

THE UNCONVERTED. (Morning.)

Another night is past and gone;
Another opportunity is given;
To prepare our souls for a heavenly home,
While we exist this morning.

Day in, day out, time don't delay;
Each day an opportunity is given.
Will you grasp it while you can, to-day?
To-morrow you may not be living.

We may go to and fro a little longer,
Sleep and awaken a few times more;
But whether our faith be weaker or stronger.
We must on this life close the door.

Then what a sight will we see;
That will be in heaven or hell;
So, while we live in the time that we
Should prepare for where we would dwell.

IF WE LOVE, OBEY AND TRUST IN HIM.

God sees us in all that we do;
He sees us wherever we are;
Under the ground, in the oceans, too;
No distance for him is too far.

Lo, he sees us, go where we will;
From him we could not hide;
He will lead us and guide us until
We have died.

When the soul far away does fly,
To another home beyond this;
While the body here does lie,
The soul may be in heavenly bliss.

He has power o'er us, can bless or crush us,
To suit his own whim.
On hill and dale, in the wilderness,
We should love and obey him.

Our souls shall ever,
When this life is over,
Fall at Jesus' feet.

THE MORE THE MERRIER.

I'd rather when I live in town,
See the people come to stay;
With trunks and satchels (to settle down),
By far, than see them go away.

The former makes our feelings bright,
The latter like in winter shade.
The more the merrier, by day or night,
Is how a town is made.

THREE CARS OF BANANAS.

While at the depot I stand and wait,
A train dashing by I see;
Those bananas are for others to eat,
They surely are not for me.

(I saw them in open car (s),
Some were green, some were ripe!)
For there's no telling where, (or how far),
Those bananas will be to-night.

THE FLY AND THE BEES.

[The unwilling-to-work fly flew to the entrance of the beehive, as if trying to get in to get honey. While the bees were very busy, sometimes it would get in, but was soon driven out by the bees, as if they meant.]—

You lazy fly, go away;
Go and work and get your pay:
For you will not get any honey,
From this busy, busy bee.

This may apply to men who will not work, and expect to get their living from those who do.

PIE. (Like a Belle it Draws.)

No difference what is said against it,
Many times we hunger for pie;
Though we may be dyspeptic,
'Tis an eatable hard to deny.

We see them in a window case;
Then, as if drawn, we stand;
Then drop in and get a piece,
'Cause, maybe it comes from a woman's hand.

Cooks, men were never intended to be,
Though they make many things we buy;
There are few things in the bakery line
They like better than a pie.

HIS CHOICE.

Says a belle (to a handsome man) in glee,
Where can we go the most beautiful sight to see?

His blushes he tried to hide,
As he drew up to her side;
A sight more like you say, than thee,
I would not know where I could see.
Her cheeks turned more red;
Her thoughts were easily read.
And kissing her replied,
The hours so swiftly glide.
And since you I love most dear,
I'm satisfied to stay right here.

THE SUN.

The glorious sun does rise,
In the morning in the skies,
Regardless of where we are and do,
And shines the same on me as you.
It makes the world bright,
And by it we have light,
That through the day we can see,
To obtain necessities for our body.
In the evening it does set,
That we to rest may have let;
And be refreshed by our sleep,
Till awakened by nature to work.
Day in, day out, happen what may,
The sun will rise at beginning of day.
Whether we're born to earth or it leaving,
It will also set in the evening.
It doesn't fail a minute on its time,
To make it light for every clime;
And in making its course for land and sea,
That we may know time and coming eternity.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The past is dead and gone;
We cannot bring it back;
We've had trouble, we own,
But there's been brightness even in the dark.

The present is all we own;
On the future we cannot depend;
In a moment we may be gone;
Act, there may be no time to spend.

The future may be joy or sorrow,
By us unseen and unknown,
Act, that the coming of the morrow
May reward with good labor done.

THE CITY BOY AND COUNTRY GIRL.

Saturday is farmers' day,
To market eggs and butter;
The city chap looks fine and gay,
To see his rosy daughter.

The wash-tub these girls know much about;
They cook, sew, read and think; (deep.)
They work indoors and sometimes out;
It gives their cheeks a lovely pink,

EMPTY BLOCKS, MORTGAGED FARMS.

We cannot all be successful;
To truthfully tell the tale;
(Even if everything was plentiful),
Here and there some will fail.

MY DREAM OF HER LAST NIGHT.

Yes, yes, yes; what a lovely dream last night,
About a pretty maid that I adore.
My face wore a smile, my heart delight;
Hours seemed minutes while with her.

I often think of this lovely creature,
As if forced to do so through the day;
And when night comes I am with her,
Although she's far away.

To please my friends this I write,
Since that lovely dream is over;
I never passed a more pleasant night;
Was with her, and was her lover.

YOU CAN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE.

Be satisfied with what you are,
For you cannot be anything else.
If you think another greater (by far),
Retain your opinion of yourself.

There are many kinds of men:
Great, and not; high, and low down,
All over the world; so then,
Be content; you can't be more than one.

US MEN (and Hired Girl).

When all about the farm,
Working with hands and feet;
'Tis curious women have something to say,
They call us in to eat.

Yes, and when we're there,
Our first thought, there's a woman 'bout the place;
She talks, smiles, bangs her hair;
Man forgets his work, and everything else.

MY AUTHOR'S CLOTHES.

He need not dress so fine,
Just so he's dressed decent;
With the common, I'm in line,
In clothes there is no talent (genius).

People seldom think me high,
And seldom think me low;
The critics that cry (fuss),
Are displeased wherever they go.

Manuscripts are often refused,
Most any writer knows,
And the author at times abused,
Because he wears poor clothes.

Ignorance thinks style is sense,
But it's simple as a calf;
A hat out of style is 50 cents,
When in its two (\$) and a-half.

If in a suit worth fifty cents,
Would you be different in one worth \$2.50?

SORROWS OF TRAVELING.

When we stay in town a week,
See people that please our mind;—
Then, when another town we seek,
With sorrow we look behind (back).

CAN YOU TELL ME NOW?

I met my ideal in a grocery store;
Her beauty haunts me still;
I loved her then, and did before,
There was a secret I wanted to tell.

I did not like to tell it there,
It seemed too forward, and courage I did lack;
So I asked permission to visit her,
(For we very seldom met.)

I said I had something particular to tell;
(And thought I longed it often to say;
And why might I not as well
Just tell her there to-day?)

She said: "I'm not keeping any company."
But to know my desire she seemed to bow;
With cheeks pink, and eyes so prettily,
She said, "Can you tell me now?"

How sweet those words were to my crown!
Solely because they came from her.
What I wanted to tell, (note it down,)
Was to propose marriage (reader).

She's single yet, and so am I,
Though that secret I'm longing to tell;
But luck against me seems to defy,
And keeps us apart as well.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Beware of Sunday excursions,
Though the fare be nearly free;
The people stay in their houses;
There's little but buildings to see.

Better go in the week.
Pay the difference in fare,
And see the crowded street,
Open buildings and all that's there.

THERE YET IS ROOM.

Repent, ye sinners; sin no more;
Behold a royal home;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every guiltless one.

Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Pleasures hold you back, sinful ones;
But see, there yet is room.

PROTECTING AND KEEPING A TOWN.

Keep the people here, protect your own town;
Keep the people here, or it surely will go down;
Look out for fire-bugs from another town,
Who would burn you out to build their own!
Build your factories of iron, brick, not wood;
That easily takes fire, then does no good,
Don't invest all your money in buildings if you know
what you're about,
Remember the word fire, might take all you've got.

IN SUMMER TIME.

The glorious cool spring water, when I am dry,
Is the best of all drinks beneath the sky;
I sit down at the spring, drink, and at it look;
It's as welcome to inner-man as gold to my pocket-book.

THE CHESTNUT.

Less peanut shells there are to sweep,
Now off the sidewalk,
For the chestnut, better to eat,
Is here, and the talk. (October.)

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird under a tree,
Tripping lightly something to see,
That it may eat for nourishment,
Then it will be content.

Here's a crumb, you little bird;
Take it, eat it, your voice is heard;
For this alone you should be fed;
Heaven loves those who delight, 'tis said.

[EXPLANATION: A man is sitting in a park, under a tree, eating his dinner; a little bird comes tripping around as if hunting something to eat; he throws it a piece of biscuit.]

IT TENDERS OUR HEARTS.

When people move away—leave us,
Our town or neighborhood, or die,
It makes us think less of ourselves and business,
And more of drawing nearer to people (living) and
to God.

. IN OHIO, 1892.

If all goes right, and God is willing,
Before another week is gone,
I hope and expect to be living
In the city of Washington. (D. C.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., BY NIGHT.

[From the platform of the Capitol.]

Here and there a light does shine,
As if only to show it's night;
The trees are darkened in the shrine,
It's a glorious and interesting sight.

And while I stand as if forsaken,
Thinking in many an admiring way;
I wish it's "picture" could be taken,
It's more beautiful than in the day.

A PRAYER. (The Soul Book.)

O, God! look in mercy on me,
And save my soul;
I ask forgiveness of thee,
For my sins, in thy roll. (book.)

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The glorious statue, high and bright,
To the minds of many a great delight;
Pointing high to the heavens, so very dear;
On looking at the top the clouds seem near.

A great work is this, made by man,
Superinduced by God, as it came from him;
As he saw fit to honor a son
Of this great earth, George Washington.

ON THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Midnight and Morning.)

When midnight comes o'er the city it's asleep, asleep,
There's no one out to peep, at you, at you,
As you are passing by.

When morning comes o'er the city it's awake, awake,
All then are very busy, and you, and you ('ll)
Be run over if sly.

SAY.

Come, go with me, my pretty maid,
I'll take you to my home;
Where you can be, in sunshine or shade,
And never need to roam.

Come, you don't need to be afraid,
Because you don't know me well;
I've a hundred acre farm that's paid,
And money laid up as well.

So with him she then did go,
Though she never saw him before;
She's lived with him five years or so,
And better than before.

[To explain the above: A young man, once a farmer, while sitting on a pile of boards on the sidewalk in a great city, a very pretty young lady came along. Just as she had passed, he rose to his feet and called to her, "Say!" She stopped. He then went to her and put his left hand lightly on her left arm and his right hand on her right shoulder; standing to the left and behind her; while he bent over her left shoulder and arm and told her the above in a low, sweet tone.]

SICKNESS.

It taketh away bright feeling;
It maketh us go to bed,
We may be well in the evening,
In the morning we may be dead.

How thankful we should be,
When we are not feeling ill;
It's a fortune we seldom see, (think of)
When we are well.

So, when we have health,
Let us try it to keep,
By laboring for wealth,
That we may both reap.

'Twas not intended that we should sit,
And do nothing from sun to sun,
We'd rust out quicker than wear out,
And besides get nothing done.

THE CANDY SELLER'S SAY.

[Meant for men who have candy on hand wagons, on the streets, to sell; and as an invitation to people to buy]

If you'd have something sweet,
In your mouth you can eat,
That you would call good,
Take some candy for food.

Here I have it very cheap,
Many kinds and very neat;
Buy some now before we part,
For yourself or your sweetheart.

If sweetheart you have none,
Buy it for some other one;
Maiden, if you look this over,
Buy for self if you've no lover.

A BACHELOR'S SIGH.

[In company with a lovely girl.]

O, what is life without a wife,
When there's a girl we love so well;
A nice good wife, a wedded life;
Who can its pleasures tell?

Sitting in the parlor with no one nigh her,
Reading, now looking over the book;
'Twixt her and I there are glances sly,—
O, the charm of her coyish look.

We'll close the subject, and ever mind,
Those we love so well;
Strive one (such) to find that to us is kind,
And be wedded to her as well.

NOMINEE AND VOTER.

[For Congress, by Josh Punkinjuice.]

Hurrah for the Congress chance, hurrah!
Hurrah for the nominee's draw! (fishing)

The salary is high;
The office brings fame;
But what to voters you and I?
The nominees get all the gain.

They can act for fish,
From now 'till election time;
The 'winner' will get the dish,
Of big salary and living fine.

The voters can cast their ballot,
By leaving their work, at home;
And the victor can dress up,
And go to Washington;

And live high and neat,
In a city of great fame;
The best of meals to eat,—
We don't all live the same.

They get our votes for nothing;
But we must have these men,
To run our glorious nation,
Because they have the brain.

JEAN RIDER.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To see Miss Jean Rider;
She took them to the apple mill,
And gave them plenty of cider.

Then home they went, down the hill;
Jean watching and smiling still;
For she heard Jack say, in a whisper,
Jill, that girl is a masher.

(Imaginary.) A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

Where relatives and friends may meet,
After death takes them from here;
And God and angels greet,
Above the stars, shining in the sky.

A beautiful place, indeed,
That God has provided for the good;
(If they his commandments heed,)
Above the stars, shining in the sky.

Come, sinner, live a christian life,
While yet for you there's hope,
In heaven there's peace, everlasting life;
Above the stars, shining in the sky.

You'll be happier near your death,
If you live a christian life;
And gain a home when you leave,
Above the stars, shining in the sky.

WHEN THE RAIN IS OVER.

[Written time of having rain nearly every day for almost three weeks.]

There will be more sunny faces, there will be more
brighter eyes,

When the rain is over, when the weather dries.

Much will be much brighter, there will be gain;
Other things to talk about, not so much of rain.

Chorus—When the rain is over, when the weather
dries,

There will be more sunny faces, there will be more
brighter eyes.

SISTERS NOT FRIENDS. (Fiction.)

[Married, and living in the country, are two women, sisters,
who have not spoken to or visited each other for years. A
brother's appeal.]

O, sisters, join hands and heart,
Let not enmity keep you apart;
When you were young together you'd play,
You never thought you'd enemies be,
And that you would stay apart,
And not a word to each other impart.

O, come, sisters, me obey;
Speak together, speak to-day;
Wait not till to-morrow,
You may do so with sorrow.
Suppose your sister should be dead,
Your heart would feel as heavy as lead.

Now this is true, I know it well,
Though with sorrow I you tell:
Death might come, it is fate;
Come, be friends, before it's too late;
Think of her parting forever from thee,
And you no more her to see;
And of her being lowered from your sight,
In a grave, darker than night;
Grieving, then, will be no avail,
And you'll think with sorrow on this sad tale.
Come, heed this warning that I give,
You'll feel better, you'll soon perceive;
Then, after she this world does leave,
You honored her and will happier live.

TWO KISS PAPERS.

Would I were the very man,
The man you do admire;
I'd seek your company now and then,
To satisfy desire.

(Age 40.) Would I were a nice young man,
One you would admire;
I'd seek your company now and then,
To satisfy desire.

WHERE THE STORMS START TO FLY FROM THE SKIES.

Where the angels are singing sweet,
And beauty beaming from their eyes,
In heaven, where God and them keep,
Above, where the storm starts to fly from the skies.

In heaven we can go when we die,
If we put our trust in God;
And see the angels fly,
Who were once here, and good.

Obeying the commandments may seem hard,
And on our feelings be severe,
When others torment us bad;
But we are well paid if we get there.

Fight hard the fight to win;
Beware of the tempter's snare;
Lives here are not long,
But everlasting there.

TWO ERRANDS.

Says a charming maiden to her beau:
There is an errand I wish you to do;
Go in the field and hunt and see,
If you can find a four-leaf clover for me.
When you made your marriage offer to-day,
My answer I did not want to say;
But if this errand you will do,
I may then agree to marry you.
So to the field he did go,
Thinking it very easy to do.
He hunted around with delight,
And until it was night;
No four-leaf clover could he find,
The three-leaf were the only kind.
Then he thought a trick he'd play,
And back he went in a sprightly way;
Showed the clover to his sweetheart,
And thought himself to be very smart.
She wanted the clover in her hand,
But this he could scarcely stand,
And held back his hand, but it was no use,
She must have the clover, no excuse.
Beat, his little plot wouldn't do;
He gave the clover, (the stems were two,)
And said, when one with four leaves I couldn't find,
To play a trick was on my mind;
On each stem the leaves were three;
I pulled two off as you see,
Thinking the difference you would not know,
If I held them in my hand, (to show,)
But I'd an idea you'd be too smart,
For this tricky though loving heart.
Since you have failed in your hunt,
You've one more errand, then I may consent:
Go get a handful of wheat for me,
Of a family who of sorrow have been free.
He sought, but all in vain;
All had sorrow they could name; (tell)
So he returned without wheat,
And this time would not try to cheat.
He explained it all to his sweetheart,
Then her answer she did impart:
I knew it could not be obtained,
A family without trouble is not named; (known)

Each having a share to undergo;
And this I wished you to know.
If perfect people are plenty, think of the clover,
If there's happiness only, think of the wheat (lover).
I will now consent to be your wife,
In joy or sorrow with you pass my life;
Each trying the other with kindness to please,
Day in, day out, throughout our lives.

HEAVENLY POEMS.

As he who guides the plow,
To turn the ground right:
So God inspires, somehow,
Heavenly poems to write.

If you would know what is nice,
A good poem you should read,
That originated in Paradise;
'T may do you good, you may need.

At the gate that opens to heaven,
Where such poems originate,
To guide the people in living,
That hell they will escape.

THE DEAF HEAR.

Sweet is the music "in dreams" they hear;
Voices of loved ones give them cheer:
'Tis only then they have musical delight;
On awakening may be sorry the dream took flight.
The sweet singing heard by the deaf,
When asleep, is perfect in my belief.
On awak'ning, it may so affect the soul,
That tears over their cheeks will roll.

IT WAS NOT HIM.

A pretty maiden deep in love,
Heard that her far-away lover died,
She immediately went to her room (above),
And there she bitterly cried.

Of course many lovers she had,
But he was the choice of all;
She loved him better, homespun clad,
Than others in the grandest style.

She knew his love came from his heart,
Easily told by his look and talk.
The sad news did her much hurt,
And she hid herself in bed.

She did not have any pain,
But was far from being at ease;
Was in no hurry to get up again;
She thought her blood would freeze.

So her lover steps in the door,
As well as he could be;
He had not left this shore, (died,)
But another of the same name.

An explanation he then made,
Which she heard with great joy;
Her cheeks now red. A lovely maid,
As she sees this loving boy.

To kiss, she gave him leave,
As he her hand did take;
And no more about him does grieve,
For she's his loving mate (wife).

THE BIRDS HAVE COME.

[Written in April, in Ohio, while looking out the window.]

The little bird has just arrived
From the south, where the weather was warm;
It seems to be pleased with my home,
And is going to stay with me here.

I saw it early this morning,
Close to my window on the fence;
It jumped hither and thither, and seemed to say,
It was going to stay with me here.

It has flew over many homes,
Finding none as well to suit;
Now it sings, chirps, and flies about,
And is going to stay with me here.

It will stay; stay until fall
Threatens to bring cold again;
Then it will fly to its winter home,
To live and sing as it does here.

You are welcome, welcome, little bird,
To make your home with me,
You are so merry, and your voice is heard,
It's pleasant to live with thee.

HE DRAWS THEM ALL. (Good Talker.)

How is it he draws the young women?

Talkative we will call him;
The girls about him, are we mistaken?
Number sometimes ten.

At fairs, picnics, other socials, or home,
He has them at his command;
The belle, the heiress, 'most any one;
The stranger; maidens fine and grand.

A youthful and nice young woman;
A critic hardly old, just right;
Two dashers will see to him,
While a saucy beauty is in sight.

How is it he draws the young women?
Rich? or handsome? fine manners? or walk?
No; listen, the secret I'll tell you then;
He draws them by his talk.

[Pity the man who is naturally bashful; the good talker needs none. He has more pleasure in a week than many bashful men have in a year, with ladies.]

THE RIVER (of the Shadow of) DEATH.

So let it be, O God, with me;
That right I do, and so prevail,
Until I'm bid, from heaven by thee,
Over the river to sail.

So let it be while I am here,
In this world of toil (trial),
O, let me not give up to fear;
Let Satan me not foil.

Although the pathway may be dark,
And my next step I may not see;
O, guide my feet into the right,
And on the solid rock with thee.

That river, O, that river,
That river of the shadow of death;
That we should prepare to go over,
Ere we lose our breath.

Each one must go alone,
And not in a ship or boat;
And to reach that heavenly throne,
They must live so they will float.
For it is wide and deep,
And hard for a sinner to swim;
Though it is an easyfeat,
For those who do not sin.

[The "river" is meant between this world and heaven. If we live right, then at death we are over it, and in heaven. If we do not, we are lost in it and in hell.—Inspired by reading "The Pilgrim's Progress.]

THE FARMER AND FAMILY.

The farmer loves to see his crops
A good color and rapidly grow.
But at thistles, mullen and burdocks
He has a bad feeling; 'tis so.

He loves to look at his wheat,
When it's thick and large in head;
But when the cattle break in and eat,
His feelings are as heavy as lead.

He loves to look at his corn,
If it's good and large in the ear;
But when the hogs are in in the morn,
'Tis then he's on his ear.

His wife loves to see her garden nice,
And all she sows take root and grow;
But chickens that 'scratch' it might be dead as a
vice,
If she could, ah! if she could only throw.

The maiden, washing, makes the clothes look neat,
And spreads them carefully on the grass about;
But if 'pigs' run over with dirty feet,
If they were in sausage she'd sell it by the yard.

IN THE MORNING.

The sun comes up to give us light, that we can see
our way,
That we with might may labor right, while it is day.
While in your chamber you sleep, and awakened by
twilight peep, showing the coming of day,
Be up for health, be up for wealth; be wise, idle not
your time away.

THE MAIDEN'S RUSE. (The Heiress.)

She lost her gold,
Then he didn't her love;
(But in reality her loss was only sham);
Then she surrendered to another man,
Who "also" thought she'd lost her gold;
But for that he didn't care,
And so she loved him all the more.
And he now has 'wedded' her.

WHY WE FEAR AT NIGHT.

O, ye night, ye dark, how ye bringeth on us fear,
While through the day of it we are clear.
A little noise, an unusual sight, how it our mind
does thrill;
And when fear comes, our hair on ends, and heart
seems standing still.
Why we are thus, the cause may be, we are for in
the day;
For when it's night, our eyes and ears do not know
the way.
(The owl will hoot and do his work while we're at
rest or asleep;
The cat that's quiet most in the day, at night at
watch does keep.)
Eyes and ears have their work, and should also have
their rest;
So why we fear no doubt is clear, so 'we' think
'hous'd' is best.

FEED THE NEWS-BOY.

O, feed the starving boy;
Feed the starving boy as he roves on the street,
With rags on his arms, no shoes on his feet.

See him shivering in the cold,
Shivering in the cold, as he tries his best
To sell a paper to get a crust. (Biscuit.)

O, let him take a cent,
A cent, a cent, as he is willing to do,
Making only half, as he hands the paper to you.

Then see the beauty in his face,
His face, his face, as he stores the money away,
Running, jumping, and laughing in his play.

O, feed the hungry boy,
Feed the hungry boy, as he roves on the street,
With rags on his arms, no shoes on his feet.

GOD.

Although thou art so near,
Yet ever so far away,
Thou cans't be with us here,
And yet in heaven stay.

If we love (and pray to) Thee,
Thou cans't open Thy door,
Come and with us be,
And yet stay on Thy shore.

THE RACES. Jockeys Are Coming.

The jockeys are coming to see the race,
Or else to drive a horse.
You can tell them by their cap and face,
Or maybe by their voice.
They all come bright, looking gay,
(Jockeying is one kind of biz';
But if they are so, on their way
Home tells better after the race.

IS THIS FAIR?

Is it he that eats an hour,
That should be termed a hog?
Or he that swallows nearly before
Chewing, much like a dog?

The former eats very slow,
The latter as fast as he can,
And just as much; and, you know,
Is termed the gentle'man.'

IS THAT GIRL PRETTY? (Street Talk.)

Yes, she looks pretty enough now,
But that won't decide more'n half.
Before in 'truth' to beauty bow,
See and hear her talk and laugh.

You would not want a 'cross' girl,
You would not want her 'cry;' (weak.)
You want her wear a 'nice' look
When sober, and when laughing please your eye.

I PICKED IT UP.

While walking about one early morn,
I picked up a paper, that was torn;
It had been lying there in the night,
As it was wet and in a sad plight.
And as sure as your 'coat' has a collar,
In this paper I found a dollar.
This to the treasury of Uncle Sam
I took, as I live in Washington,
And got a keepsake, not so old,
A new silver dollar, the year now told. (1893.)
Many might think this keepsake too dull,
But 'one' thing about it, it's a dollar in full.
Being direct from the treasury, I pay no profit;
I am (and many 'might' be) glad to have it.

PLEASURE AND ANGER.

A little boy, with a kite in the air,
Saw nothing but brightness around;
But the wind took his hat off his hair,
And then the kite came down.

For after his hat he had to run,
As it was taking flight,
And his eyes dazzled by the sun,
He trampled upon the kite.

MY POETESS.

Sweet is the name of my poetess,
Her verses to people are given.
When her theme is on loveliness,
Her words are as if from heaven.

She goes to work in a nook,
Or in a garret by herself;
Then come the words that make a book,
That bring her honor and profit.

NEW-YEAR MORNING.

The old year now is gone,
The new-year is here this morn.
May I to its end happy live,
And please God, and give and receive (1893.)
My portion right, and His name
Love, and honor and cherish His Son.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

Ashamed of Jesus, O, that man;
He can keep your soul from going to hell.
Ashamed of Jesus, your eyes and ears;
Why, he could let you live 100 years.
Ashamed of Jesus, how can you be?
Why, he could take your soul instantly.
Yes, yes, yes, and dash it to hell,
And be ashamed of 'you' as well.

DON'T BOAST OF WHAT YOU'LL DO TO-MORROW.

Don't think because you're well,
And even big and stout,
That sickness cannot on you tell,
And lay you 'round about.

That man is never so big,
That man is never so strong,
That cannot get sick,
And the sickness lay him down.

IN MANY WAYS.

With similar health, wear and eat,
"Away" is as good as home, anywhere;
For the people I like to treat,
That I'm welcome where they are.

Such a possession may be good to own,
Though the home be far away.
Words effect according to name,
And acts, no difference where we stay.

NEVER. (Joke. Some Jokes Are True.)

Never 'marry,' girls, if you are sweet; (Pretty.)
If you have beauty you'll have plenty to eat.

Boys are generally willing to buy
Candy, peanuts, ice cream and the like,
As long as you are only I; (Single.)
But when we (married), it is too late.

Never wed, I say, my girl, unless you can do fine;
You can yourself support easier than you can him
(hic) too, any time.

TRAVELING. New Faces, New Love, Etc.

That girl, O, that girl of mine,
Just passed the door as I went in.
Had I not had urgent biz
I might have 'followed' this miss.
We meet, they go, just like a rain;
I see them once but never again.

[The above falls in love with every girl he thinks is pretty, but is unsuccessful in love, much so because he is bashful, and bovish, calls her his girl. A man is not bashful about his sisters or his wife; it is only the single life that he is bashful in.)

THE CHORISTER. (Washington, D. C.)

O Cora, you are destined to sing,
For as leader of a choir you can be seen;
In a beautiful church in Washington,
(The nation's capitol,) a place you've won,
This is easy to guess and is also fair,
And mnst be so, or you'd not be there
For the peoples choice of the list;
Is generally to take the very best,
No difference what the profession is.
(I write this honoring you, worthy Miss.)
Singing, like preaching, draws people there,
If the singing is good, and the singer fair, (handsome.)

THE DETECTIVE.

Is a man who may have you on his eye;
He'll read your build, your face and clothes,
Your hair, your boots, and, who knows,
When you are in his head he may fly
For you or another (police)man.
If you've done what wasn't right,
Violated the laws and took flight,
You're 'imprisoned' in the hands of Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam has men on the sly;
Go where you will, be where you may,
These men may come night or day,
And take you in, by a watchful eye.

GREAT OAKS AND GREAT PEOPLE.

Great oaks from little twigs grow,
But the twigs must be good;
And not only must they be so,
But must take the right road. (Incline.)

Great people from little children grow,
But they must be nice and good;
And not only must they be so,
But for the people must be good;

(Fun.) So this is why you easily see,
I cannot be president,
I stole, then lied to be free,
When little. (I had the wrong bent.)

So now since my young days are out, (Gone)
I seem inclined to root; (Detect.)
I think of something then bring it about,
And now am called a poet. (Thief.)

[It seems to be natural that poets best verses are thought to be stolen and he thinks his profession a 'poor' one, not satisfied with it, yet there is to be people to write poetry, as well as there is to be to do other work.]

OUR BEAUTIES.

There may be beauty, here and there,
Down in the ocean, up in the air;
But of all the beauties that pleases the eye,
Is the 'girl for whom we'd laugh or cry.
Thought of her go right to the heart,
We love to meet we are sorry to part;
We love, we woo, we wed if we can,
There is a girl for every man.
She need not be a beauty to call,
There is none so on the roll; (Earth.)
Each have their choice and say I see,
The beauty in her that is for me.

SHOW PARADE. (Washington, D. C.)

If old bruin could talk like a man,
He'd swear if he was out;
He'd make a dinner, (as a bear can,)
Of some little niggers that run about.

The sea hog, he only seemed to think,
He didn't seem to care to see or to be seen;
He looked a little discouraged as if it was his whim,
It is a curious world when we live in a pen.

The lions laying in their cage,
With an eye on their keeper;
A look between content and rage,
Their attack, cat-like, is a creeper.

The beautiful ponies and horses prancing,
As if to show their delight;
And attract the people day and evening,
To their 'owners' show, the knight. (Sir.)

MAID AND MAN.

Of the sexes, maid and man,
Man does the wooing;
'Love' maids keep 'sly' if they can,
But like to see what men are doing.

A crowd is standing on the street,
A maid is passing by;
She wonders what 'makes this meet,
And there she casts her eye.

But sometimes 'tis only a glance,
For her slyness and her way,
Is not to give men a chance
To know she does attention pay.

IT WASN'T THE CAKE. (Bakery.)

As I stood in front of the window with cakes, and
candy in many a curl.
I merely 'faced' a cake, while I looked over it at the
girl. (Clerk.)

It wasn't the 'cake' that took my eye or that I
wanted to see;
It was the 'girl' as I passed by, in the confectionery.

PEANUTS. (June 4, 1894.)

Peanuts now are all the go,
Mrs. Professional Won, says so;
Boys buy them for the girls,
Girls with pride fix their curls.

Beauty 'draws' if anything will,
And she has plenty to eat;
That she need not buy until,
These fellows will not treat.

Girls, if you are young and beautiful,
Make no haste to wed;
The attention and the treats you get,
Is far better it is said.

WORK.

[Seeing a governor of a state on the street, and some men laying brick 'across' the street brought this poem to the author.]

Those men laying brick yonder,
May have it as easy as the governor;
Though their limbs may feel as heavy as lead,
The governor may have it in his head.
No man whose worked with limbs or brain,
Is above the other in truthful bragging;
I've tried them both, brain and body,
And to prosper generally, none is easy.

THE POLICEMAN ONLY SCOLDED.

I once accidentally done a wrong,
Instead I'd rather lost a quarter;
For soon a policeman came along,
And with him his pretty daughter.

He saw her beauty on me told,
And I gave her a loving wink;
He didn't arrest me, only scold,
He had time to think.

Once when her and I were out,
The rain was pouring down;
I put my coat 'round her about,
And kept her dry and warm.

While I got cold and wet,
Although I did not care;
I retained my health and you bet,
It pleased that damsel 'fair.'

She's given me many a smile,
Which helps me with my work;
It seems much easier all the while,
When a thought of her I take.

Since this, one year is gone,
Though it seems a shorter time;
But we live together in one home,
(This makes the difference,) she is mine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. (Communion.)

They gather 'round the table,
Take the bread and wine;
Given to such people,
Who wish heaven some time.

Then they leave the table,
Sit down and pray;
To God in heaven,
To guide them on their way.

MAKE LIGHT OF YOUR TROUBLES TRY TO.

Look over trifles, as light as air,
The devil will make them everywhere;
To win our souls, get them ready for hell,
That when life departs, we with him dwell.

We are tempted here now and then,
Sometimes by women, 'more' by men;
We may lose money, lose our health,
We cannot always take care of self.

KEEP GOING ON.

Keep going on, going on,
Don't be idle, standing around;
For labor you're born, labor you're born,
Without it you cannot be sound.

The little boy, the little girl,
The exercise they take;
Though nothing done in the eve,
It keeps their bodies awake.

Awake for health, awake for joy,
Awake for drink and eat;
The little girl, the little boy,
When night comes can sleep.

BECAUSE ITS TWENTY CENTS.

I see some little boys around,
Hunting every day;
For cigars on the ground,
That some men throw away.

Dudes will buy a dear cigar,
Just because its twenty cents;
Smoke a little, then throw it far,
Because they think they're Gent's.

Some of them may see the day,
They'll think of the cigar trick;
No 'money in the bank to lay,
And may hafta pile up brick,

And 'tis wise to say, I think,
(Although I'll call it a joke;
A doctor told me the other week,)
It is no good to smoke.

EVER GROWING.

Your own beard, your own hair,
Keeps on growing while life is there;
You may be asleep, you may be awake,
No difference what course you take.
The barber may 'shave' you, or cut your hair,
Its even growing while he is there.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN?

If you're an author or an inventor,
Or if you'd in business gain;
Remember at breakfast and dinner,
Its light meals that save the brain.

But when it comes to supper,
The closing of the day;
It is much better,
To more eat, pay.

Always guard your health,
In eating if you can;
(Though vast may be your wealth,)
'Tis 'this' that makes the man.

JESUS AND I. (Hymn.)

O how could I hate thee, Jesus,
O how could I hate thee?
Who could give me a home in heaven
When my soul from earth does flee.

O teach me to love thee, Jesus,
Thou who love'st my soul;
In my strength and weakness,
In my leisure and toil.

“Ho, ho, ho,” Jesus, “ho, ho, ho,”
O lead and guide me here;
In the way I should go,
Then keep me from all fear.

Chorus—Yes, lead and guide me here,
In the way I should go;
Then keep me from fear,
Do, Jesus, do, do, do.

BUSINESS COMPETITION. MACHINERY.

When you've a notion to build a big shop,
Don't think the world belongs to you;
There may be others in that biz,
And want a share too,
And-you-may-bust.

Remember having a thousand binders,
Doesn't make the business tell,
The question under consideration is,
Will those binders sell?
This-you-don't-know.

Sell'm and prosper.
Keep'm and bust.

[The same may be said of many 'other' kinds of business.]

KEEP WEALTH SILENT.

They were sitting together in church,
Two young men behind;
One her attentions would match, (Return.)
Being to him most kind.

He was a jolly fellow,
More than he by her side;
Who seemed so 'envious' about her,
And could not this look hide.

Though he seemed to badly want her,
He could not his feelings act;
When a bank certificate he showed her,
I was beat on his acting part.

I thought, is this the way you court,
I'd really been ashamed;
If I'd ten thousand dollars in a bank,
I wouldn't it even named.

WHEN ANGRY OR MISERABLE.

Keep walking around, walking around,
Though hell you have on earth;
The devils imps, your soul has found,
And want him to get you after death. (In eternity.)

Though people are against you in the city and out,
You cannot help it 'any'-way;
Though you tear your hair and teeth out,
Your soul is in you night and day.

If thinking of God, and praying to him,
Seems very hard sometimes;
You may yet gain a home in heaven,
Beyond that of your enemies climes.

[Mean treatment of saucy boys, without reason of me for doing so, caused the above poem.]

NIGHT.

The morning will come,
Whether I'm here or gone; (Dead.)
Though I'd like it to see,
And be well enough for glee,
And go on my way,
For business of the day.
We may easily fall asleep,
But before the sun does peep,
Showing it is morn,
Our souls may be gone;
So its best that we pray,
To be ready for any way.

MORNING.

The morning is here,
I did not fear;
I find I am well,
Am glad I can tell.
I feel merry and bright,
And the sun is shining bright.
With God as a friend,
Our feelings to mend,
We may go the right way,
If we 'ask' him, pray,
If he thinks it best,
Trust him, he'll do the rest.

SONG PROPOSAL.

Let's you an' I, you an' I,
Join together till we die;
I'll get the minister, if you'll name the day,
Then we'll let time pass away.
We'll laugh and smile, talk and love,
Till we're called to heaven above.
You work indoors, and I will out,
We'll have a home and run about;
Let's you an' I, you an' I,
Join together till we die.

WHAT WILL DRAW ROUGH MAN.

What is it will draw rough man,
From business and economy; (Stinginess.)
I'll tell you if I can,
Its a 'lady' he thinks is pretty.

He cannot get ahead of this,
Though deep in business imbedded;
'Twill generally end in wedded bliss,
If her and him are suited.

When he walks the street so rough,
For no one seeming to care;
If he meets her it is enough,
'Twill leave him bright and fair.

WAIT TILL THINGS COME 'ROUND.

Do the work you ought to do,
But wait till things come 'round;
If there's luck to come to you,
It will come around.

Don't make a rush to get rich,
But wait till things come 'round,
In many things you shouldn't hitch,
For they will or won't come 'round.

Don't make a rush to get a wife,
For you should know her well;
Remember that it is for life,
Not for a short spell.

You'll get one if it is your fate,
And she will come around;
Be it early or be it late,
She surely will be found.

SUN IN DAY; LAMPS AT NIGHT.

[Mused in a church where the blinds were down and lamps burning in the day.]

Roll up your blinds when it is day,
And let God's light guide your way;
Why have them down when there's no need,
And then have lights, that you can read.
Are you ashamed of the light of the sun?
Do you think it beautiful to have blinds down?
Do you know a house with blinds down
Looks much the same as a country barn?
Yea, take my word, it is not wise,
To have lights burn after sunrise;
(Don't go contrary to nature's right,)
Have 'sun' in day and lights at night.

KEEP (MOVING.) THE WORLD A MOVING.

If your'e troubled in love, or society don't go,
Keep the world a moving, don't let it go slow;
Days are not always bright, neither are our minds,
Keep the world a moving, there's people of many a
kind.

Don't sit down and brood over business that is still,
Many things do happen, many things a world to fill.
Keep (moving) the world a moving, I mean yourself,
you,
Keep the world amoving or it will move you;
And as you move around, you see people at their
work,
Every department going, it isn't idle dirt. (Ground.)

THE TREASURY OF UNCLE SAM.

A bright silver dollar, now I've got,
From the treasury of Uncle Sam;

I was there and 'round about,
And got it of the "teller" man.

I offered 'change' for it,
This he wouldn't take,
Then I got a 'bill' at a bank,
For I was wide awake,

I knew this would pass,
There business was smoothe as glass.

I want it as a memento of Washington, D. C.
And of the treasury, (that's all;)
And as money I 'made' now and then,
In the brightest city of all.

BETTER WEAR THAN RUST. (Morning.)

Have something to do, have some work to do,
'Twill be much better then with you;
No difference what that work is,
Whether outdoor 'bodily or indoor 'biz.'
Whether it be at home or abroad,
Get your dinner pale and be on the road;
Giving your body work, or your mind,
Will in return feel more kind. (Pleasant.)
Remember you must wear or rust,
(If work you will, or won't, or must;)
Work generally brings gain,
Idleness, sickness or maybe a cloudy brain.

OUR GIRLS POPULARITY.

A handsome young lady, particularly with money.
Men will surround, much like bees their honey;
They find her so sweet, she has more advantages
than four of five married women.
But if she marries, and of course she will,
Only her husband will love her still;
And if sometime after there's an infant at home,
She's alone with it, the men are all gone.

LOVE AND BUSINESS IS TWO. (Fun.)

They're ahead, these handsome girls,
When we see them go by:
No difference what our business is,
It's knocked sky high.

We may think of this,
Or think of that;
Its no use in making a fuss,
Its all knocked flat.

Don't 'tell' them boys,
(It is the lot of man;
And it he cannot help,
Somehow they draw 'love' of him,
Then he's a little out his head. (Bewildered.)

HE MARRIED ART. (Fun.)

See your girl when at home,
When she don't expect you there;
On the street she's not the same,
At home she's natural 'there.'

I see a girl every day,
In and about the place;
But when she's on broadway,
I scarcely know her face.

He thought he'd wedded a pretty face,
And thought her nice and fair;
In time she removed her teeth, washed,
Then took off her false hair.

Then unlaced and wore a plain dress,
Then he saw he'd made a mistake;
He married art, not naturalness,
And thought, a poor judge he'd make.

As to judgment of men,
I'll leave that to girls;
They can tell with the pen,
As much as the boys.

MAIDENS.

You might as well try to fly,
As to draw a man who's nice;
To love you, (going by,)
In a slovenly dress. (Apparel.)

Art in dress pleases man,
It's just the thing to catch a man;
If a girl don't dress nice, if she can,
He doesn't care a 'snap' for her.

Don't have your dresses low at the top,
If you would catch his eye,
Some men won't talk or even stop,
And the maidens don't know why.

BACK TO A BOY AGAIN.

Spoken—That bachelors are simple, any one knows,
You can tell by their actions, you can tell by their
clothes;
They'll say they'll do and then refrain,
At forty they're back to a boy again.

Sung (Chorus)—Back to a boy, back to a boy, back to a boy again.

Spoken—They'll go to 'show' windows, just like boys,
And buy those little baby toys;
And fondle them about, then refrain,
At forty they're back to a boy again.—Chorus.

Spoken—Back to a boy in words and ways,
And so they go on and spend their days;
They may love a 'girl,' but it gives them pain,
At forty they're back to a boy again.—Chorus twice.

A PROFIT HERE AND THERE.

Time is on the wing,
It will fly away;
Whether you work, talk or sing,
'Mark' it each day.

Behold the spring is here,
Have you work to do?
Look 'around' don't fear,
The world's 'before' you.

Behold the morning cometh,
The sun is shining bright;
Blessed is he that worketh,
He can rest at night.

The sun is ever moving,
The earth is standing still;
There's 'chance for improving,
Make your day fill. (Count.)

Behold the winter cometh,
The end of the year;
See your "book" accounteth,
A profit here and there.

WHAT PEOPLE EAT. (Fun.)

Men eat bread, potatoes and meat,
Its curious they eat this instead of something sweet.
Girls eat candy, cake and pie,
Particularly the former if it comes from a boy;
This they can eat till after their wedding,
Then they can live on sourkraut and bacon.

WE BOW. (Fun.)

To handsome girls we meet,
While out on the street;
Although we've learnt in school,
It is against the rule,
To a stranger bow,
We do it anyhow.

And they the 'reason' should know,
Its 'cause we 'like' them so.
We don't care much for style,
'Cause it isn't worth the while;
'Respect' we want to give,
While in this world we live.

Style is nonsense anyhow,
In some of its ways;
'Tis foolish not to bow,
We hope for better days.

For instance Adam and Eve,
On the very first day;
They met, we perceive,
Were acquainted right away.

But some are growing wicked,
Soon marriage will be a sin;
To those who are so tickled, (Proud.)
And of 'style' it will begin.

NIGHT OF DEC. 31, 1894.

The old year will soon be gone away,
The new year will be here before another day;
Much as 'time' is, life is with me,
I consider it, in general, destiny.
So cheer up, cheer up, do the best you can,
If you are a drunkard, be a different man;
Tomorrow is a day you can swear off,
Take off your hat, don't drink the stuff.
Drink water instead, no difference what others say,
You'll do your business better and be sober every day.

THE SORROW OF TRAVELING. (Agents.)

Pity the poor traveler,
When he comes around your way;
If he happens to be a lover,
Because he cannot stay.

He falls in love with you girls,
Although he cannot win; (Woo.)
The times too short to find out names,
Till he must go again.

And without names he cannot write,
So 'love' is lost forever;
Leaving a 'pang' in the heart,
That absence, (in time,) may sever.

THE SWEET KENTUCKY GIRL. (Cin., O., 1898.)

The sweet Kentucky girl,
O how I love to 'see' her;
So I just go down to the big new bridge
And see her coming over.

I was also down in 'Louisville,'
And saw some angels there;
No difference where I go in Kentuck',
I see many that's nice and fair.

COLUMBUS. (1892.)

In memory of 400 years ago,
When this country, a wilderness and wild,
The brave Columbus, unfearing woe,
Rescued it very mild.

Its vast improvement, beautiful difference,
Between now and then;
Its wealth, grandeur, gives it preference;
To the majority of the worlds wisest men.

Give honor to Columbus' name,
Ring the bells high in the steeple,
For America's discovery and giving the same
To its now intelligent people.

All hail Columbus, glory in his name,
He discovered American soil;
It brought him good, it gave him fame,
And people more room to toil.

PARROT AND LITTLE GIRL. (Child's Poem.)

The parrot sat in a cage,
On a roost so high;
A little girl, young in age,
Thought he might be dry.

So brought a pitcher of water,
(But experience she did lack;
Or being rather funny,)
Poured it on his back.

Ah, you naughty child,
Is that the way I drink?
He didn't seem to take it mild,
And looked cross very quick.

If I was out, I'd fly away,
And get my drink with ease;
O, it's so warm in here today,
Bring more water, please.

I'm not on fire, as you may think,
The heat is so great;
Bring more water that I may drink,
And to cool my heated pate.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

[Can't talk without an introduction]

We glance when on the street,
And that is all we get;
We cannot stop and talk,
It wouldn't be etiquette.

Strange we come and so we go,
'Time' our beauty fades;
'Etiquette,' the 'boss,' you know,
Makes many old bachelors and maids.

We all cannot always live,
In any one town;
And if our names we'd tell,
Then etiquette is gone.

Jane.—(Cross.)—That fellow talked to me,
And I saw him once before;
Nature—Well, that is respect,
He must go away tomorrow.

THE 'NERVE MAKER.'

He takes his glass of whiskey,
Then steps out on the street;
And talks both bold and easy,
To the girl he is to meet. (Cloves.)

Quite different to the backward man,
Who loves, but cannot talk; (Gallant.)
And tries to live on the 'temperance' plan,
And so alone must walk.

THE CLOTHES. (Appearance.)

I walked the streets with coarse clothes and long hair,
And no one cared a 'snap' for me while I was there;
Although I had money, and property in another state,
But this they didn't know, and I didn't it relate.
I got very little attention, but felt like a man.
Maybe like read of famous, dressing as high as they can;
Humph, no one seemed to see me more'n a horse a frog,
'Cept a pretty actress, 'cause I eyed her poodle dog.

THE REASON WHY. (A Winter Scene.)

Why a man loves a girl,
Because he's too wise to be a fool.
His greatest pride, her lovely face,
Peeping out just above her dress;
And hidden partly by her collar,
And shining bright as a silver dollar.

ON CROWDED STREETS.

Bashful men seldom think the world is for them, as for others,
They hang back like a slave, as if waiting for orders;
Poor man, don't blame him, if some think he's a fool,
He may have learning enough, them all to rule.
And bashfulness like nature in many is born.
You can't remove it with all that can be done;
Except some take whiskey, when they go a courting,
It gives much courage and makes more talking.

WHEN TO TAKE A GIRL.

Take her when she loves,
When her cheeks are turning red,
Of loving what you just have said.

Then is the time to ask a girl,
To woo her or to wed;
Don't wait till love grows so cold,
That it is almost dead.

And she'll love you all the better,
Throughout all her life,
For asking, (when she expected,) her to be your wife.

\$ AND 0.

Some are rich, live nice and gay,
Yet soul is a soul and must go away;
Some have good homes, to eat and wear,
Yet soul is a soul, and can't stay here.
A consolation for the poor,
Yet (the rich and) they may better fare;
(If they do right) in heaven.
To 'rich' from honesty, heaven may be given,
(How much the bible 'means' rich, I don't know.)

THE DEATH OF JESUS.

(Read pitiful.)—O how he suffered on the cross,
(That you might be saved;)
With the enemies looking on so cross,
Unlike friends, around a dying bed.

O how did he feel and die,
Without a friend on earth;
Not even his mother there to try
To save him from death.

(Loud and angry.)—“Fierce might God have been,
To Pilot and those men;
With a word (I tell,)
'Dead' they would have fell.

(Mild.)—But Jesus was to die,
God desired his soul;
Though he didn't inspire the way,
He wanted the scriptures full.

IMMEDIATE RESURRECTION.

Chorus.—Our souls shall ever,
When this life is over;
Our souls shall ever
Fall at Jesus feet.

Spoken.—Jesus is ready by your side,
Although he can't be seen:
To forgive our sins if we'd abide
With him in Heaven. (Chorus.)

Our resurrection will not be,
A long time after we die;
Our souls will instantly flee,
To Jesus' feet and eye. (Chorus.)

Though our bodies will stay here,
We'll be there all the same;
There'll be no stop, twixt here and where
God our future will name,
Heaven or hell. (Chorus.)

GOOD FAME DRAWS A BEAU.

Strive for honor, girls, it's better than riches to
draw a beau,
The sweet singer, speaker, prima-dona, and authors
are all the go;
Or to be jolly, have fine manners, sweet voice and
smile,
Will the soul of any man with a human heart, be-
guile.
O the sweet singer, (if handsome,) so fills the air,
That we think of angels, while we her hear.
Of course its good to be a good cook,
But man generally finds things good enough to eat.
He wants to adore, care for and kiss,
If she suits his eyes and ears, she lowers his selfish-
ness.
(Love is not true when the loved is thought the
lesser of the two.)

NIAGARA FALLS.

When you stay here you don't only see the Falls,
But many sweet, lovely girls;
Hundreds of people go there nearly every day,
To visit this resort and Canada.

THE DRINKER'S HORSE.

There he stands out in the cold,
As if wishing death might be told (of him);
His bones nearly seen through his skin,
His feed goes down his owners throat in a saloon.

Now he comes, whips up his horse,
As if 'twere 'he' that caused the loss, (of time);
His head so full as he hurries him along,
Entirely unfit to own a being.
Go, man and buy a bicycle and get on,
That you work 'yourself to make it run;
But look out the bicycle is loose,
And may wreck you as you wreck your horse.
Sambo—(Lover of horses.)—Dat po'm hits de nail on
de 'ead.

ELECTION DAY, NOV. 3 (6 P. M.)

Election day now is o'er,
On counting the ballots we're bent;
Tomorrow morning the great uproar
Will be, who is President?
I'm glad it's not me to mention,
For the story is easily told;
A nominee is 'good' before the convention,
But after, the worst man in the world.
(Seeing the rattling campaign.)

’TIS SAID.

There is no place like home,
(But there may be trouble there);
I'm 300 miles away,
And the sun is shining here.

There's many places just as good,
As that we call our home;
Trying to think so is all we need,
Wherever we may come.

ANXIOUS TO DO FREE.

All the world loves a lover,
And I love some girls;
They're sweeter than the sweetest clover,
Where bees get what pleases the boys.

Lovely girls that talk and act nice,
And can do a man's cooking,
Are worth more than that little price;
Of courting, marrying and supporting,
(‘That’ their lovers are anxious to do free.)

A 'LOVER' AT THE BEDSIDE OF HIS DYING SWEETHEART.

O death, what dos't thou mean,
To take this girl away;
Loved by 'many' women and men,
O why not leave her stay.

Death.—Yes, I know this too,
Although she's young and fair;
I cannot help it more than you,
Jesus wants her up there.

ON LAKE ERIE.

We cut through the lake,
You bet we stayed on top;
The water wouldn't take
The pretty girls on our boat.

Nit, it would raise up in the air,
And soar like a bird;
Rather than take these ladies where
They'd ne'er be seen or heard.

(Now if you've a whim to cross the lake,
When it is safe for you;
This same boat you should take
When these ladies are going, too.)
[Written on steamer, "City of Buffalo."]

THE NIAGARA RIVER.

This river has a terrible time to get along,
But 'twill do it;
It rushes with a never ending song,
And people like to hear it.

Its bed is frightful but it doesn't 'fear' it,
Down it goes o'er the walls,
And people like to see it.

(Calm it goes along and under the circle rainbow,
And soon making the whirlpool rapids,
And hurrying through the gorge to lake Ontario.)

Day and night it has its say,
And tumbling down the hill;
Just as you 'think' it makes its way,
So does its course fill,
Mad or rejoicing.

This show doesn't cheat,
It's natural, and all the time;
A beautiful gymnastic feat,
Going down, never to return
The world's greatest water sight.

YOUNG MAN.

When you think of courting,
Remember it as a rule,
Respect and pity the poor factory girl.

And when you think of marrying,
Remember also as a rule,
She's just as sweet and lovable
As another class girl.

Be guided by your feelings,
The one you love is the one;
Not because she's rich,
Or because she's easily won.

I'VE 'ONE' FRIEND ANYHOW.

We feel more pleasant in the evening,
If we've made 'one soul' happy through the day;
A bow and smile are worth the giving,
And you may only need to bow.

Sometimes there's one we meet,
That looks 'discouraged' someway;
If 'friendly' we greet,
Her face looks more like day.

ENCOURAGE IMMIGRATION.

Encourage immigration, let the people come,
On Uncle Sam there is plenty of room;
Fill up your empty houses' don't all live in town,
(Buy a 'mountain' top, if you cannot buy a plain,
And live independent; in sunshine or rain.
Rent fair the empty buildings instead of building new;
Is doing right; and beautifying your city, too.
And if a war should come, between this and another
part,
Uncle Sam would have more men to help to shoot.
Don't blame the poor people for coming out here,
To escape bullets, knives and death out there;

In wars, sovereign governed. We have presidents,
If they obey our laws let them be residents.
They must buy something, they must eat,
Have a place indoors? a place to sleep?
And must have clothes, now and then?
This pays for the wear, on Uncle Sam.
With 'wars,' no, we cannot thrive;
Better take the expense, to keep starving alive.
With no war, and feed the starving?
Is better than kill, and give a pension.
(The world is for all, as a general home.)

CARRIED TO REALMS ABOVE.

[A mother's dream of her little daughter, five years old.]

In the evening ere sleeping,
She was praying in her bed,
And angels carried her to heaven,
Before she was dead.

And on her way up there,
She called to her mother 'good-bye';
Throwing kisses back to her,
And bidding her not to cry.

In the morning she was gone,
Nowhere could she be seen;
And nothing could be done
To bring her back again.

THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Chorus—Yes, there are many lovely girls,
But the prettiest, yes the prettiest I have found,
Is the boatman's daughter, she lives on the water,
And roves the river around.

She saw me from the window,
As I sat on water street;
But I couldn't get 'to' her.
The bank was too steep. (Chorus.)

Soon I had to go away,
Then she left the window too;
But left remembrance for many a day,
That I now tell you. (Chorus.)

TWO HORSES' WISHES. (Humane.)

Would I were a brewer's horse,
How well he is fed;
A nice filled stable he has got,
And I an old shed.

Would my owner was a minister,
Instead of a cheat;
That nearly 'starves' me summer and winter,
And spends his money for drink.

THE WOOD THE RIVER BRINGS.

Why would I live along the river,
I'd get all my 'wood' for winter and summer.
You see now and then the rivers rise,
And bring it before my eyes;
Then the rivers slowly fall,
No pay for wood, no pay to haul.

FIRES IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

It is nice to live in town,
And nice big buildings to own;
But when fire comes along,
And burns them and contents down,
Mother 'earth' would been better to own
Out in the country.

We flee from mother earth
To get in cities mirth;
But if a 'fire' comes forth,
Burns our property, we may lose health,
And be put in mother earth,
In the cemetery.

In the country money is harder to earn,
But mother earth will not burn;
The buildings can, still there's the farm,
Not nearly covered with ashes, like in town.
Building (living) on the same old spot,
'Tis said, is forever no luck.

THE GREAT SIGHT.

What is it you get nearest heaven,
Where you may sometime go;
If you obey the 'commandments' given,
It's rain and snow.

When you see it rain,
You may know it's fresh;
When you see it snow,
You may know it's new.

So 'twill be with the world beyond,
Near from where rain and snow fall;
New, new, new, to us, (when gone,)
If we do not go to hell.

WHO GETS THE THANKS?

O who gets the thanks on Thanksgiving day,
God or the people, will you say;
Some stuff themselves with eat and drink,
Till they're scarcely able to see or think.
It's some's holiday, they will not work,
They've a rail fence gait, because they're drunk;
Some play base ball and fuss, others fight,
Which is worse yet than getting tight.
Some read the bible and take a rest,
And thank God for the present and past;
And for life, health, (his best gifts,)
Is perhaps the best for the years results,
(With ordinary meals.)

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

So let me live alone,
In a little house on a hill,
That I can call my own,
And have my own will.

Although I love the girls,
Every day in every week;
It makes me feel sad as well as glad,
And oftentimes sick.

I 'tire of roving the world,
And living with strangers, (somehow;)
Though my heart's aflame, (like burning wood,)
Of seeing lovely girls, (I know.)

TRUST IN GOD.

If you think you've done a sin,
Do not forget to pray;
Trust in God, ask him,
To cleanse your heart today.

You talk about other things,
It's as easy to talk of heaven;
And the bible says a 'home' it brings,
Where God and angels are living.
(Isn't it worth praying and believing?)

THE POET.

Poets must live,
They were born like you;
If it were not for 'all' of us, (people,)
What would we do?

If everybody would farm,
Or do any one thing else,
What would become
Of the world we possess.

LOOKING DOWN AND UP.

Way up near the sky, in the air,
O what might be seen from there;
The most beautiful sight in all the earth,
Seen by mortal, from birth to death.

If the 'heaven's' were open what might we see,
From this earth, in eternity;
Probably a sight that would dazzle the eyes,
And give a longing to be above the skies.

O let us look up,
While we are here;
That we can look down,
When we are there.

[Look up, serve God, then look down from heaven.]

JESUS AND 'ALL' OF US.

Through Jesus we know there's a heaven,
Think of Jesus walking on the sea; (St. John, 6:19.)
His arising from the grave as written,
And ascending to eternity.

Some disciples saw him go,
And they long lived since;
And their preaching does us show,
It's a true circumstance.

If he died and laid in the grave,
And in these days rose again,
Then why should 'we' disbelieve,
That 'we' will live again, (in heaven or hell.)

If he did not go to heaven,
Then where did he go?
Since the disciples seen him,
And then tell us so.

THE TRAVELER RETURNS. (To his family.)

(Loud.)—In a country graveyard, there they lie,
Our friends who lived in long gone by;
And nothing left of them to show,
Excepting headstones, as white as snow.
Their sunken graves are covered with grass,
And gives the thought as we pass;
Not only their souls, but bodies are gone,
And no friend there to put ground on.

IT ISN'T GOOD FORM.

Some men get tired loving,
When they see there's no return;
They wear old clothing,
And try for no one.

We need less etiquette,
And more coming together;
Some of the former balanced with sense,
Would go high up in the air.

ALWAYS A ROAD.

No difference where we live,
In the country 'roun;
The earth will always give,
A road to go to town.

Though it may not be straight,
Trees may hinder this;
When there, it depends on what we take, (drink,)
It even the straightest is,
(On the way back.)

TO THE SLOVENLY RICH.

O what are things on earth,
Though we live three score;
After we lose our breath,
We see them no more.

Better live a man,
Better live a woman;
Work for treasures here,
To enjoy forever in heaven.

THE HUNTERS GOOD MISTAKE.

[One evening, (bewildered,) after being out several days, getting no game, he thoughtlessly fed his hogs hay, and his sheep corn. (He had 50 sheep, 10 hogs and 5 dogs.) The next morning he was surprised.]

His hogs had turned into sheep,
And his sheep had turned into hogs; (Busters)
Not having much corn for them to eat,
He fed them with his dogs.

Then sold them to a butcher that came along,
For enough to buy himself a home.

Thus, having no dogs to eat his meat,
No hogs to feed any corn;
And now and then butchering a sheep,
He had no need of hunt'n.

And sold some hay in the bargain,
And was glad nearly to bust'n.

IT WAS TO BE MINE. (It wasn't hunting.)

Poor rabbit, poor rabbit,
I caught one today;
It tried my heart,
To take its life away.

I caught it in a log,
Without hunting it a bit;
I had no dog,
No gun to shoot.

Poor rabbit, poor rabbit,
O how it feared;
It jerked and trembled,
Tried to be cleared.

Poor rabbit, poor rabbit,
I then took it home;
Killed it and fried it,
For this here man. (1898.)

BIBLICAL.

O father, the older I get,
The more I think of thee;
O wilt thou not be a friend?
O be a friend to me.

Though I've a home, a good home here,
I must leave it all some day;
Then wilt thou not be so dear,
As to let me with the stay.

I cannot be more than I am,
I cannot change my way;
Forgive my past, let me not sin,
While in this world I stay.

Corinthians, 13:1, have me heed,
And love the people every day;
Then when my prayers to thee are said,
I'll have less sins to wash away. (1898.)

THE APPLE. (On and off the tree.)

Aug. 14.—I wish somebody would take me off,
For I think I'm ripe enough;

Aug. 21.—My hold is weakening, I'm softening too,
Here goes, here goes, down I go.
Keep the 'pigs' away, I didn't grow for
them,
Rather give me to poor women or men,
Or a little girl or boy,
For I am good and delight the eye.

TRAVELING. (Afoot.)

How many places we meet, (sadly,)
Where humanity had its feet, (long ago;)
The buildings are all gone,
But 'fruit' trees, show the home. (Place.)
(Giving thought, Where are they, how the world will
move?)

LOOKING AT THE SHY. (Night.)

O God how far a soul must go,
To see thee where thou art;
And leave its 'body' too,
And with this earth part.

Way up above the stars in heaven,
That look as little as a pea;
And give the sky a beautiful vision,
On which rests eternity.

There, O there, I judge thou art,
Surrounded by all that's nice;
Even steeds, with wings to start
Newcomers o'er paradise.

MORNING (Ere Rising).

Behold the sun is rising
For another Sabbath day.
Let us be up and asking
Jesus to wash our sins away.
Let us make it a day in particular
To amend for the past week,
And try to live hereafter
Pleasing God, and all we meet.

IN A SALOON.

As he stands up beside the counter,
Waiting for the drink to soak down,
He puts me in mind of a beggar
Who used to do the same.
He had plenty of money, and a home,
But through loving liquor, it went his red lane.
Of course, he didn't drink for it all,
But drinking was the seed
That gave his property to others
And put himself in need.

WORK, THAT THOU CANS'T REST.

Time is rolling, rolling on,
Like the tide of a mighty river.
Each setting of the evening sun
Ends a day that's gone forever.
Time is here, and coming on;
Each moment goes toward the night,
Improve the day, for when it's gone
Darkness comes, and you need a light. (Rest.)

WAITING FOR THE FISH TO BITE.

To escape the 'police,' who'd 'arrest' us,
Merely for setting down;
And the mayor, who would 'fine' us,
'Cause we're from another town.

We are setting here at the river,
Waiting for the fish to bite,
To escape the police and the mayor,
That our money they don't get.

For they've a spiteful mien at us,
'Cause we don't live in the town,
Help pay the tax, and so they fuss
And our money they would own.

[Jim Nightengale, Devil's Bluff, Switzerland.]

IT'S A GIRL'S WORK TO DO. (Cooks and Waiters.)

Humph! it seems the girls are here,
Just to give men things to eat,
For it becomes them much better
Than men to do the feat.

Although a man can cook,
And hand the things around,
It never yet did look
In a manner that is sound. (Natural.)

Just watch his every act,
And then a girl's, too,
And you'll see it is a fact
It's a girl's work to do.

GET A WIFE.

God made women to please (fascinate)
The man who lives in ease.
When a woman does him greet,
And lovingly would him meet,
If he 'loves' her, yet will not wed,
He is no 'man,' may be said,
Is not perfect, as is understood,
Does not possess true manhood.
Everybody loves a lover;
A 'cheerful' one becomes receiver. (Gets a wife.)

ON A COUNTRY STUMP.

Here is a place we can sit
As long as we desire.
No police to arrest us a bit,
Nor glare with eyes of fire.

The city is a beloved place
For those who have homes,
But for a stranger there is no ease;
He must stand or walk, with tired bones.

DECORATION DAY. (A Kindly Hint.)

When man is dead, then let him be;
Rather care for those who live, and see
'They' get the rose, instead of he.

Each have trouble enough of their own.
See to those in and near your home.
When dead, they hear nor see 'no' one.

IN A TOWN 'STRANGE' TO YOU.

If wealthy, and hunting a wife,
Do not these secrets unfurl.
Thus avoid false friendship, endangering life.
First see and know your girl.

See the face you could love,
Then try to find her out.
Thus you'll make a better choice;
She'll love you more, no doubt.

THE COUNTRY 'THIS' TIME.

Among the 'tatoes and the corn,
Among the grass and wheat,
Instead of people all the time;
You feel better from crown to feet.

Then the glorious shade,
Under the trees in the field,
As if by God 'twere made
That people to 'country' would yield.

'Live' in, instead of the city,
Where many can't get work;
And noise and hurry, impure air,
Causes many a death.

LOVE AGAINST WORK. (Of Some Kinds.)

O, when I was in love
I got very little done;
My thoughts almost continually
On the girls would run.

For when I wrote a book,
It went first-rate,
Till I fell in love,
Then it came too late. (Slow.)

So now I'll try my work,
And try my very best,
Then if I am in love,
My book is finished first.

BIBLE.—The Drunkard Shall Come to Want (Yet God is Merciful).

He feeds the drunkard while he stands,
Or staggers on the street;
Opens his mouth, guides his hands,
That he retains his meat. (Flesh.)

So, yet He 'pities' him, spares his life,
Though for liquor he does crave,
Till he's no money for self or wife,
Then 'must' quit, or starve.

THE LOCOMOTIVE BELL.

Loud rings the bell,
It nearly turns over,
As if people to tell,
Beware of danger.

It goes jingle, jingle, jing;
It almost thrills the mind,
With little pull on the string,
And yet to you it's kind.
You are not apt to be run over,
Thus soul and body remain together.

BE CONTENT.

Be content, where'er you are,
No difference where that be,
Beneath the sun or shining star,
'Twixt now and eternity.

Be kind to people, here and there,
And wherever you may go.
Try to wear a face that's fair,
And people will 'admire' you.

BIOGRAPHIC.

Ven I vas a little boy,
And just began to crawl;
I done very little all the day,
But eat, sleep and bawl.

In fact I bawled so much,
My sister vas mad von day;
And wanted to tro me off de porch
To get me out de way.

And ven I vas a boy,
My sisters vas so glad
To get me to sing a song,
To made my bruders mad.

Now my sisters are gone,
All married away;
(So mit 'other' fellows sisters,
I like to pass the day.)

And now I'm grown,
And saved some money;
Will give each 500 I own,
For caeing for the bawling baby.

TAKE NOTICE. (Seen on a sidewalk seat.)

'Men,' you can 'sit' here,
Until the 'police' interfere,
But a certain length of time is right;
Don't sit here after night.
For I've got dynamite, where its best,
In under the seats for a test;
And if you shouldn't get up and get,
You might 'forever' rest.

WHEN THE WORK IS OVER. (The bashful man.)

Then comes the Saturday night,
The streets are crowded thick;
Here are the girls, some bright,
Then he's a little sick. (Loves too much.)

You're foolish, 'foolish' so to do,
Why not be bold and bright?
Only one in 500,000 may 'love' you,
So there's little success in a night.

Hist, the best cure for a bashful man,
Is to know that girls don't 'love' them;
Then they go around as others can,
In fact like gentlemen.

The way to win him, the easiest to be bourne,
'Encourage' him a little, then pretend he's not the
one.

But be sure you're the right girl,
He's the particular'st man on earth;
Then you'll have a good husband
Until his death.

THE GIRL AT TEN.

The natural little damsel,
If a clever one to toy,
You feel as said in heaven,
When joking her about a boy.

You see she don't 'like' them,
And it's easy seen by her look;
Then you see in her a pleasure,
That is better than a book.

GOING HOME FROM WORK.

Think of the city when on the street,
When you're tired and can't sit down;
Then of the many places you meet,
In the country on the farm.

Fences, stumps, the ground itself,
Makes it better, far better by half.

I pity the poor worn-out people,
Who can't sit down account style;
Who would, were they in the country,
Lay down in the shade awhile.

DON'T DRESS TOO 'DAINTY,' GIRLS.

(It lowers men's self-esteem.)

A pretty girl should not dress too grand,
We're afraid we'll spoil her by shaking her hand;
A less dainty apparel will better suffice,
Man is afraid of her if she is too nice.
Pretty feathers makes pretty birds,
But she may hear less sweet words.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

There will be no politics in heaven,
The doors may be closed on those who think they
have the most religion.
He that thinks his own church and runs all others
down,
Is very apt to get a different home.
If he visits not, and would not be visited by other
churches,
Lookout! Just such men have been found deceivers.
Yes, there'll be no politics in heaven; nor any nation
lines,
So neither will be fussed about, like here in modern
times.
It's not going to church that may number us on the
roll, (in heaven,)
It's the goodness of the heart, the goodness of the
soul.

MR. GRAND AND MR. PLAIN.

Mr. Grand, when on the street,
Cares very little for Mr. Plain to meet,
And Mr. Plain, Mr. Grand may shun,
Until he's a common 'suit on.
Grand thinks of Plain, you're far from showy,
But I'd talk if we'd meet in an alley.

ONE MANS LOVE.

[After being engaged to marry a girl, she 'jilted,' then he traveled and luckily became very rich.]

Once I did your love implore,
It done me no good;
You loved another man much more,
And you and he did wed.

Three years have passed away,
And through drinking he is dead;
Now you come to me and say,
Buy my children clothes and bread.

Forgive me, O, forgive me,
That I so cruelly talk,
I merely wanted to tell you
The path some women walk. (Mistake.)

I'll buy you a little home,
And your children shall be fed;
May you live happy and long,
My love for women has fled.

(Hist, another year has past away,
And he is back again,
And this time will longer stay,
He's in love with the woman again,
And he married her.)

THE THREE SWEETS.

Pinched under an umbrella,
So they wouldn't get wet;
Three girls were walking together,
Looking sweet and neat.

The smile of the middle one
Was as sweet as the angels of heaven;
My heart was almost gone
When to the others 'twas given.

She did not smile on me,
I am too old and plain;
If she had, though my heart were ice,
'Twould have melted back to rain,

She drew them up so close,
Much closer than she would me;
For I am at a loss,
I'm a 'man' you see.

THE NEWLY FILLED CHAFFTICK.

When I was a young man,
Scarcely more than a boy,
They filled the chafftick now and then,
Which brought words, not all joy.

You see the chaff would give away,
When I was sound asleep,
Then somehow or way,
I'd fall out on my pate.

(Then hearing the rest laughing
While I sneaked in bed again,
Was next to aggravation,
I didn't want it 'known' to them.

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS. (A story.)

Here is a spot by few is known,
Because it's far from any home;
Here an Indian once was laid,
On leaving his den, (or his shade.)
Because he wanted to shoot old Boon,
But Boon saw him a little too soon;
For before he had time to shoot,
Boon shot him dead as a boot.
They had been looking for each others pate,
For between them was a deadly hate,
And Boon's great spunk and unwild shot,
Brought this Indian to this spot.
Boon then entered the Indians den,
And saw the many he had slain
By the scalps on the wall,
And didn't regret his death a tall.

THE LOVER.

Why is he thought silly?
Because he loves the girls;
He loves them, because they're lovely,
A 'gentleman' knows.

Love, who can 'help' it,
If he is really a man;
Love is love, he knows that,
And he'll love whoever he can.

WHILE NEAR THE FERRY. (She hurried by.)

Maiden stay with me today,
O come and stay with me;
I dislike to see you go away,
O come and stay with me.

(Thus he thought as she passed by,
On her way to cross the river,
Because her beauty took his eye.
And made him suddenly 'Lover.'

THESE BICYCLES RUN TOO HARD. (1876.)

So I've invented a bicycle,
That girls can easy ride;
I'll have my name upon it,
To show its bona-fide.

I'll warrant it to run easier
Than any yet made;
And the rider to be happier,
Than if laying in the shade.

For three thousand dollars,
I'll tell it all to you;
And in less than five years,
It's all the world through.

NATURAL AVOCATION.

Be content with what you are,
Though others are greater than you;
This world was never made for
'One' man 'everything' to do.

There are many kinds of business,
From small up to tall, (Great.)
But the wisest man, the greatest man,
Doesn't know them all.

So be content with what you are,
No difference what that be;
You'll feel much better by far,
Knowing it is destiny.

LOVE IS PAINFUL.

When man is on the street,
For business or a rove,
Some girl he may meet,
And finds himself in love.

The girl goes on her way,
He may never see her again;
This is man's lot many a day,
And only gives him pain.

SOME ABOUT LOVE.

What's the use of me in a crowd,
That others I may see;
They get along as well without,
And do not care for me.

If it wasn't for the girls,
'Twould be quite a different thing,
For some I cannot see,
Without a loving them.

Your heart may be thought stone,
And you say you'll never wed;
But if you see the right one,
She'll surely turn your head. (Notion.)

You've never seen anyone,
You lovingly thought sweet,
Or you'd take that notion down
And stamp it under you feet.

Love is powerful and painful,
Love all like to own;
Place a 'chair' in a lovers road,
And it may throw him down.

Bosh, girls without trying, 'draw' you,
'Look' at them, just look at them;
Look at the right one,
And you'll be glad to be her beau.

IDLE MAN.

Don't you pity yourself while idling aroun',
Instead of working and so feel more strong;
Pity your arms and legs. And brighter you'd feel,
And look to those who might think you steal.

(Idlers unknown are often thought to be thieves.)

IDLER, DRINKER, ROBBER. (All in one man.)

Go to work for yourself,
Don't stand waiting to rob;
Men who worked all their life,
While you've idled from little up.

Are you not ashamed of yourself,
To try to rob those
Who are good, have saved, are temperate,
While you've drinked to a red nose.

Humph, 'police' should be at your coat tail,
Ready to arrest you without fail;
Or less words, (to end this song,)
Put you in jail, (where you belong.)

HARD TIMES OR DRINK. (Which is it?)

Some people say the times are hard,
And that everything is dear,
But these words, let be heard,
'It's the result of drinking beer.'

Five cents will buy a moderate meal,
Of something good to eat;
Some people 'board' themselves for less
Than others spend for drink, (Awe.)

WHEN SUNDAY MORNING HAS COME.

There's many heart that's broken,
There's many a aching head;
For the man who has been drinking,
And from his girl got left.

He met some other fellows,
With whom he thought he'd drink a mite;
But he like many others,
Soon was staggering drunk.

But telling all, 'more' does follow
And would made some men curse;
He sold his gold watch for a dollar,
And somebody stole his purse.

AUTHORS MISREPRESENTED.

There is a church society, (some one says,)
It wants to beat 'outsiders' writing;
It runs down authors in many ways,
Not belonging to the same denomination.

No difference how good their book,
It doesn't want it to sell,
This shows their kind of religion,
And what makes their book tell. (Show.)

HARD TIMES. (When we can't sell.) Fun.

The business man stands in his door,
Wondering why the people don't come in;
As if he thought, they'd buy no more,
Though fat, he's looking thin.

The farmer comes to town with a load,
Feeling contented and glad;
But going home and nothing sold,
Looks quite different and sad, (Could bust.)

EVERYBODY LOVES A LOVER.

But most miserable is he
Who loves, and is afraid to talk;
Months and years go by, and he's
Same as when taking his first walk. (Unmarried.)

Bashful men mostly make a good
Husband and father;
If girls propose and
Pull them up to the alter.

Only one in one-hundred thousand may 'do' this,
So, many bashful never see wedded bliss.

So, he loves, (is sick,) more seldom loves,
Till he's about 44;
Then childlike gives up,
And says he'll love no more,
(And keeps from girls society.)

WHO TO BLAME.

If you blame saloonists' for selling drink,
Then how about those who make it?
Better begin on the "roots" I think.
If you don't want a tree don't "grow" it.

Men get drunk and commit crime;
The innocent are taxed the same.
And lawyers are 'high,' many of them.
Why not the 'drunkard' blame?

A drunkard might be put in prison;
Have him work for the state;
Giving his 'wife and children' then
What he earns—for clothing and support.

Let the state pay his lawyers,
And he pay the state;
And work long enough besides
His wife and children to keep.

Whenever he is so drunk
He can not, or will not, work,
Pick him up, for in the pen
His wife and children to support.

But if he should be wealthy enough,
Without any work at all,
Just let him go, if he does right,
Till his wife or children on you call.

But if he has none of these,
Works only for himself,
There are others it would please,
Who can not work, and almost starve.

Being where he can not get drunk,
(Or no money to buy at all,
He's more a man; gets natural spunk);
Some intemperance is sure to fall.

Man, under the influence of a heavy meal,
May do what he would not otherwise;
So, he's the one with whom to deal;
He did the act, he eat the pies.

[A poem that statesmen, philosophers, distillers, brewers, saloonists, and men that drink, and people in general should read.]

[That a man may get drunk, and be so in his own home, if he does not injure another person, or property not belonging to him, is not meant in this poem excepting in accordance with the sixth verse.]

PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. ON RECEPTION DAYS.

There he stands on the floor;
He's only a man; only a man;
The same as others, and no more;
Only a man; only a man.

But he's President; others are not;
He's only a man; only a man.
But see the trouble he has got;
He's only a man; one man.

Two days reception, to shake hands;
He's only a man; one man;
I'd wish myself in other lands;
He's only a man; one man.

How could I all those people meet;
I'm only a man; one man.
With pleasing looks and acts them greet;
I'm only a man; one man.

Though I "loved" them, it's too much strain
On a man; one man.

Though a President for pay'n;
One man; one man.

Once a week on the floor
I'd "show" myself, but no more;
Wouldn't shake hands.
I'm only a man; only one man.

A VALENTINE.

I've been thinking of the world, the world around;
Of the many people that in it abound.
I've been thinking of the maidens, bright and gay;
Of the people in general in their way.
I've been thinking of the large and small;
Of her without beau, from spring to fall.
I've been thinking of the beautiful and what they say;
And those contrary in every way.
I've been thinking of the maiden who wants a man;
Of her without desire, to kindle a flame.
I've been thinking of the charms of maidens bright;
Of tricks and traps, the 'widows' light.
I've been thinking how willingly some would plan
If they only knew how to catch a man.
I've been thinking how sad some seem to be
When they say that no one cares for me.
And men are willing and anxious to wed,
But never know by whom 'tis said.
And so it goes from time to time,
When they might send a valentine,
And cause a heart to leap with joy;
A mind to wonder, who's the girl or boy,
That sent that missive so nice and sweet;
And a heart's desire them to meet.
So, having all these thoughts on my mind,
I hope you'll not think me unkind
For sending a letter direct to you,
Telling the course I wish to pursue.
If you are willing, now is the time;
Say, Miss, will you be mine?

WHEN THE INNER-MAN IS WEAK.

We seldom eat too little,
But often eat too much;
When the stomach is so fickle
And sensitive to the touch.
We are constantly worried,
About what and when to eat;
And the stomach is often hurried
When receiving is difficult.
At times we think we're done,
And do not eat any more;
But before an hour is gone
The stomach is hungry sore.

Again, we think we can not eat;
Nothing seems to be palatable,
But after beginning the feast
Think we could eat everything on the table.

Again, we may eat a common meal,
Feel good (of it) very quick;
But, if a little 'excitement' we've to feel,
It only makes us sick.

And we bloat; ah, yes, we bloat;
Right after eating a meal;
And like the pride of a goat,
How 'big' we feel.

Constantly our stomach on our mind;
We run it if we can;
It is like a book to learn;
It is the inner-man.

NOT EVERY ONE. AND EVERYTHING.

I have been a traveling, and by it learning:
I find one don't know all, and can't do everything.
And when I got to Cleveland, that glorious town and
lake,
My words were true enough, or I don't see the point.
I thought, what a little thing is man, when he counts
only himself.
Among so many others, who are hunting for fame
and wealth.
And so many hunting homes, they can't find in town;
Why don't they build boats, and anchor them (some)
Don't you think it would be wise to have a boat home?
No high price lot, and cool enough and warm.
They would have plenty to eat, just like on the shore,
And with a small boat could go over and get more.
They could whistle, dance and sing, to while their
time away;

And do most anythlng they think to make it pay.
Now, I've given you my idea, and you can plainly see
If there is no room on land, there yet is on sea.

BY THE LIGHT OF MY LAMP.

Sitting alone at the stove;
By the light of the lamp so bright;
With no one near to love,
At 10 o'clock at night.

I've given up; no wife I'll get;
I've tried without avail.
Thirty-nine, and single yet;
Living alone, as in jail.

Ah, the girls know me not;
I'm backward if many's aroun',
But if my choice was here tonight,
I'd offer myself and home.

But what's the use of talking;
So it's been with me for years;
To a battle to be walking
Would cause me less fear.

Than go in a crowd,
And talk to my choice girl;
While people are looking all about,
As is natural in this world.

Ah, some girls do not know,
Bashful men are best, (natured).
They love them more; but make less show.
And married, in kindness they take the lead.

ALONG THE RIVER. (A Warning.)

I'd rather build on hills to escape high water,
Than on low lands and lose my son and daughter.
Yea, I'd rather build on hills to escape high water,
Than on low lands and lose my life or partner;
For no one can tell when it will rain,
And when it begins, when it will refrain.
I'd rather live in a boat ready to launch,
Than with logs and 'stumps' stand my chance in the
'river.'

JAMES G. BLAINE.

From who is it we often hear,
Whose name to many hearts is dear,
And of the wide world does not fear,
Can speak and write both bright and clear
It's James G. Blaine.

Who is it does high office hold,
Lacks timidity is becoming bold;
Did the Behring Sea matter lay cold,
And may peace or war easily mold?
It's James G. Blaine.

And sir, Mr. Blaine is a warrior with ink,
(And a secretary of state you know;) —
With this cheap fluid he may yet link,
The country's together and easily so,

Yes sir, James G. Blaine.

Yes, and Blaine is a man of energy,
Has influence o'er man and spouse;
And nineteen times out of twenty,
His chance is good in the White House.

Yes sir, James G. Blaine. (1892.)

NEWSPAPERS.

Why should we do without a paper,
When its contents we can persue
A year, for less than one days labor,
At fifty cents if we choose.

If our nature should be solitude,
And few people to us should speak,
Without a paper we'd be almost destitute
Of the news of the past and present week.

So, time would go by,
Editors we'd rarely behoove;
And some day we'd die,
Scarcely knowing the world did move.

THE MOTHER. (On the street.)

She raised her daughter with feelings fine,
And loves her, O so well;
And walks with her till it is nine, (p. m.)
To keep away that swell. (Stranger.)

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

A champion is a man of pluck,
A man that wins the prize
In very quick time, he's luck,
And can blacken an enemy's eyes.

For when he hits it surely counts,
As he is a man of force;
And his arms, when he fights,
Will make a straight course.

He's champion now of the world,
And up to this writing;
He's won the prize and many knocked
Almost into eternity.

But I know what would try him hard,
If he fought fair for 'bumblebees' honey;
As his prize, (and stood his ground,)
Or a nest of yellow jackets for money.

Much like the wasp, they're very quiet,
And the man that don't want to fight;
But when stirred up as in a riot,
Their sting is awful coming left and right.

LOVE. (At first sight.)

We'd take rings from our fingers and put them on
hers,
We'd throw money at her feet;
Nothing seems valuable that is ours,
When her we are trying to meet.

(At the depot.)—But ah, (love is painful,) she's going
on the train,
We've only seen her today, and may never see her
again.

THE PRAYER FOR A WIFE.

I want a wife, a loving wife,
For a partner and to love;
That I may not need to spend my life
Alone and only for self.

I have a home and money,
That thou hast blessed me with;
But living alone is lonely,
And there's many a lovely miss.

So I ask thee O God,
To hear this prayer from me,
And guide me to thee road,
Where I can find loving company. (A wife.)

And that we of sorrow will be free,
That might be our fault alone;
Were we not guided by thee,
To be joined together as one.

So let it be I pray with me,
Till I this world must leave;
Then a home with thee
Let me in heaven receive.

BRADLY'S WHITE RAT. (Fun.)

As I was walking 'round about,
On business and for fun;
In a window I saw a white rat,
And it didn't care a d—m.

I expect he's seen people before,
For he didn't even raise his head,
And was washing himself all oe'r,
And perhaps didn't know I was a poet.

So then I walked away,
Twixt in earnest and in jest;
And this devilish rat
Would't see me even when I left.

So, I'll send this poem to his owner,
To his big feel'n rat to read;
Then if I'm again at the window,
He'll not think I'm a hayseed.

BLOOMERS.

No girl can enjoy her peace of mind,
In a crowd of our modern lookers;
When she rides a 'bicycle' be she ever so kind,
They'll stare, stare, stare at her bloomers.

Though some like to see them and others don't care,
Some make fun and others look on;
Some may smile, though not even at her,
She thinks it is and her heart is like stone.

So they'll stare, stare, stare at her bloomers,
And she's not feeling good, not at home. (Natural.)

[“Put them away girls, put them away”]

HERE AND AFTER.

Away, away up there in heaven,
Above the stars, above the sky,
A home to all is given,
That God obey.

Now, if that home we would win,
We need not laugh, we need not cry;
Do what is right, trust in him,
He rules here and above the sky.

RICH, BUT NEVER TELLS IT. (Fun.)

Although I'm termed rich,
Those who've ascertained it knows,
I never paid a false breach of promise,
Much because I wear poor clothes.

Girls don't take the trouble
To find out who I am;
For, unless the clothes are suitable,
A man is not a man, with them.

They wouldn't even be caught
A walking on the street
With a man dressed as I am,
So plain, from head to feet.

If you don't want girls' love,
Old dame nature knows;
Her words for truth will prove;
Just wear a poor suit of clothes.

RICH AND POOR.

Some have treasures by the score,
Others scarcely any can find;
When on this world we shut the door
We, rich and poor, leave all behind.

Some, it seems, are blessed with luck,
While others are always unfortunate;
Some obtain wealth by having pluck;
Others labor and have insufficient to eat.

While the rich may themselves overload,
From the table that is heavily spread,
The poor diet on what work can afford,
And generally rest better in bed.

The rich may appear to live easy,
But they have trouble on their minds;
Fearing thieves make them uneasy,
And breaking in when night blinds.

Eternity will come to one and all,
Regardless of all on earth we possess;
And all alike will fall,
Whether living in a mansion or wilderness.

NATURE'S TIME.

- (Morning.)—It's time to work; do it well,
 Until the bell does dinner tell.
(Noon.)—Dinner is over; we should not delay
 Until the day is passed away.
(Evening.)—It's time for rest; which is best,
 Until the tenth hour is past.
(10 p. m.)—It's time to retire and to sleep,
Until the dawn does us wake.

ASK THE IDLING BEGGAR IN JUNE.

- O where is your oats, corn and wheat?
You haven't sown any at all.
What will you have to reap
This summer and this fall?
What have you done for winter,
To buy your bread and meat?
That you, not like this summer,
Of others' work do eat.

Sow; (work) and ye shall eat. (Thessalonians, 3:10.)
It's better than begging bread and meat.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE. (The Ole Farmer.)

He brings his pretty daughter to town
To get her a pair of shoes;
So that she can try them on,
So they're not too tight or loose.

He doesn't like to have her long,
But in this case he must;
He knows his expense would be more'n a song,
If they were too tight and bust.

So, while they are in town,
She does a man beguile, (mash)
An' tells the ole man go'n home,
Then he has a smile. (All is pleasant.)

A LECTURE.

To you, my friends,
Please listen to what I say;
There's no one, except children,
Gets to heaven, that doesn't pray.

Everybody is born
And dies alone;
And for a home in heaven
The work must be their own.

A preacher may preach,
And tell you what to do;
Though his prayers may save him,
They will not save you.

There was a time, Christ was here,
Some were healed by his prayer;
There's none now on earth so dear,
Though God can hear wherever you are.

There is but one God,
Though he can save all,
If they do what is right
And on him call.

You need not pray in public
Nor in church;
In secret or thoughts will do;
He knows, and accepts thoughts.

THE SPEEDIEST FLYER.

When a poor man sits to his meal,
He may wish he could live like others,
Who've chicken, beef, deer, ham or veal,
And of everything best and numerous.

He may think some men's dog
Live better than he does now;
For much that's on the walk
Is better than his, anyhow.

For instance, the office holder,
Who is boarded by the state;
His table is loaded, surprising
Those who never there did eat.

The best the world produces,
And variation each meal;
Silver knives, forks, costly dishes,
And the table legs nearly squeal.

They hold the office in glee,
As long as votes it give;
And get a big pile of money,
And the best treatment receive.

(Fun.) If offices could be won
Like races at a fair,
The speediest flyer I'd like to own,
To win the presidential chair.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S FIRST WRITING. A, B, C.

(Fun.)

The A like a mathock, to dig up the ground,
The B like a shovel, to shovel it around;
Then comes the C, like a pile of sand,
For buggies to run over, the child's happy land.
At last the sheet is finished by the anxious little
girl,
And looks as if lashed by a cow's ink'd tail.

THE APPLE AND DRUNKARD.

Offer a drukard an apple;
He looks with disgust;
He fairly hates apples;
They take away his thirst.
He leaves the hogs eat them,
Or else leaves them rot,
Whether they're a dollar a bushel,
Or whether they are naught.

MIRACULOUS.

I am sitting on the slant of the steep bank of a mighty river.
Suddenly I feel I am slipping and nothing to try to hold
myself at but some stone above me, that I think must give
way and fall with me a hundred feet in the river.

O God, thou cans't easily see
I'm on the brink of death.
O take my soul to thee
If I fall and lose my life.

Down I go; the shock awakens me; and
Happily, I am in bed. ('Twas a dream.)

THE NEW FANGLED APPLE PIE. (Directions.)

I just take a piece of bread
And spread it well with lard,
Then put sugar on top,
Then eat an apple with it;
And it's just as good
As apple pie you bake.

Or, if you don't like lard,
Butter will also do;
And with any kind of fruit
It's the best of "all the go."

But of all the pies I eat
And that best take my eye,
None equals that glorious,
Enticing, jubileeing pumpkin pie.

THE WIDOWER'S PET.

I caught a little squirrel,
That I have something to do; (care for)
Now come, some pretty girl,
Take care of the little squirrel,
And I'll take care of you.

Ten days is passed away, (No girl.)
And the little squirrel is free;
While I fixed the cage today
It jumped for liberty.

GIRLS. (A Temperate Man Avenged.)

Don't be in a hurry to marry,
Unless he's a sober coon; (gent.)
Then when your supper is ready
You needn't lead him from a saloon.

Or eat and stay by yourself
Until the midnight hour;
Then he comes stumbling in,
And falling on the floor.

A dog would be better than he
For you as company;
The wonderful "nerve maker," whisky,
Then cloves or lozenges, makes matrimony.

NO WAR. (Administer.)

'Twixt England and America,
These countries I've reserved;
America, I love England, too,
And want the two joined.

We could sail from one to the other
On the great dividing ocean;
They our sister, we their brother;
One great and glorious nation.

Away with separation; call it one.

Both would be richer, in course of time;
And, with Canada as our oldest daughter,
I'd take her best for my own partner.
(I was there; I'm a widower.)

THE DOMESTIC FLY.

In the coldest of winter weather,
With the stove and I by,
The heat somehow or other
Brings around the summer fly.

And reminds me of youthful days,
When I went to school;
And pulling off poor flies' wings,
So making myself a fool.

Would you like your arms pulled off?
Then left to starve out?
A man don't know he was a fool
Till 19 or 20 about.

IN DREAMLAND.

I'm unsuccessful in love; it's destiny;
But in dreams I get the sweetest words,
The sweetest smiles, far above worldly.
(i. e., Persons anywhere to persons awake.)

I talk with the sweetest girls
Of the city and country,
Whenever loveland rules
The heart that is in me.

THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Here lie the clothes of my son John,
And here's his dog, Ned;
The clothes as if living, ready to put on,
But the body for in them is dead.

(Explanation.—The clothes lie on a table, man sits close by,
dog comes up as if wanting another friend.)

LOVELESS.

He that loves not women,
(My new spoken song.)
May need medicine;
Maybe something wrong.

Some say he's a fool,
Or is no man;
Is not himself, (perfect)
As was Adam.

Perhaps his heart's in a bottle,
Or in his money,
Or defeated in battle (love)
Too often for matrimony.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE. (Except War.)

When Europeans come to America
They find it all O. K. Ha! Ha!
And 9 of 10 of them
Alwas like to stay. Ha! Ha!
And if they happen to be single
They with our ladies mingle. Ha! Ha!
Then, if they prefer their own country,
They take with them a Miss Columbia. Ha! Ha!
(England and America should join.
One race, one language and all. Ha! Ha!)

DEAF MAN'S MIND'S EAR.

O, the sweet sounds in my mind's ear
Sometimes for hours ringing,
Unasked, yet welcome as the air,
And far above the sweetest singing.

It almost lifts me up;
My hands and feet want play;
If I give it my attention
It's a heaven, sometimes, for me.

Could I sing them as I hear them,
It would my soul delight;
I'd join a theatrical company
And get fifty dollars a night.

IT'S GOOD FOR HIM.

Butcher.—Why do you buy liver and kidneys?
They are for poor men.

Customer.—Well, if it's good for a poor mouth
It's good for a rich one.

Many of our poorest ladies
Marry our richest gentlemen;
She allows him to kiss her
Because it's good for him.

THE BEST POEMS.

To please the hearts of the people
Are those that come from God;
He puts them in author's minds (Heb. 10:16.)
And they write them out.

ETERNITY. GOD IS JUDGE.

O be careful what you do;
Study into it well
Before you go over to see
Whether you're going to heaven or hell.

Remember, you'll not come back
To try life over;
You'll leap in light or dark
And remain forever.

HUNTING A SWEETHEART.

I love to sit by the street
When I've nothing else to do,
And see the girls going to work.
Why? I'll tell you.

I'm hunting a sweetheart,
And want a girl that works;
The dinner pail does this impart;
And plainness never cheats.

SUDDEN LOVE. (Dramatic. Imaginary.)

A mountaineer drops in a room (adjoining a ballroom) filled with ladies waiting for the dance to begin, when he suddenly thinks the following, as a young lady whom he has seen before smiles on him.

I just dropped in to see you all
And ask you how d'ye do;
But it seems somehow in love I fall,
And it's with one of you.

That gay young lady; there she stands
Dressed in snowy white;
I'd wed her here or in foreign lands;
I'd wed her day or night.

I thought my heart had turned to stone
And I'd be loveless hereafter;
But this fair girl now has come;
My love is high. Could I get her?

She.—Your love has come so sudden, sir,
I've had no time to consider.
Call on me tomorrow or
When the ball is over.

Next day he called and they went away,
Strange as it may seem, sir;
And they were married is the say,
And living in clover. (Are happy.)

THE AGENT. (Lover.)

Sometimes a week, sometimes a day
In a place, then we are in love;
Then in sorrow go away;
Our business requires us to move.

There's some one left behind
We'd have liked to know better;
Our thoughts of her are kind,
But we may never see her.
(This, the life of a rover.)

THE DASHING GIRL.

She is most always lively;
(Why so, I'll shortly tell;) We love her if she's pretty,
And cannot help it as well.

We love to see her laugh,
We love to see her smile;
Even if not meant for us
It does our care beguile. (Please.)

(Hist! I'll tell you why this is.
It's a very winning charm.
Nature has given her this
To draw the love of men.)

For, if there's anything that's winning
In this good and wicked worl',
It's the merry, handsome, laughing,
Charming, dashing girl.

IT'S WORTH A HARD TRIAL.

Nearer, O God, to Thee,
I hope hereafter to be;
I plainly see that property on earth
Is not as good as prepared for death.

We all like to live long here,
Even though we're poor;
It's worth some pain to get up there
To live forevermore.

Here we work for worldly goods,
(Though eat and wear is all we get;)
The soul leaves it; (the body moulds;)
And goes to hell, if it must.

SONG. (Low, Slow and Solemn.)

O, what is life? What is life?
Go in the graveyard and see
Th' sunken grave, the sunken grave,
Giving a sad memory.

But behold! Though life is short
And for a grave's moldering,
If we believe in Jesus right,
'Twill be everlasting.—John 3:16.

SALLIE MACKEM IS COMING.

(The family were troubled over a slight misfortune when a gay chap of 13 looks out the window and sees a merry neighbor girl coming and says:)

What's the use o' griev'n'?
Laugh'n's better by far.
Sallie Mackem is coming.
Leave the doors ajar.

'Glad to see you here,' says he,
As Sallie entered the door.
In less than an hour all was glee,
And misfortune remembered no more.

What is the use of repining?
(Thinks Sallie, all in glee.)
I'm a doctor, always laughing
And making others like me.

TWO CURES FOR THINKING.

If there was a cure for thinking
We wouldn't need half the sleep;
The brain would be resting
While we're wide awake.

It is the lying awake
Because we cannot sleep,
And the thinking we cannot help,
That makes the brain weak.

So I've invented cures for thinking,
Though they may not be number one;
Try to drive the mind from anything
You are thinking on.

Look around; see everything; try to govern the eyes (open or closed) to release the mind from doing much work; give no one thing more sight and thought than necessary. Meriment and the ax, maul, mattock, shovel, sledge and many other tools sufficiently used, is almost a 'solid' cure. Idle limbs breed thoughts till the brain is tired; busy limbs or sleep rests it till the 'body' is tired. Learn to know when to change.

VALUE OF GOOD PRAYERS.

No one knows their prayers are answered
At any time or in any way;
But the bible; we know by it
It's worth the while to pray.

Oh, think of a home forever
Free of sorrow and pain,
And meeting the good gone over,
Never to part again.

Should we neglect praying?
Or doing good as well?
And risk at departing
Going down to hell?
(We either go to heaven or hell.)

DESIRE TO BE A PREACHER.

Would I could be like Jesus,
Would I could preach like He,
I'd try my best to save souls,
Then in heaven spend eternity
When my life here is over.

I'd cure the deaf and the blind,
I'd heal the sick soever;
To everybody I'd be kind,
So fill an oft felt desire,
From a boy, to be a preacher.

THE SUN AND LAMP.

In the summer time

We've light till nearly time to rest;
The lamp has little oil to burn

Till we're in our nest.

But in the winter time,

(I've a humorous say,)

The sun has little time to shine;

It's nearly night before it's day. (bright.)

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

This wonderful little bird

God has given to man

Should have the best of food,

Care and home.

This blessed little bird,

Taken most anywhere,

Will carry a letter or note

Hundreds of miles in the air.

TOO NIGHTISH FOR ME. (9 p. m.)

There he sat on the roost,

The owl I caught today,

And wouldn't eat; appeared beat;

I gladly gave him free.

I had silently resolved

He wouldn't do to keep;

I must have a light to see him,

Then he can't see to act.

THE END OF THE JUBILEE.

He thought he'd go to town

To have a little fun;

Next day at home

He saw what he had done.

Had been very drunk,

And gave his watch away;

A valuable little chunk,

Worth \$300 today.

He also had a fight

And didn't know why;

A mirror gave this light,

A mark, and ring around the eye.

O man, what do you mean
To drink so much beer?
Saloonists are not to blame.
Take your fill of water.

THINKING OF MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O mother, dear mother,
If I could call you back again,
I'd use you much better
Than when you were living.

She cared for me when little,
Loved me when grown;
No mother deserves respect
From me, as my own.

BIRDS AND MAN.

A bird can fly high in the air,
And merrily sing while it's there;
It can drop to near the ground,
Then spread and circle around.

Man was never born for this;
To him the earth is given;
If he could fly, poking his nose
Would be his aim, into heaven.

MAD AT YOUR SISTER.

What would you do if she would die
And you never see her any more?
Stand at her grave and cry
While the ground is covering her o'er?

O father, mother, sister, brother,
Be kind to each other today,
Ere the time one of thy number
Is gone forever to stay.

A LETTER TO NATIONS.

Fighting for more territory is murder and stealing,
Whether to own it or command; (it.)
Winners don't profit by the dealing,
And carry a sinful brand.

And might lose it's own government sometime,
By other nations pitching in;
And pensions; a world of pensions
For satisfactions. (Commandments 10-6-8.)

THE LIFE OF MAN.

If there was no heaven hereafter,
What would we get for good work done?
Knowing wickedness seems much easier
From birth till we are gone.
The pain and misery sometimes,
From enemies through our lives;
And dare not be avenged
Fearing we lose our souls.
And yet, what is man when mortal?
And woman? I ask you.
If it were not for a loving heart,
Wouldn't this world be a hell, too? (pains.)

THE WASP AND A PERSON.

The wasp in winter
As if dead does lie;
But revives in warm weather
To move again and fly. (Wonderful.)

A lamp (say) is the world. (The oil and wick are substance for a body; person.) Take a match (the soul) and light it: and the fire is a living person (body and soul) living on and off of the world. Blow out the lamp and the person is dead and gone; Light it again and the person lives as before. This is life, death and the resurrection, compared to a person. The soul is invisible at all times; the match only makes it. A person dies; instantly after lives in another place. (God's make-up plan; his word the match.) Wonderful! Wonderful! But look at the wasp; is nearly the same, and God made the wasp.

QUEER THINGS.

Many acts and sayings make the heart rejoice;
'Tis funny to see a rooster crow and not hear his voice.

Talk that some delights sometimes another scorns.
'Tis funny to see a muly cow hurt another with her horns.

The struggle for existence seems to be everywhere.
The mule with tail cut off may yet think it's there;
For if a fly gets on her rump she'd brush it with a tail.

The stub shows the desire, but without avail.
But if she'd rear and kick up behind,
She'd do a trick that would delight mankind.
The fly (unwise) would think she couldn't get him off;
Would sit until her head and rump would mash him to a broth.

THE BACHELOR'S BITS OF SLEEP.

These little bits of sleep
Together make a heap.
As the weather is so cold,
Excuse me; I may be bold.
I sleep alone. I easily find,
Wakening the twenty-eleventh time'
(A good many; perhaps a miscount.)
But it seemed so last night.
Hist! Some men have a wife,
After twenty, for their life.
While the paper he is reading
She warms the bed and's sleeping.
Then he blows the light,
And thinks good-bye to sight;
And to bed will creep;
And rises with all night's sleep.
But if the married have a child
Times are not so mild;
For it often cries,
And this makes wakeful eyes.
Give me little bits of sleep
That together make a heap.
I don't care about a wife.
Get away with married life.

HOLE IN THE KNEE.

The cold from outside my inside haunts,
For I've no patch to patch these pants;
They are white; factory made. I bought them in a
store;
I cannot get cloth to suit to cover the nakedness o'er.
Just so it is; when I buy these ready made rigs
Holes come twice as quick; patched, look like spot-
ted pigs.

LONGING FOR HOME. 500 MILES AWAY.

O, to be at home again,
All for which I'm sighing;
From this place I've been so long
To be swiftly going.

O, to be at home again
In the fields I used to roam;
Having pleasure now and then
In that dear old home.

In the garden and orchard, there,
With plenty to eat, and no pain;
With my brothers and sisters, where?
We romped all o'er the farm,
In fields so green, or plowed up bare
For oats and corn and golden grain;
Where there's horses, cattle and sheep
And to care for the little lamb;
Where's good water and fresh air;
And at night to read and sing
In that good old home.

The cellar steps I didn't forget,
That us children used to climb;
And the bruises I would get
As I went rolling down.

FARMER AND BEE.

The bees were flying thick in the air,
Ready to light on a tree somewhere,
And when they lit on a limb low down,
The farmer was pleased all o'er his crown.
He got a box for the make of honey,
And thought them worth \$3 in money.
Some he got in; some were round the hive;
His feelings began to thrive.
It was now noon. He went to dinner
Feeling very good over the matter.
When he came back he wanted more in;
And made too much noise for them within.
So out they came as thick as rain,
And were soon in the air again,
As suddenly the king turned his head
And 'follow me' to the rest he said.
And away they went over the house,
Surprising to Frank and his spouse.
'I'd follow, Frank,' said another man,
And after them he slowly ran.
O'er field and fence, as best he could,
He followed the bee to the wood,
Then saw it light on a tree so high
That he came back with feelings awry.
Confound the noise! Had it not been for that
I'd have that bee, just like my hat.
A calculation on a bee I'll not make
Till it's in my hive and honey I get.

Three months have passed away,
And Frank has found the bee;
And just the other day
Got the honey from the tree.

THE CANAL MULE.

Horses have plenty of room;
Generally, the world over;
But mighty little has the mule
That lives on the water.

His stable on the boat,
Where he drinks and is fed,
Is so close that, if he'd kick,
He'd be sure to bump his head.

There he stands when he's done eating,
Thinking the world is little, when all the time it's
big.

The only trouble with his situation
Is, the ice has frozen in the rig. (boat.)

And de mules aggravation, somebody's said,
Is 'cause he can't kick widout bump'n' his head.

BIBLICAL.

He that believeth not in the bible hath either a
hard heart
Or not the talent to know what he readeth about.
The man must have been wise that originated this
book;

If it was not God just in it look. (read.)
Wasn't the death of Jesus and his ascending to
heaven

Enough for the world to believe this reading?
And what will we do with time? Look back to the
year one

And those in the ark, living in the old and new
home. (world.)

This shows there was a flood and a time before.
O, if it were not for death we'd be here forever-
more.

But many grow wicked, and the world would fill as
well;

So death was necessary and a heaven and a hell.
So here we are for years, months, or a day.
Our bodies go to nothing; our souls fly away.

THE BUGGY.

Is a very good thing;
It keeps us off the ground,
And wet and dust of walking,
As the wheels go rolling, rolling round.

As we look down in the dust or mud,
We think of where we're sitting;
And leaving behind the road,
And the difference 'twixt riding and walking.

With a Maud S. Ha! Ha!
Or with a Sunol, sir,
We'd get home early for dinner,
But walking not till day after tomorrow.

THE WOMAN HATER.

(Bible—Not good for man to be alone.)

Some men are fit, with heads like fools,
To speak ill, never well, of the girls.
What would men do without them?
He'd only be fit for in a prison pen.
They lower our self-esteem; we dress up,
Try to look nice, them to get. (wed.)
So, many men act men, not like brutes,
Has one to love, just what he wants. (A better heart.)

THE WONDERFUL BELL.

Suddenly (early in the morning,) my brother and I are on an island; (very small,) with a large tree; in the ocean; (about 20 rods from shore) surrounded by deep water. As we look up on the tree, we see a large dinner bell, hanging like a ring on a limb; (level, and about 20 feet long,) blowing out and back, as it went.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, as it blowed to the end of the limb. Then jingle, jingle, jingle, as it went back again. As if the people to apprise. To prevent death from closing our eyes. We saw the people on the shore; Looking us and the water o'er. Suddenly the waters went down. (fell.) And we walked out on some stone. And as we walked back; we were glad we were free, for the waters had risen, far above the tree.

ONLY A BONE.

(While roving on Staten Island, N. Y., I picked up a curious bone and thought:)

It's only a bone of a once horse gone,
Only a bone to decay;

It's only a bone of a once horse going,
A horse that's had his day.

Remembrance of the island I saw that day,
I preserve the rhyme as a curious say;
The island has many nice places to roam,
But is more a night than a day-time home.

(The people work in New York. 1893.)

WHEN I GO A HUNT'N.

I never have a bag;
Neither a gun
Or a dog;
Neither do I run.

My luck for game's no good,
I found out long ago;
So I rove the fields or wood
To get the desired know. (literary.)

And make my meals of snakes (sausage.)
That is made of hogs;
And other kind of meats
Not traced by dogs. (Fun.)

WALKING IN THE AIR.

O how I walked in the air
About two feet above the ground;
Exciting wonder everywhere,
Walking easy and swinging 'round.

Just as natural as it could be;
Was nothing to hold me up;
Much like Jesus went to eternity; (heaven.)
Without wings or any help.

Though here I am today
I cannot do it again;
Unless in some way
I have a similar dream.

BIBLICAL.

Jesus, I am now retiring;
O, take my soul to thee;
If I am barred from arising,
O, do this for me.

I've read of many great men,
O, far greater than me;
But I've a soul as I am,
Looking toward eternity.

I've often thought of above the skies;
Wonderful it must be,
To those who there open their eyes,
After this life's journey.

HOW TO GET A WIFE.

Young man, if you'd a mate,
I'll tell you what to do;
Don't always seek those you want;
But those who want you.

Girls do some of the courting
If they see the right man;
It's the face and act that's telling;
But they do not want it known.

Nature has placed in the face
Something we cannot hide;
It acts according to the heart;
Tells love, truth and if we lied. (Show.)

ABOUT DEATH.

It binds us closer together
To those who are left;
The death of the mother or father
Survivors generally feel most.

Then comes the sister or brother;
That thrills the very soul
With thoughts of gone forever
While lowered in a hole. (grave.)

O be kind to one another
While you live, while you can,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Before death takes the one. (away.)

HEAVEN.

If you (are to) get there, you have a great possession here. Just think, life forever after death (to the body here.) Think of how we like to live long here; how we dread sickness and (more) death. Then think of life forever in heaven. Working hard for heaven, (doing right,) then dying of starvation on account of poverty at our destined allotted time to die, would be a small matter to get there. O, would that I could and always would do the necessary work, and prize heaven as high as I do at this moment. When a small boy my song (that pleased my parents and sisters) was:

If I only get to heaven
With my pocket apron on.

(I wore a small apron with pockets in)

A LETTER TO JESUS.

My hands are getting wrinkled,
My hair is getting gray,
My middle age I've walked;
I'm 48 to-day.

Tell thy father, O, God,
I am thinking of him,
And believe in thee and his word,
And want to enter heaven.

When my time is up here,
That death may not tell, (I hope)
Till after my eightieth year,
Then all will be well.

TO SARAH NATCHES.

(A fine girl of twenty years, who thinks of crossing the ocean.
A song. Sing low, slow and grave.)

O think of the mighty ocean,
Forty-four miles deep;
How would you on its bottom
Like to sleep your last sleep?

If you think of going over
To visit the other shore,
O think if in your slumber
The waves would cover you o'er.

Then you'd sleep, O sleep, in the ocean,
Far from your friends at home,
Who'd never see your face again
Unless you met in heaven.

You'd sleep, O sleep, that sleep
That knows no wakening.

MY BOOK.

I am but one man,
One author alone;
Though there are millions of books,
None are the same.

You may think it a fool;
You may call it small,
There's no one book in this world
That leads the people all.

No, not even the bible,
The greatest book on earth;
Disliked even by the devil
And many who love only mirth.

We only live once, many say;
In this time ought to laugh;
We leave the bible on the shelf
Till the latter part of life.

O bring the bible, wife,
I am so sick abed. (sudden.)
She hurries, brushes off the dust;
But returns to find him dead. (gone.)

THE FOREST AND FARMER.

I'd rather have \$10 in my pocket
Than a \$10 tree on my farm;
Don't buy fuel or lumber
Till your own timber is down. (used.)

You can easy see the waste;
The woods does you no good
Unless you use it or clear it
And pasture or farm it for food. (grain.)

Don't think the greatest on earth
Is a nice house and barn,
Nor work yourself half to death
To own a lot of land.

Don't rush to meals and hurriedly eat,
Then to work, to get rich;
It may make you lay in bed, (sick)
Lose time and fill a box. (coffin.)
(A little rough, but possible.)

THE SORCERER.

I bake a curative bread;
It's ingredients I'm not telling;
Whosoever eateth of it
Will get well of consumption.
(If not past second stage.)

Keep on as before with your diet and (if any) doctoring and medicine.

This is merely that you get well:
I have put in the bread a spell;
Send name and address and one dollar
For a cure, to be inside of one year.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Would that I could see in heaven
For a moment or two,
That the vision might be given
To the people here below.

While here I stand and look up,
My mind's eye shows to me
Two angels standing near the brink, (opening.)
Surrounded by clouds of beauty.

Would I could the picture draw
As it appears to me;
I'm sure you would like it; now,
This is my vision for a certainty.
(Opening appears about six feet in diameter.)

THE CLOWN.

Of all on earth for fun,
Nothing equals a clown;
Liked and easily told
By the boys that follow him 'roun'.

Born to make fun,
He is welcome everywhere,
On the streets and in the ring,
Painted and pointed (cap) in the air.

THE GREAT CITY.

O how I love the great city,
And in it spend some time;
Earth's greatest beauty;
Better than on a farm.

O, how I worked and saved
In my olden time;
What does property do me good
When I'm dead and gone?

(I often weave in my own life as a lesson to others.)

A HOG 'ONE.' THE BEER IS FREE.

Lucky is he
That don't like chicken;
On Thanksgiving and Christmas
Instead can get his drink'n.

A little piece of chicken,
Ha! costs ten cents;
Would buy a quart of beer
If got in pails.

Can eat two pieces,
And then won't be done;
Would buy two other sandwiches;
One beef, a hog (ham) 'one'.

APPLES AND WATER.

Apples are a fruit from God.
They'll quench your thirst
At little cost
And clean your system out.

Them and water are the best
To give the above result;
No drink on earth is purer,
Nor leaves a cleaner throat. (of colors.)

What would a dish pan be
If it were not cleaned out?
By this you can easily see
The necessity of water and result.

Of course drink whatever you like,
But don't omit water,
Or your system is a mass of dirt,
Known by an experienced doctor.

A WISH.

When I am dead and gone,
May the book I leave behind,
Be read by many a one,
With pleasure and a loving mind.

May their time not be lost,
Nor the money that it cost;
In it you'll wonder, laugh and sigh,
Though I never prize it very high.

THE TIME AND WHAT.

The best and when to eat,
Is when and what you want;
Whether morning, noon or night,
You'll find the most correct.
When much excited don't eat;
You'll overload, then talk
About the food; not good;
When the fault was in your head.

ONE REASON WHY MEN MARRY.

(Sickness and old age, causing helplessness. The same may be said of women.)

If man would never get sick,
Thus be able to take care of self,
What a multitude would never think
Of trying to get a wife.

If he could till he is to die,
Be healthy every day,
Then quick as lightning in the sky,
Drop over and pass away.

VOTERS.

If you'd peace in your nation,
Don't vote for a (game) gallant;
It might take your home
To pay the war debt.

Born with war in his head,
Like a gamecock likes to fight;
And, having a nation to lead, (govern)
Cannot do both right.

DINNER. FIFTY CENTS OR FIVE CENTS.

Don't go in a hotel because you're rich, (fifty.)

When all you need is a sandwich; (five.)

Better save the forty-five to close the door

On poverty; sometime you might get poor.

A SONG. (To think only.)

(Grave.) O must this body die?

Must it go away?

Must it in a coffin lie?

Then in a grave decay?

(Natural.) Ha! Ha! Ha! What will it be to me

When my soul is in eternity?

Ha! Ha! Ha! Should I overwork and slave?

What is money to me when I'm in my grave?

I'VE COMPANY ONLY AT NIGHT.

All alone I have my fun;

All alone I sing;

All alone I roam aroun'

From morning till the e'en.

All alone on the farm;

All alone I eat;

All alone going to town;

All alone I sleep.

All alone when I dream,

Though with others I've a say;

Plenty of company all the time,

In the city and country. (when asleep.)

YE GRAND WEDDYNGE.

While in Toronto, Canada, in 1897, a city I loved so well, a young couple were married at the church. The big church was crowded, and many (and myself) were outside. When it was over and the wedding party (a large one) were leaving.

On the road by the church, I could easily see,

The now happy couple take a friendly glance at me;

And as I walked away to view the Canadian city,

I felt proud of the honor of the main of the party.

Not knowing any of them. Toronto has many of my choice beauties; slender, narrow faces, fair complexion and just enough freckles to put on the cap sheaf. (finish.)

EVERYTHING HAS AN ADVERSARY.

Some people try to do good,
Then others try to kill them; (Acts, 7:58.)
Great walls are built to protect,
But cannons are made to break them;
Just so it is with poetry;
And everything (work) has an adversary.

If you'd try to do a work
That would please everybody's eye,
You might as well at once give up,
And try without wings to fly.

So jog me along as you think;
If there's no money in it (poetry) what is it?
(Like as if destined to work for nothing.)

FAST DRIV'N'.

Once while driv'n' my rappahannock team
A few miles on a run,
The wagon struck a large flint stone,
And made a terrible blaz'n. (display.)

Myself, team and wagon being completely hidden by the fire.
(for a second.) This suddenly slackened the horses, causing
the wagon to raise several feet; and scaring the horses,
they went at least a hundred feet before the wagon returned
to its proper position on the ground. Yes, an' the wheels,
while in the air, were going at the rate of a thousand revo-
lutions a minute.

THE GLORIFYER.

O the sweet tunes in my mind's ear,
Formed by heart and soul together;
I hear them, but not a sound
Is heard by any one around.

When the cares of labor are over,
And I am all alone,
Then comes the sweet singer
Glorifying my time.

And improves many a tune
Of ye ancient rhymes;
And being music's origin,
Sweetens it a hundred times.

It's not the words; only the tune;
I need not guide it; it goes alone;
Giving feet and hands a whim for motion,
And mouth for singing or whistling.

VALENTINE DAY.

I saw two little birds today,
Talking together on a tree;
One to the other did say,
"Do you know it's the fourteenth of February?"

This brought much loving talk,
As sweet as candy or dates;
Now they fly together and walk,
For they are loving mates. (wedded.)

BEER.

I've detected the result of beer,
As if tell it I must;
It takes away much appetite,
But makes a terrible thirst.

You drink instead of eat,
But don't live any cheaper;
A sandwich and beer
Costs as a hotel dinner. (25c.)

For instance, with an ordinary supper
You drink a glass of beer;
Then your beer (5) will be a quarter,
With an oyster cracker. (for breakfast.)

AS YOU THINK.

Fruit lessens thirst,
Beer makes it;
The former makes appetite,
The latter lessens it.

It's as you think,
Eat or drink;
Intemperance in either
Makes a noisy talker; (about you.)
One may make you sick,
The other drunk;
Then a doctor
Or a jailer. (you may see.)

FARMERS NEW DRINK.

Elderberry and cherry, blackberry and grape, (juice)
All together in a can,
With a teaspoonful of whiskey to make it keep,
Is a drink invented by this man.

Boil each kind in its season
Until the dirt is out; (skimmed)
Then in the fall when you can,
Bring the drink about. (mixed.)

(Another.) Make it one-third cider, (boiled.)
And leave the whisky out;
This will make your belly wider,
In scarceness of small fruit.

THE GREAT QUESTION SOLVED.

It isn't a sin to drink,
If you drink a moderate amount; (drunkless,
crimeless.)
The same as you would eat,
To keep the system right. (naturally.)
People are inspired to make drinks
That are good, healthsome;
The same as eatables and other business.
(Bible.) Man should not live by bread alone.

WILL I GET THERE? (Feb. 1898.)

O I'd like to cross the ocean,
Across the ocean I'd like to see;
'T might be a recreation
To see London and Paris city.

I'd like to cross the ocean,
Its waters so wide and deep,
To see what can be sailing
From a mighty steamboat.

So I will leave Uncle Sam,
If all goes right with me,
In 1901,
And return in 1903.

And if the waves get so high
They want to drown me,
They can no more than make me die,
And grave me in the sea.

Brave! Brave! Brave!
Though little I can swim,
I'll try my life to save,
With a life preserver on.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS. (About here.)

(Sung or spoken. Partly written by another. Revised and enlarged by me. Sung by ladies only.)

The boys about here, they think themselves men:
If they hear anything said they'll tell it again.

And add as much more, and make it a song;
There's many a boy steps out for a man.

You'll see them sit down, their shoes they will rub,
Their old rusty buckles with ashes they'll scrub.

They'll drag the girls round like a dog does a bone;
Now, boys, it's the truth, you will not disown.

Young men in their prime will spend all their time
In gallanting the girls; it's all their design.

And if they're a beau, they flatter and lie,
And keep the girls up, till they're ready to die.

Now I think it is time to leave the lads go
And speak of the girls; they are as bad, too.

They'll powder their face and comb up their hair,
Like an owl in the bush at the boys they'll stare.

They'll dress themselves up in a beautiful show,
And off to a quilting or party they'll go.

And giggle and laugh and romp and tear
And wonder why the boys aint there.

You crooked back girls and withered old maid,
Be contented as you are, though not wedded.

As respected you'll feel as a king on his throne,
If you're satisfied with being left alone.

(Men admire a contented looking woman.)

TITLELESS POEMS.

Build ye churches; build them high;
Build them beautiful; build them great;
Attend ye them; praise God on high;
Ere it is too late.

Sometimes there is no place on earth
That suits as well as home;
We are free of public gaze
(Can be alone at will)
And are welcome to every one.

If you'd a jolly girl for a wife,
Choose her with freckles on her face;
If you'd a wise girl, throughout her life,
When talking, she shows her lower teeth;
A smart girl favors her father;
A smart boy favors his mother.

Would we could always live,
For people dislike to die;
They fear the suffering dying have,
And people at the bed cry.

When out on the streets seeing people pass,
Don't slight the poor girl who cannot dress nice;
He who generally knows his biz
Sees the face more than the dress.

My thoughts are on love
When I see Carrie;
And ere they've time to rove
I think of the word marry.

Some days they're up; some days they're down;
Some days they have many a name;
And when the day is past and gone,
We're ignorant of how, the coming one. (Our feelings.)

(To sweet Emilie. A valentine.)

There is a little word,
It binds some people together;
Though far apart they live,
They seldom forget each other.
It is love; I send it to you.

While out in the fields in winter,
With cold hands, hauling corn,
I'd put them under my horse's collar,
And think, old Jack, he's warm.

Fish won't bite for a lazy man;
It seems to be his luck;
But for he who fishes when he can,
Because he has no other work.

(Traveling.) In a small town
You are noticed the very first day;
In a large one
Not till weeks have passed away.

Unwise is he who buys feed for his horse to eat
Then excites away the good of it with his whip;
The horse eats enough, but shows his bones,
On account of fault in his owner's knowings.

A girl must have more gallantry than a boy,
Or she could not stand the stare
When she goes through a crowd; O my!
She is seen from everywhere.

We cannot all be great;
We honor those who are;
There is truth in the word fate;
We are not all at par.

Deceive not anyone;
Give them their money's worth;
Then you can face them
Anywhere on earth.

She's jolly, a dasher, in company and work;
The way I'm not destined to be;
And to show my respect I'll impart
She could be the girl for me.

It's not the clothes that wins a girl,
Nor any avocation,
Nor riches belonging to a churl;
It's sincere devotion and merry conversation.

Despise not farming, O man, O men,
Thy number is so great;
If it were not for nature (country)
What wouldst thou have to eat?

He spends his time in saloons;
She's working at home all day;
He's big and fat; she shows her bones;
Is why her hair is gray.

(A prayer on retiring.)

Another day is past and gone;
I'm one day nearer my grave;
Eternity will come; then, God, still own
My soul and do me save. Amen.

(Too late. Duquesne inclined plain. Pittsburgh, Pa.)
I might have followed the girl,
But she's go'n up the plain;
And till a car goes up again
She's hidden from my see'n.

Have respect for people;

Have love for people: everywhere, place,
Death can get in and stop the heart
And take away the loveliest face.

(Then you mourn. O you feel bad.)

Two loving. A lesson on love I'll prove,
That you can easily see;
I want the girl I love
If I see she loves me.

Carrie, there is a little word,

It may cause much pain,
Though it's the sweetest ever heard,
And may make much marrying. (Love.)

At the depot. The pride of men is not a novel;
It's the girl that's handsome and jolly;
O how these sweets love to travel,
If men'll give'm the money.

A mighty stormy night was that;

To this I have proof;
I could scarcely hold my hat,
And it blowed the turkey off the roof.

In war we must have light;

A dummy cannot run it;
Besides knowing how to fight
We must know when to quit.

(Unnecessary expense; fighting, destroying property is unjust.)

(Verse maker.) I steal in the city,
Then steal the best's to do;
Then steal it all in poetry,
Then stealing away I go.

In a forest, far from any home,
How the birds come around to hear me sing;
And in a field, just before daylight,
A little squirrel came up near and listened with
all its might.
I kept still, still as I could be,
Fearing if I moved the little squirrel would flee.

(Make friends of enemies.)
Kill'm with kindness now and then,
And don't use them so much again;
So says a man reared in the wood,
Who sees nothing, knows nothing, 'cept peoples
good.

Years will roll on,
And our heads are gray;
But remember this letter,
Is written by a friend today.

If your business or work you'd lead,
Take care of the present and look ahead;
Trickery of some others you should know,
Or you may tramp your life in rain and snow.

Three black ants, all in a row,
Going, going, where do they go?
O'er clods and stone; all o'er the ground;
Perhaps they go just to go around.

Sinners, rejoice! Behold the skies!
And send your fears away;
News from the bible, before my eyes,
The Savior will hear today.

(To rich.) Give God the glory,
And be thankful you have the money;
Pray him to protect it while you live,
From rogues and sharps, who would deceive.

There are people for indoors
And people to run aroun';
Many kinds and bore's
Is what make a town;
I'm one kind, you're another; I'm on a farm;
I class myself with others that I name. (Fun.)

Doctors live mostly off people's ailing;
Lawyers off their wrong doing;
Preachers off their piety, and wanting
To go to heaven.
All are necessary. Which would you rather be?

(Abroad) I paid 15c for a few bites to eat;
Would have cost me 2, myself as cook; (at home.)
For use of table and for cooking you pay,
When traveling, where it's known you've money.

A happy marriage generally comes,
If groom and bride truthfully say
Yes, when the minister asks,
Do you love her? Do you love him?

Whate'er your discouragement may be,
Trust in him who made thee; (God.)
He will lead and guide you,
And see you safe through.

Labor, and happiness is with you;
Idle, and it will not come;
The two belong together, we know;
Labor and happiness join.

Midwinter days now have come,
The coldest of the year;
Some purses have less money in,
For some drink whiskey instead of beer.
(It's warmer, but higher.)

And so you'd my daughter wed?
What is your income for support?
Show me a dollar or a red. (cent.)
What! Nothing? Shuts the door from outside.
(The spendthrift didn't get the girl.)

The eater must exercise,
And the exerciser must eat;
The two belong together;
The more of one, the more of the other.

The hog, the dirtiest animal of all the rest
About the barn, man eats most;
The acorn grows in the wildwood,
And is beautiful, but is only a hogs' food.

In regard to authors nowadays,
Don't believe all reports in papers;
A difference in belief, some one says,
Brings many tales on them by enviers.

(Rebellion 1861 to 1865.)

Wise men know the war is over;
Fools are fighting yet;
But only with mouth, and in clover;
Not with sword or bayonet.

(Sees a fat man on the street.)

I couldn't be as fat as he,
Though I tried my very best;
I've puffed my cheeks, and see,
I lean back till I nearly bust.

(Affection on the streets. Sometimes.)

There may be love glances from me to some I see,
But God bless the girl that I love, that loves me;
I'd prize her above all, and as the world's gift,
To be my wife, were I on marriage bent.

Because we love the girls,
We dress up so they love us.
Otherwise we'd be unwise.
'Tis gentlemanly a girl to possess.

O the long gone days,
Though in many of them I had pain,
I love to look back
And think of them again.

Little eats the lover;
Little eats the sweetheart;
They get but little hunger;
Love takes away the appetite.

April 4. The spring election is over;
The farmers' loaf's 'bout done;
On account of time and warm weather,
He must plant his oats and corn.

If you'd patronize your own town,
Patronize your own poets;
If you'd (or you've) money, and keep it your own.
You'll read papers and books.

Many old maids and bachelors
Would not be so today,
If it were not for meanness and trickery
Of others, who kept them at bay. (single.)

March 31. The winter time is nearly through,
And we may have moldy bread,
And cut a fly with it, too,
'Cause it cannot move; it's dead.

No man says he's good, (biblically.)
As a general rule;
Others, (naturally) as understood,
Would think he is a fool.

"Tea," made of skullcap leaves
Or of dandelion root,
Is very good for weak nerves,
And costs but a mite.
Or just chew the root,
And swallow the juice, will suit.

Am always in love,
But never win;
No difference where I go,
I remain a single man.
This shows the pain some have,
Destined, unsuccessful.

Intoxicating drinks will answer instead of fruit
To quench a person's thirst;
But if too much of it takes root,
We see snakes and dust. (Pretty close; hic!)

Patronize the poor news-boy
By buying a paper to read;
Let him have a cent of you,
To buy a roll or bread.

(Loud.) Hey! Fellow, Mr. Cold is here,
He'll try your nose and ear,
And hands and feet, take care,
Beware of colds and grip, beware! (Winter.)

(Some.) Men not respected by women,
Generally turn to drink'n;
And women cause their dressing, (nice,)
For women, men are fighting, (often.)

If you only see others faults,
Better wait till they are dead;
Then bad and good are all the same,
They cannot hear or read.

O sweet, sweet, lovely Grace, (F.)
Since I meet you in town,
I love to see your handsome face,
And with you spend the time.

O use your sister kind,
And also your brother;
There'll be less tears to blind,
When they're gone forever.

(Song.) O when the night's so long,
That the stars shine in play; (T-l.)
There'll be a merry song,
Of sleigh bells and bells on the sleigh.

The most delightful of all dreams,
Are those in which we fly;
Soaring around without wings,
Seeming wonderful, never seen in day.

O Lillian, lovely Lillian,
You that dwell in Zoar;
For you as a companion, (wife.)
I'd give a home and more, (money.)

As I look out the window,
At the break of day;
I see it is raining,
And rains my time away. (Farmer.)

Dehorning cattle is a humbug,
All wise farmers know;
If they grew better and big,
They would 'be' so, (hornless.)
A hornless steer looks more plump,
A shaved head, face does too.

October.—A proposal,
(Good enough for any of us;)
I'll give you a hundred dollars,
To marry me on Christmas.

Be kind to God, that he is kind to you,
He could take your life any time he wanted too.

He that loves the sun and the moon,
Loves their maker and the earth aroun.'

He that raises an ear o' corn,
He that raises a sheaf o' wheat;
He that raises 'any' grain,
Is worthy it to eat.

The different ways in a host,
Humanity by humanity, is wronged;
He that suffers most,
Is he that is avenged.

A blonde in red. (My wall almanac.)

She shows her calendar every day,
I'd kiss her but might spoil her beauty;
But if she was natural, ha, ha,
I'd wed her, if she didn't say no.

He that works best,
Thinks his meals least;
The tramp minds his meals,
Before and behind his heels. (Time.)

The sweet girls face,
Is sweeter than honey;
And has a place
On much hard money.

No need of fire and ahead of winter,
And two suits the body to cover;
Takes some whisky, and is merry and bold,
And laughs at those who say its cold.

I cannot help loving some girls,
They look to be so sweet;
'Seeing' them, my self-esteem falls,
And love settles in my heart.

Massage and hygiene
Are good for consumption;
If done in time,
Before third stage, ruin.

In the summer there's many a seat,
But in the winter they're harder to get;
The sun's so low, doesn't give much heat,
And it's too cold outside to sit.

Traveling begets love, seeing so many new faces,
Is why I have written so much on that subject.

What's compared to a happy home,
Known only to those who've a 'miserable' one;
A sample of happiness, a child six years,
It's little wronged, has little fears.

I began to eat a cake, I thought one 'piece' would
be enough,
It tasted good, I baked it myself, believe me, its
the truth;
I eat another piece, then the half was left,
Then my appetite increased, and the plate bereft.

The preacher wore a white gown and a black ribbon,
Looking 'cept his head, just like a woman;
But telling the truth, as many can,
He was nothing but—but a man. (Fun.)

Busy people.—I may be idle here, but they may work elsewhere.

A man of little 'note' may be buried today, and no one 'think' he's 'there,' in a year. (Remembrance.)

O use your parents good, if you use them kind,
You'll get old and have more peace of mind;
God will see you, have you in his care,
At all times and protect you everywhere.

He that scorns the words of love,
Is 'left' in time, alone to rove;
No love for others, there's none for him,
Men dislike him, women shun him.

Is it worse to walk the streets,
If for exercise we must;
Than do 'business' that us beats,
And in a year or so bust?

'No' one can please all, never in rhyme,
What you don't like don't read again.

Farmers like 'boys' when they just begin to crawl,
Because they'll work out more, that's all;
But when the girls are older, 18 or 20, say,
Men like very well to call around that way.
(To love, court and marry, girls are of use, see!)

June.—The lean are at home,
For the summer has come;
The fat are not,
They say it's hot.

God made the hills to suit his eyes,
He made the vales and is wise;
When you move the hills, hire it done.
Your pile of money is lessened some.

Men cannot help loving the girls,
Because they look so sweet;
They make us wish they were ours,
Without trying the least bit.

(The street fish sellers say.)

This fish once wagged its tail,
In waters shallow and deep;
And was caught from a fisherman's sail,
And to please you 'twill not fail,
If you buy it and it eat.

Days seem short, even the longest,
When we work, (have something to do);
We almost 'forget' time, but if lazy,
The sun appears so low.

(He presents a ring to his sweetheart.)

If you love me wear this ring,
Don't break it at any time;
Then when away I'll sing,
Of her I love that's mine.

Some men have more brain than muscle,
Talk with some who's work is more tussle;
In some time, you know who's the crop,
The former's the money, the latter broke up.

(War '98.) Young men, ere enlisting in the army,
Think of the charge, the sword and bayonet;
Much worse than 'bullets' from far off,
You don't know (fear) till hit.

Not a beautiful house in a beautiful city,
Where every person is strange;
Rather a 'comely' house, where you've plenty,
To wear and eat, and friends.

The grey headed man, the grey headed woman,
Should be respected by all;
Through obedience to God, they are living,
The wicked may sooner fall.

(See commandment 5. and Psalm 37: 9, 10, 11 verses.)

(Making up.) I write this little letter
To heal all sorrow and pain;
May you and I together,
Soon meet friendly again.

(Poorhouse.) There's work and plenty to eat in
them,
Better there than steal, (I tell;)
And live in a (prison) pen,
And after go to hell.

Poor Woman—(Discouraged on seeing an excursion train
of 14 cars filled with people pass her door.) If I were in a
woods.

I'd lay me down to die,
Where no one would see me;
For there's no pleasure 'neath the sky,
For this poor soul to see.

My feelings were made sore,
I loved my wife, sweet, sweet partner;
O, I loved her every day,
Then she fell in love with another,
And her beauty went estray,
I could love her no more.

Poor woman, I 'pitied' her,
But we parted forever;
She died a year later at the home of her mother,
'Tis said of a broken heart.

Though its raining, raining every day,
Some people are losing, others make it pay;
Some are bright, when the weather is so, and there
is a clever fellow,
The wetter it is, the more pleasant he is, the 'um-
rella' repairer and seller.

Tombs we pass in cemeteries,
As ours may be in future years;
Do not think you need not die,
Your soul can at 'any' time fly.
When you cannot 'hold' it, it must,
Earth to earth, and dust to dust.

Love thy relatives while they live,
If you will love them at all;
The heart can neither give or receive,
After the soul leaves this world.'

I saw a girl with peach in hand,
She put it to her mouth then away again.
(I watched the feat.)
And as I thought and studied it over,
It jokingly appeared to me,
(That 'peaches) must be to eat.

(Tokens.) Young man and lady, walking arm in
arm, its dear, (love,)
Man and man, arm in arm, its beer, (drink;)
Watch the former, you'll believe it soon, (kind,)
Watch the latter, they're soon in a saloon.

I was going after apples and a pie,
I met a pretty maid, love made me sigh;
I watched on the corner, then went home, near a
mile,
Forgot the apples and pie, do you smile?

I cannot 'talk' like some men,
My nature is more still;
But I will try with my pen,
To fill the bill, (do something.)

Better give your body rest, (when needful,)
That it keep your soul;
For if that should fly away,
You can do 'nothing' then but lay.

Little by little, little by little,
Kind words show they are true metal;
They go to the heart, make a cheerful face,
A feeling of love, so admired by our race.

If you'd build your own town,
Patronize 'new-comers' now and then;
Don't leave them go back or away,
By not buying of them, giving 'others' all your
pay. (Custom.)

Its girls that draw the beau,
Sweet girls everywhere;
Where ten girls generally go,
Twenty boys are sure to be there.

Treat everybody kind,
As you go along;
A poor soul you may find,
That needs a word or song.

The pretty girls when they come along,
We 'love' them, we cannot help it;
But we may never see them again,
Thats the sorrow after they meet.

Scatter sunshine wherever you can,
Leave your grumbling at home;
Don't tell your troubles to 'any' one,
All have enough of their own.

He that's loved by everybody,
Got poor learning in school;
We have an enemy here and there,
Or we are termed a fool.

God—He who believes in him,
He who trusts in him,
Will rise, and rise, and rise,
To some great good, 'tis said.

Most girls are dressed nice enough, for where they
stay or go,
But on Saturday night they look most sweet, they're
dressed to draw the beau.

Business—It is easy to get people to 'take' money,
But to get of them is quite a different thing;
Much like bees, they try to save their 'honey,
If you get it, you get it wise, or a sting. (Warning.)

Jesus, I am lonely here,
Oh help me to a home;
Many, many miles from here,
And bless this and that home.

Now I visit my good neighbor,
I have been invited to come;
And of their kindness, I have pleasure,
And feel better than when at home.

Now I visit my good neighbor,
But, uninvited I have come;
Their face and manner don't show pleasure,
And I feel worse than at home.

I needed no nails, I saw plenty
At my feet as I walked along;
I need two nails, they would come handy,
I've looked in vain for some.
Prepare for the future pick them up,
When you see them at your feet;
In thy youth, remember this page,
Save enough for in old age.

Never think of dying your hair,
(That you look better) at all;
Nature put the color there,
And vits you, like de paper, on de vall.

Beauty draws, mothers know,
The most handsome daughter needs the most tying
to home,
To keep away admirers, when she's out alone.

Try to be beautiful,
And look pleasant too,
Then when you meet others,
They'll like to meet you.

How nice two sisters look together, (18, 19.)
(As they pass by,) to him's;
One a little taller than the other,
Just to show they are not twins. (Dressed alike.)

Man meets girls on the street,
Riding and on foot;
How he 'looks' from head to feet
To see just how she'd suit.

To 'love' your wife in an old log hut,
Is better than 'hate' her in a 'mansion,' you bet.

What is life without a wife,
When there's one we truly love,
That with us would pass her life,
At home, or with us rove.

Judge not by the dress,
They are the same as you;
God made Adam with clay and breath,
Leaving self-respect to grow.

In love, woman is ahead of man,
This all should be taught;
If he 'sees' her, he's in,
But her love must be sought.

I'd like to walk under an umbrella
'With' her, when it's raining hard;
(We'd be so close together,)
To keep from getting wet.

The barn-yard rooster loves to crow,
When the hens around are near;
But a flying hat makes it so,
It's a funny noise to hear.

Never eat when not hungry,
Never drink when not dry;
Is one necessity to be healthy,
And see more years before you die.

Why should one man suffer,
That another may gain;
May give thought to the former,
'Is life worth the living?'

Why have your thought on the rising sun,
When it now sets in the west?
Better dismiss, care of the morn,
And now, as the light, take rest.

In religious matters—your own church, people.
In business and friendship—the world.

What are the treasures here on earth,
Compared to those in heaven?
These we leave at parting breath,
Those are better and everlasting.

If in lovely spring is your birthday,
You have the warm, long summer to grow;
Before the winter's many a cold day,
You can stand it better and the snow.

Like some men become famous,
By making the right start;
So is marriage a success,
To those who make the right choice.

Destiny is the lot of ours,
Thorns will grow as well as flowers;
The same as is day and night,
The twenty-four hours is not all light.

Use people kind and love them too,
And God will in return, love you.

One man's mind is not enough,
To run our Uncle Sam; (Nation.)
'T may be too mild, or too rough,
Cause too much loss, or want too much gain.

I put some (fly) poison in a can,
For ants that were dry;
Next day they didn't return,
Instead, had to die.

The one you love that loves you,
Is the best the world can do;
In who to marry,
For man or maid.

I'd be administer to congress,
If the people wanted me there;
And save hundreds of dollars,
For the nation every year.

(In War and Love. Superstition, Supposition.)

When you go to war,
Don't boast of what you'll do;
It is our most calm that live to see it through,
And so have the most to do.

(The wasp is quiet, but his sting is awful.)

Gallant are most willing to go,
And best at winning a lady;
But calm, (bashful,) when they do go,
Are most apt to do their duty,
In war and love:

O sad, disheartened is she,
For protection, marries a strong man;
Then finds he's a daily spree, (hic)
And instead, must lead him.

WHEN I WAS IN THE ARMY.

When I was in the army,
I gained a little renown;
I simply raised my hand,
And the other side went down.

I led a large army,
And they were all surprised;
That there wasn't left an enemy,
Nor even a hand upraised.

There were several battles after,
But I used them all the same;
And the boats on the water,
All went down.

Not a one could fire,
No ammunition was used;
When I get up my ire,
My mind does the rest.

A NEGRO SONG.

(His sweetheart is stolen and imprisoned in front of which
(seeing her) he sings, pitifully.)

O Magdelena, O Magdelena,
I love you;
O Magdelena, O Magdelena,
For you I cry;
(To jailor,) Give me Magdelena,
Or I'll die.

(Then walks slowly and sadly away.)

KILLING OFF THE MEN.

Girls, talk for the right ticket,

The wars are going on;

If a certain man is elected,

You may not all get men.

(There may be three girls to one man. Aug. 1900.)

JOE'S ROADSIDE APPLE TREE.

Many people driving the road,

Know this apple tree,

They jump off, pick them up,

Because they're good and free.

SUPERSTITIONS.

If you speak to women on Sunday

You will through the week,

Is the saying of a gypsy; (I, once.)

And the same with what you eat.

Of the kind you eat on Sunday

You will want through the week;

And smartness, laziness, dull or merry

Go under the same head. (way.)

THE NATIONAL AND BIBLICAL HOLIDAYS.

The great Labor (drink) Day is over;

The loudest of the year;

Except Thanksgiving and Christmas

Are the loudest of beer. (September 10.)

(Written in Throat Lubricating City.)

RESULT OF SELFISHNESS.

It's true some men glory in war,

Because they were born to fight;

But they wasn't born for governor,

It takes more learning for that.

(No one man was born for everything,

He could'nt be that smart;)

For peace and prosperity in our nation,

He must have a peaceful (good) heart.

Willing to use others,

As he would be used himself;

The same with nations,

Always giving half, (in friendship.)

Selfishness, even in a dog is hated,
He soon loses all his friends;
Others shun him, he's snarled at,
Some would kill him to make amends.

Just so it is with nations, it causes fire,
War, death, and government loss.

THE PEACEFUL NATION.

Its leaders are kind hearted,
Don't believe in robbery;
Leaves others keep their government,
And own made money.

A HINT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

(Men remember, and have your sons vote right also.)
War buries off your sons,
Makes old maids of your daughters;
Terrible battles with guns,
Leaves women higher in numbers.

UNCLE SAM AND LITERARY.

Some writers on peace are doing bodily work,
While he's war on the brain;
They wouldn't have enough to drink or eat
If they depended on waste basket filling.

Liberty, the flag and war
Are all the go at present;
As if for nothing else we are
But to carry a pistol, sword and musket.

A white flag hanging high in the air
Is as a nation that never needed to war.

(To nations.) Let us be satisfied with our own;
Build it up and let others alone,
Are the best thoughts I can brood; (produce.)
Getting dishonestly does more injury than good.

(In last verse 'tis meant fighting for more territory, or its government. August, 1900.)

DEAF COUNTRYMAN.

Married I am not;
To ladies I am no charm;
I live alone in a hut
In the country on a farm.

If a strange lady I meet
And a smile she does bestow,
I think she is beat,
As my deafness she doesn't know.

To loving them I own,
Although it's my belief
Their respect for me is gone
After knowing I am deaf.

YOUNG WOMEN.

Let your words so please men
That they may see your good heart,
And glorify your presence, (often done)
And love you when absent.

Thousands of men will bow low
To those in whom goodness they see;
To them they will their hearts bestow;
Love can ne'er be bought by thee.

Your character, let it be
To deserve honor from all about you;
A smile and pleasant bow
Has caused many friends, and does so now.

If thou art beautiful do not the homely despise,
Though they are shabby and unpleasant to thine
eyes;
The homely may be good; the beautiful may be bad;
The quality of one may make the other feel sad.

Whether pretty or homely, rich or poor,
We are all the same, like sheep;
So whether we love or others dislike,
We're no better than others is the talk.

THE GUARDIAN.

When he got the guardian money
He didn't think of paying it back;
He drinked and spent freely;
Now he may break up.

For the man he's guardian for
Is spending every day;
Laying many things in store
So he gets his pay. (Money.)
(He has some forethought.)

FLYING MACHINE.

The time that is spent
A flying machine to invent,
Can we not truly say
That it is thrown away?

The small bird in the air
With wings thrice its size
Are nothing to compare
With those a man to arise.

A man on a machine in the air
Would indeed be a sight to behold;
But if the wind should happen to dare,
The machine would be overturned.

The result we easy could tell;
(We never fall up is understood.)
The machine, and man, as well,
Would go to the ground with a thud.

The train and ship at our command,
The horse and mule to ride;
Then why should we demand
A machine we could not guide?

If to be invented, it can,
And men had the strength of a horse,
The machine might be ran,
If the wind were not the boss.

But if the wind should be strong
And whistle through the air,
The machine, like a mere song,
Could be blown most anywhere.

The idea that people will some day
Go flying through the air;
The machines that carry them may
Be like fruit on a desert; very rare.

(Written for practice.)

GREED.

He's up all day and part of the night,
For his mouth laying up; providing;
But the bible says this isn't right;
So he's little appetite for eating.

He hurries his horses o'er the town,
Even when many are on the street,
And nearly running over some,
This is called greed. (The hog.)

IN SOME PLACES.

Spiteful and envious neighbors
Often spoil the sale of a book
By running down the authors,
And giving them a bad look. (Name.)

HAS LOW SELF-ESTEEM.

Yes, Dobson is a low-down fellow, (meek)
And few his company seek;
But knows as much in a day
As some fellows in a week.

YOUR FAVORITE EAT AND DRINK.

If there's anything you like very good,
Don't brag it up;
Enemies, 'tis understood, (wishing)
Can make it make you sick.

Never brag what you eat
Nor even what you drink;
When they know this, 'tis said,
Can make your bones look out.

NEGLECTED FRUIT.

Many apples in the country
Are laying on the grass,
That might make good cider
Or a bread spread, first class.

A barrel of cider, just think,
Is a lot, and makes you feel queer; (funny.)
Is better than leave the apples rot,
And instead buy beer.

TOWNS WITH WHICH I'M FAMILIAR.

(Name Omitted.)

We forget our business and say
Some are handsome and gay;
They've beautiful hair; teeth like pearls;
We can't help loving these lovely girls.

Here, on a false charge,
I was imprisoned in jail;
It showed me what liberty is,
And a foretaste of hell.

The handsome girls and gay little lasses;
I don't even hunger for hot cakes and molasses;
I walk the streets or indoors I set,
Living on love, though no love I get.

If you walk the streets at five o'clock
Many beauties you will see,
That live here, and come to look
At the great city. (New York.)

Slowly we walk the street,
Idling the time away;
There's so many we meet
We think nobody is working to-day.

Thus we spend the time,
Seeing and being seen;
Not caring to make a dime
From morning till the e'en.

So many sweet girls here,
I'm in love near all the time;
Either feel sick or queer
Whenever thinking of going home.

I was smiling, next to a laugh;
Was feeling full of fun;
He.—Did you write this book yourself?
Yes. He.—Well, then I'll buy one.

A saloonist at one poem did look;
It suited his business clear;
Then not only bought a book,
But offered a glass of beer.

Here I met a handsome girl,
No doubt a much loved dasher;
My heart was gone; my business forgotten;
I could have followed her.

Here I got a bowl of soup,
To satisfy hunger, you see;
I offered him pay or a book;
He wouldn't take either of me.

Here, so many lovely girls,
I disliked to leave the town;
In fact, sometimes
I thought of settling down.

The wind sweeps, sweeps the city,
And blows the dust in our eyes;
Streets unsprinkled; it's a pity
Real estate dealers are so unwise.

The peoples' hair here is the same
As those of other cities;
City has an animal's name;
Is a good place to see model beauties.

Here I dressed a little fine;
A little like a dude, sir;
Then some said I might get a wife,
But had no money to keep her.

So many girls; I loved near all the time,
But didn't know which I loved best;
If I loved one, soon another would come,
And my choice was usually the last.

The policemen watch a stranger
Like boys do a pony; (long.)
Giving thought there is danger
Of being arrested just for money.

I thought of living in a boat,
In towns along the river,
But gave it up, on second thought,
To be a more frequent rover.

Here I drinked from a tin (at a pump)
Soon after a bright, sweet girl did;
My lips feel sweet yet
Whenever I think of it.

J. B. L.

THE
“400”
AND
OTHER POEMS

BY
JOHN B. LONAS

PART II

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AS YOU WALK ALONG.

Live energetic; beholding the new,
Leaving the old pass away.
Whether it be a country forest,
Or a city broadway.

Live jovial; feeding the mind the right way?
Is the best, from cradle to eternity.

LIFE IN THE AIR.

[Mar. 11, '99.]

The robins are here, the yellow breasts
Looking for a place to build their nests.
The crows are flying black in the air,
Shows the coldest weather is o'er.
The sun has more time to shine
Ahead of long nights in winter time.
Would I were a crow, that I could fly,
To suit the weather and my minds eye.

LONDON AND PARIS.

[Mused on a high hill in Ohio.]

Would that with a telescope,
I could see those cities from here;
But as I can not, I hope,
To go over and see them there.

O, the greatest cities in the world,
For an eminentless man like me;
To rove and behold,
I'd consider a God given liberty.

And the thousands of people in London,
I'd meet every day;
Besides crossing the mighty ocean,
Would be well worth the money. (Expense.)

N. Y. CITY TO OHIO.

[On the Train.]

Through hills, o'er valleys,
The train is swiftly going on;
Every round of the wheels,
Takes us nearer home.

Here and there the ground is white,
With a lately fallen snow;

But it makes no difference what the sight,
The train is sure to go.

O the scenery, as we go along,
Delights the eye and mind;
Such a sight, written a song,
Would go the world around.

Now and then there is some man,
Holding a bottle toward a friend;
So it goes while we run,
Till our journey ends.

WHAT THEY EAT.

[Fun.]

When a farmer comes to town,
He eats just what he hasn't at home;
Doughnuts, that for "weeks" might rest,
(In the city,) find a place to digest.
Rye bread and bologna find a place,
Down the red lane, with the farmer class.

And perhaps a piece of cheese,
And several glasses of beer;
So he's bold the way home,
And can hollow "how-yer." (To neighbors.)

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Remember ere going in business,
It's all in the amount you sell;
If people will not buy of you,
Your business will not tell. (Pay.)

You can buy almost any kind of store,
If you've the money and learning;
But to sell that you make more,
Is a risk on others notion.

THERE IS WISDOM IN ALL BEINGS.

[Fun.]

You probably have enough,
To never trouble about a girl;
Until you've seen her laugh.

Wisdom makes the heart rejoice.
Never trouble about a girl,
Until you've heard her voice.

Wisdom does the unwise beat,
Never think of wooing a girl,
Until you've seen her eat.

Wisdom is not the idle dirt. (Ground.)
There's difference twixt nature and art;
Never think of marrying a girl,
Until you've seen her at work.

When wedded you'll see her
Every day and night;
But she'll not wear her finest dress,
Her watch, and ten dollar hat.

Loving the girls, about them I'll quit,
Of boys, girls should see the same; (and the hic.)
And if they shun and hiss them,
I surely wont them blame.

CITY TO MOUNTAINS.

[On the Train.]

We've seen the city crowded close,
With buildings high and wide;
Now the mountains, at a place,
Also high, more wide.

Mountains, yea, you could not crawl,
Mountains from which if you would fall,
Your life would be ended so quick,
You'd need no medicine, you'd not be sick.

BUT SAD, O SAD IS SHE.

There's nothing like being a gentleman,
And treating the women kind;
He that thinks rough of women,
Is of a foolish kind.

They are the loveliest beings
There is upon the earth;
The man who's a brute to them,
Is scarcely worth his breath.

If all men would treat women
As they do their own sex;
There'd be less brutes in prison,
And more women in lovely dress.

Think of the loving mother,
How kind she uses her boy;
Would almost give her life,
That he, his life enjoy.

But sad, O sad is she,
When he's a grown young man;
Has turned his life to drink and sin,
And lives in a prison pen.

THE DAY FOR PRESENTS.

This morning I awake to Christmas day,
O shall I read at home;
Or seek pleasures in some other way,
Hunting or sleighing or town.

This of all the year around,
Is the most talked of holiday;
In many places treats abound,
And make the children laugh and play.

The boy may get a hobby horse,
The girl a beautiful doll;
The one to fondle the other to nurse,
As a child by mother of all. (Both.)

They fondle and nurse, and these gifts
Are still, only when boy and girl is asleep.
The hobby horse, with one leg shifts,
The doll has lost its head.

WANT TO SEE NEW.

[Excursions.]

Some people are coming,
Others are going away;
No difference, where we are,
They dont all stay.

They tire of faces, 'old',
Love 'places' that are new;
Men more apt to get a girl,
Girls more apt to get a beau.

Lads would be everywhere,
And see all that's going on;
But as nature has it, here and there,
He's only one place at a time.

IS IT PARTIALITY.

From city to city the train hurries on,
As if for them all it cared;
And leaving the passengers off and on,
The country is left unshared.

For in the country it runs so fast,
Miles and miles it leaves behind;
Then in the city stops at last,
And to everybody is kind.
(Trains, though appearing dead to the country, en-
liven at the depot.)

I'D HATE TO BE A DOG.

[Country Fun.]

When two girls are out riding,
I'd hate to be their dog;
Tired, a running behind after,
And know nothing of their talk.

Why not take him up,
The willing fellow he is;
And have him in front,
Where is ready to hiss.

On any unwelcome guest,
Carrying a red nose;
Who to drink, is best,
Then for any vile purpose.

Yes it's good to have a dog,
To protect the pretty maid;
Without her, it's as dismal as a fog,
Like living in the shade. (Gloom.)

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

Not quite so great is he,
The president of the U. S.
As many others be,
Who are famous without votes.

The parties simply choose a man.
He or the other is the go; (Elected.)
To the office for which they ran,
Many others hoe their 'own' row.

For instance, ministers, lawyers and editors,
They make themselves, if they can;
And get their fame, (without other
Aid, votes,) from what they are doing.

Now who should have the name? (Great.)
Judge, and tell us so;
He, who by 'votes' got in,
Or, he that hoe'd his 'own' row.

NATURE GOVERNS MAN.

[His acts, words and all.]

O what a curious world, we get older every day,
Soon the time will come we'll all be laid away;
Yet how foolish is man in many things he does,
'Backwardness' gives him pain and leaves his busi-
ness doze,
If we'd the will and git, (hurry) how much better
we'd do,
But ah, 'nature,' that is it, is not with 'all' so.

ONLY TO BE KISSED.

There she sits in the window,
A pretty little Miss;
She's too 'little' for 'working,'
Ah, she's merry and only to kiss.
(She's about 16 but small, seen from the street.)

DRUNK.

He bought a bottle of whiskey,
Promised to take the bottle back;
But the whiskey made him dizzy,
Then he mashed it on the walk.

He got dizzier and dizzier;
And soon was full of fun;
Then the police came around,
And suddenly run him in.

He didn't care much where he went,
In fact he didn't know;
But the next morning when awake,
He found he 'was' so. (Drunk.)

THE FIRST TIME.

You see a girl, don't hurry,
You may change your notion, surely.
To notice strangers, is right,
But love's not 'always' best at first sight.
Get acquainted, is the best way,
'Time' may take some love away;
I've seen many, I first thought beat all,
But after acquainted, didn't like them as well.
Get well acquainted, before you wed;
For it's either divorce, or linked till dead;
I say the same to girls I said to men,
Get acquainted, your better pleased then.

CITY TOO MUCH CROWDED.

For instance New York, a famous town,
There so many want to live;
Though buildings cover near all the ground,
Place or support it cannot the world give.
Go to the country, young man,
After getting yourself a wife;
(Or get one there as you can,)
And live the remainder of your life.

Town will never be what it was,
Many years ago;
For every 'help wanted,' there's an overflow.
Of readiness to 'fill' it, cities know.
So go to the country young man,
Try living on a farm;
Better live in a shanty of your own,
Than no work or bread in town.

WITCHED, CHARMED OR WHAT.

(Poor Billy Pity.]

O how I love, yet some strange spell,
Seems to bind, 'why' I cannot tell;
That there's not a word for this poor soul,
To give or get from a loving girl.

Oft we meet on the street,
But there's never a word when we meet;
We may look at each other or a glance may be all,
From fall till spring, from spring till fall.

I cannot tell why it is so,
Unless I'm destined never to know,
The object of love. (Marriage.)

O GOD (A CALL).

[Written in the evening while in jail on a false charge.]

How will I sleep this night away,
In this prison pen;
For I'm imprisoned falsely,
Thou knowest it in heaven.

Would my soul to thee,
Could fly this very night;
If of 'stealing' I'm not free, (Cleared.)
'Twould give me great delight.

When the door of my cell is opened,
I be dead upon the floor;
My soul having departed,
To thee forevermore.

EVERY DAY (POETRY.)

Little bits of poetry, like little bits of work,
If all put together soon make a bulk.
If we begin when young and live to be old,
Much more may be written and much better told.
Writing according to age and paths we've trod,
Simplicity, love, war, then nearer to God;
Suitable for all ages everywhere,
Don't expect young writers to equal those with
grey hair.

AM NO KING.

I rather sneaked in town today,
Holding my head down;
To see it in a common way,
I'm not proud, am no king.

I didn't want the people to think,
I'm better than what I am;
I little hunchbacked, and slightly look,
For pleasure and for gain.

I go from town to town,
To see and write; (my mode.)
I sell a book now and then,
I've no regular place of abode.

Many pretty girls I see,
My love is always bright;
Before it grows cold with me,
I take flight, (but in sorrow.)

IN DREAMS AND HEAVEN 'ALL' HEAR.

In dreams like in heaven, all hear,
The lame will walk, the blind will see;
A good soul is better off in eternity.

Though deaf or blind or both, may we live,
That after death we hear and see in heaven;
A home that to all good souls is given.

[Written by one who's deaf.]

GO'N TO THE FAIR.

Just after I entered the car,
I saw 'others' going to the fair,
And as we speed along the street
Many were watching and thinking we're go'n to
the fair.
Some things were big I'll tell yer,
I found on going to the fair.

Big enough—a potatoe for a meal, an apple
For a day, a cabbage for a week, a beet for
A month, and a pumpkin for a year.
All this we saw going to the fair.

An' the little an' the big of man an' beast was there,
An' the merry girls were laffin all o'er the fair;
O yes, the race'n of horses anxious to go,
Then a blow'n an' a sweat'n of horses and man too.

IT HAS NO SOUL.

If I were a little bird,
How innocent I would be;
Of any sin that is heard,
Twixt here and eternity.

The little bird has no soul,
It liveth not after gone; (dead,)
And 'twould be better of 'us' so told,
Than in hell be born.

But hear! O hear! It is never too late
To have your sins forgiven;
The doors are open, pray and wait,
And you'll get a home in heaven.

I'VE JUST ARRIVED IN THE CITY.

[Fun.]

But the people don't know I'm here,
There is so many and I'm too little (low) I fear;
Though I'm a man of moderate size,
I do not take in the people's eyes.
I'm not a king nor a president either,
I write a little and was a farmer;
They are higher, and are great,
Goodness what eyes this brings on a pate.
Were I little, and the greatest lawyer,
I'd be as big, as the biggest feller;
(How will yer trade heads,
Or gin me yer plug hat.)

IN WRITING A BOOK.

If we knew what subjects people didn't like,
How gladly we'd leave them out;
And try 'hard' on their choice to write,
But ah, that will always be in doubt.

The poor author like anyone else,
To succeed, must work very hard;
Even then with chances like the rest,
He may fail as a novelist or bard.

THE BOSS OF THE SIDEWALK.

[Dedicated to the wobbling drunkard, by Pat Mowlin.]

The saloon, O that beloved place,
It makes us feel so good;
Where ere we are, we feel at ease,
And scarcely hunger for food.

We're not afraid of any crowd,
We just go right through;
We can't be beat for talking loud,
Nor in anything we do.

(In a ditch.) For all you know the world is ours,
There's no one else here;
We've been working in late hours,
Emptying glasses of beer.

(Dreaming.) We've left our wife and children at home,

With scarcely nothing but bread;
While we're at home, where ere we roam,
Though living, we are dead, (drunk.)

MONEY STREET.

In New York there is a street,

It has the name of Wall;
But banks and busy people we meet,
Show, it's no suitable name at all.

And when an Ohio'n said,
To a New Yorker passing by,
I am going to 'Money' street,
Did he tell a lie?

[So many banks and thousands of dollars in the show windows and the street crowded with people.]

AT THE DEPOT.

[Friends and Acquaintances.]

We love to see them coming,
But not going away;
So, from this likely to sadden depot,
We try to stay away.

Unless we're going ourselves,
Then we 'must' be there;
Twixt our own and another town,
May be a different air.

Love your people, love the people,
What is better on earth?
Than good friends and to be social,
Except to have good health.

True love comes from the heart,
Today, it's always clever;
Be free with others, give your part,
Once mutual, 't may last forever.

BIBLICAL.

We may pray for things of the earth,
All that may be given;
But nothing equals that after death,
A glorious home in heaven.

A home not only just for years,
But forever and forever;
O, when death closes my eyes and ears,
May I be permitted to enter.

O may I so live while I am here,
That it pleases God so well;
That when I'm judged away up there,
I'll go to heaven, O, not to hell.

TWO TRAINS TO HEREAFTER.

[Matt. 7: 13, 14.]

Take the narrow road,
If you would do well;
You may not ride as easy,
As on the road to hell.

But go see the great city,
And the people there;
You can rest assuredly,
There is many that is fair.

Take the narrow road,
See the scenery in the air;
Obeying and believing in God,
Is your only fare.

The narrow road to heaven,
You can start on it now;
Yet work in the city,
Or follow the plow.

Better start early,
You might miss the train; (die,)
Then be forced the other way,
The broad and only one, (to hell.)

SINGING ALONE TO HUNDREDS.

[In Church.]

O Cora, Cora, Cora,
Hear her pleasant voice;
Cora, Cora, Cora,
Maketh hearts rejoice.

When she standeth up to sing,
In her pleasant way;
By all is seen,
As her song rolls away.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

In a beautiful place by the river side,
There sits a maiden, 'fair';
Surrounded by flowers; and nothing to hide,
Her from her lover's stare.

On a wall, she does sit;
(Sewing) stitching the time away.
Her lover sighs; like in a fit,
All in a lover's way.

(With a canoe close by) here they talk,
The sweetest words a going,
It's only them, (no other folk,)
And two hearts that beat as one.

IN DREAMS IF NOT AWAKE.

O love, sweet love, there's none for me,
I gain none through the day,
But when 'night' comes, I'm then with thee,
While dreaming the hours away.

Last night I dreamed of one I love,
Five hundred miles away;
Although I cannot win this dove,
Sometimes she haunts my way.

Even, were I with her this morn,
My love she'd not allow;
But in the night, when 'dreams' come,
She cannot help it somehow.

'Tis then she is so sweet to me,
Leaves me sit close, and smiles;
Her love as deep, as the deep, deep sea.
My heart and soul beguiles. (N.Y.)

THE BIDDING. (SONG.)

Come my Della, marry me,
My love for you makes me sigh;
I'd live more happily with thee,
Then with any other 'neath the sky.

So 'come' dear Della, come away
From your parents and to me;
You only need to name the day.
Then wedded, Della, we will be.

I'm now forty, and alone,
Much in need by my side;
One to love, share my home,
Come dear Della, be my bride.

SOBER AND DRINKING MEN.

Some men will 'drink' their money away,
And then they have a spite;
At those whose 'temper' more naturally lay,
And have money the times to fight.

Drinkers seem to wonder how it is
These fellows get along;
Always have money to do their biz,
While theirs is always going.

They seem to think they pay and drink,
And yet it is all free;
But sober men can easily think,
And why their poverty easily see.

It's curious, some temperate men,
Who want to do what's right;
Must have the trouble now and then,
These men to quarrel or fight.

MEN'S NATURE.

Girls should remember,
When men try to woo them,
They like them much better
If the are not too willing.

See a man and little girl,
If (not too) unwilling, he likes to 'tease' her;
But if she doesn't care at all,
Then he reads his paper. (lets them alone.)

DEM CLOZE.

A man wanted to buy a suit of clothes, he told
The keeper, (a German,) he had seen some clothing
In another store he thought cheaper; he replied:
Tem cloze shrinks, shrinks like ter tyful,
You wear tem a leetle vile, an' tair only a han'ful.

A man vore a suit von tay
In te rain, it vas vet;
Next morning in 'ped' he lay,
Couldn't get 'm on, you bet.

He put tem at the stove to dry,
On de night bevore;
But ven on dem he got his eye,
Dey'd vit a doll no more.

So he joost put tem cloze away,
Vor, vor him tey was to small;
And swore he wore his spec's von tay,
Or he couldn't see 'm at all.

So time goes on, und von tay.
He tought he'd feel about
On tem cloze, vare tey lay,
But couldn't get a holt.
(Tem cloze vas all gone.) Yah! yah! yah!

MINE OR NOT.

My daisy has gone away on an excursion train,
But I know she's coming back again.
If she meets another she loves more,
Then I'm out, and my feelings sore.
Traveling isn't good, for lovers left behind;
It's one that's present that occupies the mind.
So when she comes back, if a friend as before,
I'll just propose and know if I 'get' her.

NO COMPANY BUT A FLY.

One Sunday while in my room,
Alone all the day,
(With no company but a fly),
I read the bible, and papers too;
To no one had I a say.

I read: The fear of the Lord is wisdom,
And to depart from evil is understanding.
(I'd no company but a fly.)
The former did me eniighten,
So I was not altogether forsaken.

I'm not termed a hermit,
But love to be alone sometimes,
(I'd no company but a fly.)
That I may read, and think,
If possible, lovely prose and rhymes.

Hermits don't enjoy conversation.

Many others a fine house to live in.

Ah! the fly (again) takes the same situation,
And drives them out in an out-kitchen.

[It is known that many persons, to keep out the flies, will live in a poor (as well as to 'cold' sometimes) out-kitchen the greater part of the year.)

TWO MEN'S WISHES ABOUT THEIR WOMEN.

Pat—I wish the time would come,
If she got cross now and then,
She wouldn't sass me in the morn,
Or hit me with a roll'n pin.

Inebriate—I wish the time was nigh (hic),
When I'm in jubilee, or more (hic),
I wouldn't hafts fly (hic),
From the broom out the door (hic, hic).

DOES IT DO YOU GOOD?

You may work, and save, and slave,
For a hundred thousand or so;
Yet sometime there'll be a grave
For nothing else but you.

If you have money in a bank,
Does it really do you good,
If like a beggar you rank,
Have no decent livelihood?

But how is this? Do you know
If you've not got the will
To live another way or wise,
You'll be a beggar still?

He that hoardeth up money eateth it not,
The bible says, and it's true.
You'll not get the 'will' to wear and eat,
And 'others' will spend it for you.

And you cannot loaf 'all' time away.
This you'd find a difficult feat,
For the 'bible' does say,
He that worketh not, neither shall he eat.

So, you must work, or be sick,
Either in body or mind.
No man can live that does not eat;
It's a call, that soul and body bind.

THE MAID AND HER BASKET.

She's been to market to buy to eat,
And is on her way home.
She's thinking of something, deep,
Perhaps about her money that's gone.

Some girls look so sweet,
We'd gladly be their kin,
And follow to closely keep;
Buy things and give 'm to them.

SINNER, REPENT.

One by one we leave the earth,
One by one we fall.
He that gives not up till death
From heaven will get no call.

We must die; sinner repent.
We must all die alone.
This world is only to us lent,
This world is not our home.

The grave will be our lot,
Nothing left but soul.
Our names will be forgot;
But, again we're on the roll.
(In heaven or hell.)

Remember this rhyme. Sinner, repent
Ere your time does come.
You'd better not own a cent
Than 'hell' be your home. (Hereafter.)

THE GALLANT.

[Some,]

When this cruel war is over,
Many souls will have gone away;
And a parent son and daughter,
Mourns the loss of the oceans lay.

Gallant brightly start to the army,
Thinking little's to be done;
Never dreaming a terrible affray
May force his soul from home.

On he rushes to the field,
Thinking we'll give it to them;
This makes the battle hard to stand,
Behold. he's one of the slain.

BUYING A BOOK.

Don't look to the wealth of the author,
If you think of buying a book:
Though be he rich as Astor,
Just so his writings suit.

Would you omit the Holy Bible,
If its contents does you suit:
Because the wealth of the originator
Is so awfully, awful great.
(God owns the whole world.)

A WISH.

[The Girl on His Mind.]

I wish the time would come,
A beat of singleness;
That I could slyly in her room,
Give her many a kiss.

I wish the time would come,
To satisfy my desire;
I would tell her in the morn
To get up and make the fire.

I wish the time would come,
A time that I'd soon see,
That I could tell her in the morn
To fry some mush for me.

And a time to see my favorite.
Make some 'other' favorites for me;
(Pot-pie, apple-dumplings, pie, fry sausage, puddin,
etc.)
I'd try my best to keep and get
Money to support this beauty.

THE BASHFUL LOVER'S VALENTINE.

O Jennie thou art pretty,
As pretty as thou could'st be;
And to tell my heart truthfully,
I'd like to 'marry' thee.

But I am so very bashful,
And most so when in love;
This is why I have no wife,
And alone the world do rove.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

O will you let me in tonight,
Said a maid at a rich man's door;
I have no money, and have fright,
Indeed, I am very poor.

But stingy, and not liking her appearance, (plain,) would not leave her in. She was about 18, and handsome, but out of work and sick. The next morning she was found on the sidewalk in a dying condition and soon after died. Home in the following verses means heaven.)

She is lying on the walk,
She is going home, going home;
She cannnot move or talk,
She is going home, going home.
Yes she's going home, going home,
Yes she is going, going, gone.

YOURSELF, HEAVEN AND EARTH.

O how we grieve and fret in our lives,
At home and everywhere;
Fearing sickness or death may arise,
Yet there's a home up there.

O could we live while here,
A way God is pleased to see;
How glad we'd be when we leave
Here, for eternity.

Suppose you were in heaven now,
That home forever, that treasure;
How you would look down here below.
With pleasure, O with pleasure.

How you would look on this earth,
Its goods of many a kind;
And know that only from birth to death,
It's to occupy body and mind.

O how you'd think how hard you worked,
And of your troubles and trials as well;
How glad you'd be, you find yourself
In heaven, not in hell.

DOWN IN THE COAL MINES.

O down in the coal mines,
Underneath the groun';
Men are working all the time,
Where the sun has never shown.

There they shovel and dig;
Their faces get all black;
They get much wet on their rig,
Until they leave the bank.

Then with bucket and speedy gait,
They're on their way home;
Where loved ones on them wait,
And bid them welcome.

Their life seems hard, yet it isn't
As hard as many others,
Who live in mansions, have all they need,
But have 'head' work and many troubles.

WHAT IS MAN?

O what is man, what is man?
From a wee baby he growtheth along,
Seeing the world in all its stages,
Hearing its clams and its song;
Then departing for no ages,
Everlastingly in heaven or hell.

He sees the world according to his nature,
And heareth it all the same;
One loveth 'one' thing, another another,
Natures are not all the same.
Occupations generally are
In accordance with destiny.

We are all born good,
But temptation to sin,
(Like desire for different food;)
'Grows' in man,
But may be governed in a different way,
Thus man spends his day.

GO FORTH.

[In the Morning.]

Go forth, go forth young man,
To your duties of the day;
If you knew your 'dreams' they'd tell
Exactly how you'll be.

If your dreams do you tell
That sick you'll be;
You can't 'help' it, 'no' way,
For it is destiny.

If your dream means good luck,
You'll have it some way;
Though enemies do you trick,
They can't keep it away.

Your dream will tell you about
How you'll be through the day,
If its true meaning you find out
They never fail in any way.

HEAR OUR PRAYER.

The bible is good and true as well,
Hear our prayers;
It points to heaven and to hell,
O hear our prayers!

Some say the book is only inspired,
Hear our prayers;
They'll find out different after they've expired,
O hear our prayers.

If it's not true why preach it then,
Hear our prayers;
Is it that they money gain,
O hear our prayer.

Do infidels lecture, because speakers are rare,
Hear our prayers;
'To make a living,' off those who'd hear,
O hear our prayers!

Christ was crucified and rose again,
Hear our prayers;
This shows the 'bible' is for our gain,
O hear our prayers!

That we will die and live again,
Hear our prayers;
In heaven or hell it is saying,
O hear our prayers, O God!

Lead us, guide us, 'make us do right,
That we in heaven, not in hell, do light! Amen.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

How I loved Fourth avenue,
At any time of day;
When the pretty girls were walking it,
Looking so nice and gay.

Then on Sunday when leaving,
They did my feelings control;
For my thoughts were on them,
And tried my very soul. (Sorrow.)

How nice 'twould be to always live
Where those we love we meet;
A thought of heaven now comes to me,
Probably angles did inspire it. (1898.)

A WISH.

[Soon after seeing an old, gray-headed man.]

O would I live till I am gray,
My hair as white as snow;
That comes from age no other way,
Then I'd be ready to go.

Then when I'm old weak and bent,
May I have some work done
That pleases God, and may be learnt,
And loved by everyone.

O may it be that by high and low,
It will be eagerly sought;
And when its contents they do know,
Not sorry they it bought.

So may I be a gray headed man,
Ere I leave this world;
And then live here in name,
And be one of Heavens fold.

THE SWEETEST GIRL.

I and a comrade were out for a walk,
Sight seeing and for a talk;

Here comes a miss across the street,
And offers a flower for on our coat.

Humph, the sweetest girls are these of ten,
They don't put on airs for the men.

I bought the flower of the pretty miss,
And would have 'paid' her for a kiss.

(Moral.) The sweetest girls, 'love' knows them,
Don't put on airs at any time. (Fiction.)

AT TIMES IT'S BEST.

To patronize your home authors,
If you'r pleased with what they say;
Than only altogether stranger,
That live so far away.

Probably if you'd see them now and then,
You'd not like them any better;
And we cannot tell by the pen,
An altogether stranger.

HE OR I SHE SHOULD KNOW.

If I fell in love with a girl,
And she loved another as me,
I never would fight a duel
To take him she would be free.

I never would want her for a wife,
If she could stand and see me fight
With a pistol and a knife,
I couldn't like her after that.

WALL STREET, N. Y.

Great Wall street, 'tis here the money goes
From hand to hand and no one knows

The great amount that lies

In banks, while night-time flies.

'Tis here a 'robber' might try his hand,
But might get what he couldn't stand;

A bit of lead to lay him cold.

Instead of greenbacks, silver and gold.

For times are hard, though many live cheap,
People bring their money here to keep;

And for robbers, who'd take money or life,
Here there's kept, lead and knife.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY TODAY.

Hail the chief in Columbia's ears,
The first President of this land;
Though he's dead these many years,
His name will always stand.

His picture is on the walls,
His birthday is here:
His goodness and eminence calls,
That we honor it every year.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

How thankful we should be, we're alive and well,
Instead of being dead and our souls in hell.

See the beautiful world, the beauties God has given.

We are better off here, unless in heaven.

With health and will before us in the world,
We've joys unspeakable, joys untold

Happy can he be, who's given long life,

With good health and keeps from strife, (is good.)
There's radiance in his face, there's good in his

heart,

With him the whole world is sorry to part.

ROUSED FROM HIS GLORY.

Last night I waited outside a church door,
For the girl I loved many times in yore:

Pretty soon she and her sister came along,

I stepped up beside her, thought to accompany her
home.

[But she seemed more beautiful than I ever saw her before, and I thought I might be mistaken in the girl, so asked is this Della.]

She looked up and gave the sweetest smile I ever saw before,
But then, O then, she was gone forevermore.

(Awake.) Dad 'blame' the person that roused me from my sleep, ('Twas a dream.)

WHERE YOU ARE A STRANGER.

Chorus—It's only in the clothes, man, it's only in the clothes,
No one's your friend when you wear poor clothes.

Spoken—Men may have brain for any kind of business,

And genius as great as the wide world knows,
But they'll never gain respect or be any beaux,

If on the street they wear poor clothes.

Just put a plug hat and a fine looking suit

On most any man and let him walk the street,
How people will bow and shake his paw.

While the poorly dressed they scarcely see or know.

Less so with ladies, men notice mostly her face,

She may be poorly dressed, yet have much grace.
And met most anywhere is generally thought poor,

While a man may be thought a beggar or a bore.
(If a preacher, orator or a man who writes prose,

A poet, politician, or any one profession, 'does,'
'Twill do him less good and hinders his business day,

If his clothes are to far out of the way.)

He may enter a grocery he may enter a store,

A residence, saloon, he may be thought poor;
But his business must be known and very quick,

Or he gets out, and may be with a kick.

He may be temperate, not even touch drink,

And of all bad habits be free, and yet,

When he honestly walks the street,

May be thought only a 'dead-beat.' (Chorus.)

THE BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

The beautiful dream, the beautiful dream,

If it were natural as it does seem;

What pleasure we'd have through the day,
Much like the youth, enjoys his play.

The beautiful sights wherever we are,
Making our feelings bright as a star;
And lasts till early in the morn,
Then it, Oh, and the dream is gone.

We've moved and own a beautiful place,
Found a purse of gold, saw a pretty face;
Enjoyed ourselves over and over again,
But in the morning find we've only lain.

We grab for the purse, but find it gone,
And ourselves altogether alone;
So the beautiful dream, the beautiful dream,
Not now as pleasant as it did seem.

TO ARTIE.

If my thoughts on love do run.
Either serious or in fun,
They are on Artie.

A pretty face and a handsome form,
Is sure to make love grow warm,
When serene like Artie.

If my seeing you is very rare,
And love grows cold like the air,
Then meet me Artie.

But let not the love to you I bring,
Exist too long without a ring,
To engage you Artie.

And when the ring to you I've given,
Then let some binder join us living,
To-geth-er Artie.

THE WAY OF THE WILL.

The morning awakes you to another day,
Arise and be on your way;
And whatever that way may be,
Do, that it may be well with thee.

Lie not on awakening, thinking of sorrow,
There's trouble enough, you need not borrow.
'Tis they who fearless go their way,

That are more apt to win the day.

Merrily halloo, the hills will return the sound,
Sigh and it goes out as a light;

'Tis joy that makes the feelings bound,
From 'sadness' leaving a look that's bright.

MARY MILKING THE COWS.

Mary was singing merrily,
Old brindle was chewing her cud;
The milk was flowing rapidly,
As Mary desired it should.

When suddenly up came the hound,
Who brindle did not like,
And for him made a bound,
Like a locomotive's strike.

Mary's singing stopped at once,
Old brindle had her forgotten;
In making her terrific bounce,
She tramped out the bucket's bottom.

So Mary saw the milk had flown,
Of course she shed no tears;
But what she said was not known,
To old brindle's confounded ears.

THE SOUL'S DEWDROPS. 'KIND WORDS.'

Step by step a mile is gained,
So is reached a journey's end;
The river's rise, shows it rained,
As kind words gains you a friend.

As the rain drops upon the earth,
So the words fall upon the heart;
Bringing in return friends and mirth,
From which you desire not to part.

Kind words are dewdrops to the soul,
And bring no tears to the eye;
The words that alone in heaven roll,
Kind words never die.

NIGHT. THE LABORER AND THE IDLER.

Close thine eyes my man,
You've worked the whole of the day;
Close thine eyes, you can,
And sleep the night away.

You've earned your rest, so shall it be,
Your wearisome frame will lay:
And rest and sleep is given to thee,
And health for another day.

No sleep-be contended idle man,
While restless here you lay;
Your human clock did not earn.
And your sleep is taken away.

You've earned no rest so shall it be,
Although you close your eyes;
No rest or sleep will come to thee,
So nature it defies.

Idleness and working, compared together,
Is idle and rust, (die,) work and rest; (live,)
The former feels clumsy, latter like a feather,
Dullness and brightness, which is best?

THE HOLIDAY PIE, OF ALL PIES BEST.

Although pumpkin pie is very good,
It's not the pie for me;
My stomach, it would
Drive to misery.

It tastes to me so well,
I could leave its plate all day;
But in an hour I might not tell,
If it had me or I had the pie.

There are many others good,
All made in a different way;
But of all times, all food
Is best on Christmas or wedding day.

The women (rightly) try their best
To have everything good as play;
And its pie, chicken and the rest
That makes a belt tight that day.

DREAMS WORK CONTRARY.

Laura last night I dreampt,
You and I had met
Beneath a tree in your beautiful yard,
And I asked you to be my bride.

You smiled and looked so sweet,
I was glad I had spoke;
But morning was too much for sleep
And I suddenly awoke.

So now that I have risen,
And of an answer was denied;
And together we are speaking,
Will you be my bride?—Laura, No.

DEATH OF THE MOTHER.

From you dear children today,
Your mother has been taken away;
O let your life so be,
That you meet her in heaven.

OF THE FATHER.

From you dear children today,
Your father has been taken away;
O let your life so be
That you meet him in heaven.

HER FIRST OFFER, AND SHE ACCEPTS.

He—Nellie, you may insist
On living a single life;
But I think I asked you first,
And desire you to be my wife.

You know that in this voyage, (life,)
'Tis sad to live alone;
So together let us journey,
Together have our home.

This question to you I've given,
Your answer I implore;
Nellie—Hark! Some one's listening,
Please, sir, shut the door.

To your proposal I will say.
And may it us both bless;
You can trust my word today,
My answer is, yes.

HEAVEN.

[If we love God and obey his commandments, nothing else
is necessary to gain a home in heaven.]

Peace on earth, good will to men,
And obeying the commandments given;
Insures success and no sin
To prevent you from going to heaven.

There is a home up there, up there,
A home in heaven, up there;
A home, yes, beyond the skies,
For all who in Christ rely.

A SMILE.

Nothing but a person can smile,
And when by a lovely girl given;
Will the roughest old bachelors care beguile,
And make him wish she was his'n.

If a lady acquaintance you meet.
A smile is worth the giving,
If it be friendly, (as is becoming.)
If false, to friendship it's a poison.

THE MIND.

Brain workers remember do not over study,
The mind needs rest as well as the body;
The mind, like a horse, needs rest when tired,
Either soothe it, or take a walk when its fired.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

Whether we labor with hands and feet,
Or our work do with the brains;
The trials of life we meet.
And with them we have pains.

AX AND BROOM.

The ax and broom were standing together,
As the farmer went out to chop wood,
The latter he took instead of the former,
He was busy and hurrying he would.

So at the broom he happened to look,
Why, what am I after?
Did I think the wood to sweep.
Instead of chopping it shorter.

So he took back the broom,
And instead took the ax;
Thinking mistakes to all will come,
If too much work does overtax,

The wisest, and authors of a book,
Who do the pains and pleasure take,
To gather wisdom, often overlook
And are liable to make a mistake.

So in any pursuit known,
Mistakes will often occur;
By chance or otherwise to some
To become a faultless laborer.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The old home farm,
Keep its name green;
The place I was born,
The place I am living.

The home our parents once did love,
Who now in their graves do lie;
Awaiting the summons from above,
That will come to us all by and by.

The farm with hills and vales so green,
And the spring, it's good cold water;
A drink would please a king or a queen,
And redden the cheeks of their finest daughter.

The 'rose' bed with many a color.
The orchard handy with its fruit;
The horses working, the cows in clover,
Ah, the farm's a thing for a money 'heap.'

THE WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM.

To live in that mansion, to be in that room,
Die when we will we might think it soon;
If we were now 70 or over four score,
And 'wishing' done good, we'd live as long more.
But Oh! This will not save life, we must fall,
The soul will leave to suit itself, mansion and all.
A president is a man, as others you'll see,
'Nature' puts him there, like a man in the country,
And 'all' (persons) in every work to do,
Presidents work is not easy, nature to govern, Oh!
We 'must' be just as we are, 'inclination' we cannot
change,
Of properly working our 'incline,' much success may
come.

A PRAYER.

[After Retiring.]

When my eyes are closed in death,
When I cannot see;
When I cannot draw my breath,
O God, let me be with thee.

When my time is over,
The life thou hast given;
Let me dwell forever,
With thee in heaven.

THE ACTRESS.

There's love in man, I'll prove,
And in woman for her boys;
How can a man help but love
These pretty Prima Donnas.

For she must pretty be.
(A hint is easily seen;)
If homely, man wouldn't pay
To see her acting.

Since Eve, (the pretty maid,)
Beauty has always reigned,
And left all others in the shade,
If grace with it combined.

LETTER TO NELLIE.

[Song.]

Chorus—O give me one sweet smile, Nellie,
Just give me one sweet smile:
If it comes from your 'heart,' Nellie,
I'll love you all the while.

O come let me see you Nellie.
Come let me see you;
I'm sure that I would 'love' you Nellie,
For your writings please me so. (Chorus.)

For while I was in 'New York' Nellie,
I regretted many a time;
That I could not see you Nellie,
And tell you my name. (Chorus.)

So come now to 'Ohio' Nellie,
This good old Buckeye state;
And if we 'love' each other Nellie,
I'll want you for my mate. (Chorus.)

WRITTEN AT 44.

I've spent much time in this world,
I've drawn many a breath;
Soon of me it may be told,
That I am cold in death.

I will arise and call on Jesus,
I will offer him my soul;
(Bible.) He will save and also bless us,
If we obey his given rule. (Commandments.)

LOVE PAINS.

Sad, O sad is he,
That loves, yet cannot talk.

He sees the girls passing by,
They seem to show respect;
Their face and acts please his eye,
Yet his mouth as if held shut.

Then he sighs to see her again,
But this may all be in vain.
Blame me not for writing this,
It came from the heart after seeing a Miss;
I stepped out the door to see her again,
But she never turned to see if seen.
Love, O love, when wilt thou wed,
That my writings will have a different head.
With locked love by a pleasant wife,
May change my themes the rest of my life.
Single men and women write on love,
Married mostly other subjects choose.

HE THAT'S GOOD A-DRINKIN'.

He's rarely cold, never backward, he that drinks,
He has a smile for every one;
But few there are that ever thinks,
Its from down his throat a work'n.

He's always jolly, 'cept on Sunday.

An' from midnight till the morning
You see the whisky that has been help'n
Has lost the strength to merry 'im.

THERE'S A HEAVEN AND A HELL.

If there wasn't a heaven, what would 'life' be,
Wickedness abundant, no church, death to 'soul' and
body;

What would it be to those who die young,
Never know a kind word here or in heaven.
Much like a leaf quivering in a storm,
Then torn away soon after born.

What would life be if there wasn't a hell,
Fearing sin, helps keep peace where we dwell.
There's a heaven and a hell I tell you today,
If there wasn't, why is nature inspired that way?
We learn from the bible to 'kill those who kill,'
And also that sinners go to hell

(Bible from God's law and nature, God our origin.)
If there wasn't a heaven, how could this 'world' be,
'God' made it, he isn't here, where is he?

Made it and then saw it was dark, 'shows' there was
'another'

Light where he lived since made 'heaven,' sir.
If there wasn't a heaven, people would be worse,
To fight, kill and curse; (Wouldn't care.)
God knew this well and didn't want it so,
Made heaven and hell that they'd more justly do
More just to win the one and escape the other,
Never-ending life in heaven, or a life in hell forever.

THE COUNTRY IN THE MORNING.

I love to see the chimneys smoking,
(It shows the people live;)

As I look 'round in the morning,
It does me pleasure give.

I love to see the smoke in the air,
More so where my relatives stay;
It shows they have made fire,
Began the duties of the day.

MY BOOK.

O may my book be read,
A thousand years from now;
And may its contents lead
The people then and now
To do right.

O if you find a fault,
Think if I was you;
How could I write a book,
That for 'all' would do.
And do my might.

SLEEP WHEN YOU CAN.

O if you retire in the evening,
And get but little repose;
Then sleep, O sleep, in the morning,
If your mind will close.

For if you in the evening,
Happen to eat too much meat;
It may be in the morning,
You feel rather cheap.

So sleep, sleep in the morning,
With health you have 'repose;'
No sleep is a warning,
That nature only knows
You're-not-well.

EASTER, 1896.

Today our savior arose,
From the grave, they say;
This is why the world knows,
It's eating eggs today.

Though I am very tired,
I love to read his word;
It seems to be good
For this and another world.

When 'fire' to burn like in an oven
Comes down to destroy this world,
Then may we be in heaven,
This sight never to behold.

O may we live while here,
That we also escape 'hell' fire;
May we our God so fear
That our existence will be higher. (Heaven.)

‘GRAVES’ FOR THE DEAD.

No-vault-for-me,
When dead just let me be;
Put down in the grave,
My body do not save.

If you would be so kind,
Then while I live just mind,
Give good words, kind one's
(Are worth more than vaults for bones.)

I could not hear then,
And wouldn't know where I am,
And care not for such a bed;
Peace while we live and graves when dead.

AHEAD OF THE PORKER.

That hog there lying in the shade.
In this hot month of July;
As if to eat and drink was only made,
Is altogether awry.

Hams and shoulders we get.
And sausage, very good things of life;
After he's big and fat,
'He' gets a bullet and knife.

He eats and drinks but doesn't work,
We do and kill him for pork.

THE PULPIT, BIBLE, ETC.

'Tis well enough to know what the apostles done,
But what God will do and what will become
Of 'us' in accordance with our way of living,
And what we must do to get a home in heaven.
And that we will go to hell,
Are some main things to tell.
We know about cities, foreign countries and politics,
We read it books, magazines and papers;

‘Editors’ take a part in this kind of business,
But when from the pulpit it causes drowsiness.
On the pulpit’s a bible for preachers to preach,
If my poem’s awrong forgive me, I beseech.

AN EMINENT DIVINE.

Rev. _____, his sermons are great,
And many papers them relate;

He stands on his pulpit bold,
And many people him behold.
A figure fine, a voice so clear,
That telleth souls God is near.

Only a prayer, a knock at the door,
Of him who has gone before;
If in time it is given,
Insures a home in heaven.

THE RENTED FARM. FAR AWAY.

Chorus—O home, sweet home,
Dreaming and thinking of home;
Wherever I am, wherever I roam,
I’m dreaming and thinking of home.

Spoken—Yet when I’m there it doesn’t go,
The ‘house,’ though big, too small for two;
But it’s a home, good and fair,
I love it most when not there. (Chorus.)

Spoken—For many reasons I must rent.
And when not theré sleep gives vent;
Because I don’t the home enjoy,
In dreams I’m there, bright as a boy.

WE CANNOT BE EVERYTHING.

Just as we are we will be,
Regardless of what we hear and see;
Nature and destiny together belong,
As in us born we’ll be till gone.

We may read advices of every kind,
In papers and books from another’s mind;
But everything, you cannot be,
Only one nature is ‘owned’ by thee.

Advices in books, do this, do that,
Advices in papers the same;
Not all will go in one hat, (head,)
Every disposition has a name, (person.)

PRAYERS BEFORE SLEEP.

Now I lie in my bed,
Ere morning I may be dead;
If so, Lord, have my soul fly
To heaven where thou art nigh.

Now I lie in my bed,
Ere morning I might die:
If so, Lord, leave me raise my head
In heaven where thou art nigh.

LACK, "WANTING TO BE SOMEBODY."

Lots of men are standing around,
Good looking in their face,
Might be happily wedded,
All they need is this, (coin.)

Their clothes much worn and tore,
They may be tramps or bent on strife;
Work nothing here or nowhere,
Get their living from others busy life.

If not even without money in hand,
Yet smart and with fine clothes;
A good chance they might stand,
To do well and marry rich, (who knows.)

ALONE! ALONE!

[Written while sitting alone near a city.]

Praise God, while here alone,
Far from friends, and far from home.
He can make you laugh, He can make you cry,
He can keep you well, or make you die.
He can guide you here, and on your way,
He can be near, yet far away.
Praise Him, praise Him, while you're living,
And when dead, receive a home in heaven.

While yet we exist in this earthly state,
Before death removes us, and it's too late,
The short time upon earth, that to us is given,
Is nothing compared to forever in heaven;
So, now, we urge you, of sin beware,
Prepare for eternity, for eternity prepare.

SLEEP.

When no sleep is given to the eyes,
There's lack of feeling for exercise;
And this not done, is much against health,
Besides, laboring not, bringeth in no wealth.

LOVE.

There is a binder whose name is love!
And with its words so kind,
It reaps the "forlorn" that would strove
Into despair, and from mankind.

This, by you can be easily seen,
For when a person is meanly treated,
They love not work, or a gay scene,
Because their courage has departed.

Yea, they'd seek the loneliest place,
If it were close by;
To regain strength from thoughts they'd have,
Or from a laugh or cry.

THE HORSE.

The horse, the valuable horse,
He should be treated kind,
Our words to him should not be cross,
We shouldn't excite his mind.

How he labors in the field,
From the morning till the night,
And oft to curse and whip must yield,
Even when he does his might.

How he labors on the road,
And oft is insufficiently fed,
And forced to pull an overload,
When he can scarcely hold his head.

How his master he will obey,
When he knows he is his friend,
Will love him to his last day,
And labor for him to his end.

We should remember he is very good,
And indeed, it is an easy saying,
He helps us earn a livelihood,
Is next in rank to a human being.

THE DISBELIEVER.—(Infidel.)

Would you save your soul? Of ten disbelievers, there may be one that wants to fulfill (stick to) his belief until death, merely to show the world his pluck; feeling in his heart that he is wrong, and knowing that he is going to hell. Alas my friends, I fear he will have a chance to try to show his pluck in a place that will try him hard. A man had better throw down his revolver (if he wishes to save his life) than to fight an army of well armed men; so it is with he (the disbeliever). He had better give up that pluck—try and do right, than try to stand that terrible fire (that will not be quenched) in hell.

THE HOG.

How he loves to bury his snoot,
In the ground, that he wants to root;
His knowledge of fences, why bless your souls,
He cannot make them, but finds all the holes.
The swarms of fleas, that make him scratch,
He does not heed, in a potato patch.
If he sees some corn, just over the fence,
He at once does think of trying to get hence.
To and fro he goes, at last he enters, but
Not through the fence, but under it, through a rut.
He grunts and eats till he is full,
When the farmer comes, with his big bull dog.
Then he is run around, and made a sad fate,
Until he is let out, very rough, at the gate;
As to the rut, he is wise, to keep secret about,
He wants that to get in, and the gate to get out.
Again and aga'n, he goes into the corn,
Until the farmer enraged, pens him up with scorn.
Oft in summer, in a mud hole he lies,
Then the flies, and fleas, and the heat he defies.

He often has a little too much cheek,
For he will boldly lay in the middle of the street.
And if a carriage does come, or a man with a load,
He will not rise, so is boss of the road.
But in the winter, we kill him for pork;
And so we are paid, for our trouble and work.

SALOONISTS.

Don't blame saloonists if men get drunk.
They've the same rights, as others, with work;
Bakers have bread that we may eat,
Saloonists have drinks that we may drink;
If we eat too much, dealers are not to blame,
If we drink too much, it's all the same.

YOU SEE.

In poetry, we cannot all be alike;
And much depends on the subject you strike,
Writing good on one popular, (once people it knows),
It's liked where you live, and wherever it goes.

ALWAYS.

Try to use a person so,
That if he or she should pass away,
There will no regret come from you,
Caused by your acts or say.

TOWNS I'M FAMILIAR WITH. (Name Omitted.)

This is a thriving little town;
And many think it nice.
A home in it is pleasant to own,
And there is much active business.

Here's almost a level town,
And in some ways has gained renown,
And is noted for coal and farmer's pleasure,
Where they spend much time in summer and
winter.

With its hills and vales so fine,
Its welcome to strangers in its line,
Make it a place, pleasant to stay,
A good long while, ere you go away.

That beloved little place,
With its good spring water,
Makes a person feel at ease,
And a desire to go no further.

That little town on a hill,
That you see from far away,
Has daughters that will fill the bill,
In beauty and manners, any day.

That little town at the lake,
In some ways will take the cake;
Its noted for excursions, here and there.
On first-class boats at very low fare.

Little girls and boys go to schools
In the morning, that they are free
From idleness; and learn the rules,
(From pretty school-marms,) and A, B, C.

On two large leaves in the yard,
(A woman was pouring water,)
Large enough to give me shade,
If with some lovely daughter.

The world is a place to live and die,
On its face beneath the sky;
Everything living is 'round about,
And either works or rusts out.

Now, since I've give you my poetry,
(Which was not so easy to write.)
I'll take a train for the country,
At twelve o'clock tonight.

TELEPHONED.

In the 'Black' Hills, I roam,
Though I am far away;
You have my book to look upon,
And know it is O. K.—(Ha, ha.)

JUN 21 1901

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